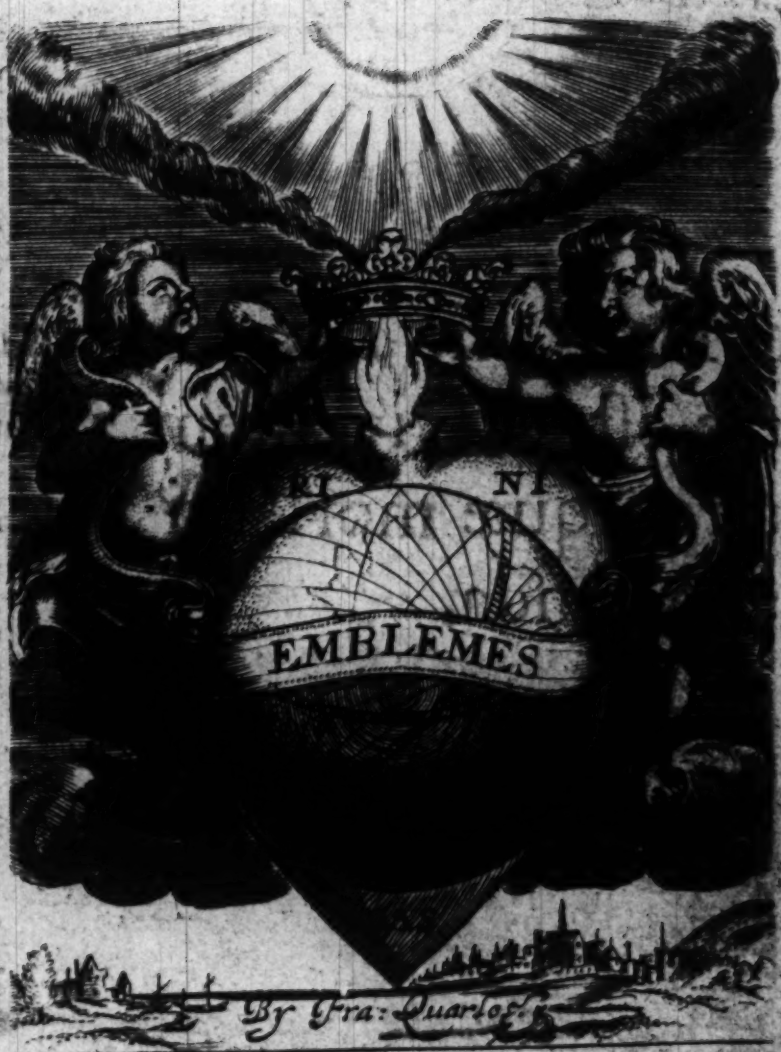


LONDON
Printed by G.M. and Sold at Iohn Marriots shope in St Dunstons Church yard fleetstreet.
William. Marshall. Sculpsit. 1635.

Hæc Laus, hic Apex Sapientiæ eſt, ea viventem appetere, quæ morienti forent appetenda.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO MY MVCH HONOURED, AND NO leſſe truly beloved Friend EDVV. BENLOVVES *Eſquire.*

My deare Friend,

YOu have put the Theorboe *into my hand; and I have playd: You gave the Muſitian the firſt encouragement; the Muſicke returnes to you for Patronage. Had it beene a light Ayre, no doubt but it had taken the moſt; and, among them, the worſt: But being a graue*

Strayne, my hopes are, that it wi
pleaſe the beſt; and, among them
You. Toyiſh Ayres pleaſe trivia
eares; They kiſſe the fancy, and be
tray it: They cry, Haile, *firſt; and*
after, Crucifie: *Let* Dorr
delight to immerd themſelves i
dung, whilſt Eagles *ſcorne ſo poor*
a Game as Flies. Sir, You hav
Art, and Candor: Let the on
judge, let the other excuſe

Your moſt affecti
onate Friend,

FRA. QUARLES

TO THE READER.

AN Embleme is but a ſilent Parable. Let not the tender Eye checke, to ſee the alluſion to our bleſſed SAVIOUR figured, in theſe Types. In holy Scripture, He is ſometimes called a Sower; ſometimes, a Fiſher; ſometimes, a Phyſitian: And why not preached ſo, as well to the eye, as to the eare? Before the knowledge of letters, GOD was knowne by *Hieroglyphicks*; And, indeed, what are the Heavens, the Earth, nay every Creature, but *Hieroglyphicks* and *Emblemes* of his Glory? I have no more to ſay. I wiſh you as much pleaſure in the reading, as I had in the writing. Farewell Reader.

BY Fathers, backt; by Holy Writ, led on,
Thou shew'st a way to Heav'n, by Helicon:
The Muses Font is consecrate by Thee,
And Poesie, baptiz'd Divinitie:
Blest soule, that here embark'st: Thou sayl'st apace,
'Tis hard to say, mov'd more by Wit, or Grace;
Each Muse so plyes her Oare: But O, the Sayle
Is fill'd from heav'n with a Diviner Gale:
When Poets prove Divines, why should not I
Approve, in Verse, this Divine Poetry?
Let this suffice to licence thee the Presse;
I must no more, nor could the Truth say lesse.

Sic approbavit RICH. LOVE

Procan. Cantabrigiensis.

Tot *Flores*, QUARLES, quot *Paradiſus*, habet.

Lectori bene-*male*-volo.

Qui legit ex *Horto* hoc *Flores*, *Qui* carpit, *Uterq;*
Iure poteſt VIOLAS dicere, jure ROSAS.
Non è *Parnaſſo* VIOLAM, *Peſtivè* ROSETO
Carpit *Apollo*, magìs quæ ſit amœna, ROSAM.
Quòt *Verſus*, VIOLAS *legis*; & *Quem verba* locutum
Credis, *verba* dedit: Nàm dedit *Ille* ROSAS.
Vtq; *Ego* non dicam hæc VIOLAS ſuaviſſima; *Tute*
Ipſe facis VIOLAS, *Livide*, ſi *violas*.
Nàm velùt è VIOLIS ſibi ſugit *Aranea* virus:
Vertis ità in ſuccos *Hasq;*, ROSAS q; tuos.
Quas *violas Muſas*, VIOLAS puto; quaſq; recuſas
Dente tuo *roſas*, has, reor, eſſe ROSAS.
Sic *roſas*, facis eſſe ROSAS, dùm, *Zoile*, rodis;
Sic facis, has, VIOLAS, *Livide*, dum *violas*.

Brent-Hall. 1634.

EDVV. BENLOVVES.

Dum Cælum aspicio, Solum despicio.

Wll: marshall seul:

THE FIRST BOOKE.

The Invocation.

ROwze thee, my ſoul, and dreine thee from the dregs
Of vulgar thoughts; Skrue up the heightned pegs
Of thy Sublime Theorboe foure notes higher,
And higher yet; that ſo, the ſhrill-mouth'd Quire
Of ſwift-wing'd Seraphims may come and joyne,
And make thy Conſort more than halfe divine.
Invoke no Muſe; Let heav'n be thy *Apollo*;
And let his ſacred Influences hallow
Thy high-bred Straynes; Let his full beames inſpire
Thy raviſht braines with more heroick fire;
Snatch thee a Quill from the ſpread Eagles wing,
And, like the morning Lark, mount up and ſing:
Caſt off theſe dangling Plummets, that ſo clog
Thy lab'ring heart, which gropes in this dark fog
Of dungeon earth; Let fleſh and blood forbeare
To ſtop thy flight, till this baſe world appeare
A thin blew Lanskip; Let thy pineons ſore
So high a pitch, that men may ſeeme no more
Than Piſmires, crawling on this Mole-hill earth,
Thy eare untroubled with their frantick mirth;
Let not the frailty of thy fleſh diſturbe
Thy new-concluded peace; Let Reaſon curbe

Thy

Thy hot-mouth'd Paſſion; and let heav'ns fire ſeaſon
The freſh Conceits of thy corrected Reaſon;
Diſdaine to warme thee at Luſts ſmoaky fires,
Scorne, ſcorne to feed on thy old bloat deſires:
Come; come, my Soule, hoyſe up thy higher Sayles,
The wind blowes faire: Shall we ſtill creepe like Snayles,
That gild their wayes with their owne native ſlimes?
No, we muſt flie like Eagles, and our Rhimes
Muſt mount to heav'n, and reach th'Olympick eare;
Our heav'n-blowne fire muſt ſeek no other Spheare:
Thou great *Theanthropos*, that giv'ſt and crown'ſt
Thy gifts in duſt; and, from our dunghill, own'ſt
Reflected Honour, taking by Retayle,
(What thou haſt giv'n in groſſe) from lapſed, fraile,
And ſinfull man, that drink'ſt full draughts, wherein
Thy Childrens leprous fingers, ſcurf'd with Sin,
Have padled, cleanſe, O cleanſe my crafty Soule
From ſecret Crimes, and let my thoughts controule
My thoughts: O, teach me ſtoutly to deny
My ſelfe, that I may be no longer I;
Enrich my Fancy, clarifie my thoughts,
Refine my droſſe, O, wink at humane faults;
And, through this ſlender Conduit of my Quill,
Convey thy Current, whoſe cleare ſtreames may fill
The hearts of men with love, their tongues with praiſe;
Crowne me with Glory: Take, who liſt, the Bayes.

BRITISH MUSEUM

I.

Totus mundus in maligno (mali ligno) positus est.

Will Marshall sculp:

I.

IAM. I. XIV.

Every man is tempted, when he is drawne away by his own lust, and enticed.

Serpent. *Eve.*

Serp. NOt eat? Not taſt? Not touch? Not caſt an eye
Vpon the Fruit of this faire Tree? And why?
Why eat'ſt thou not what Heav'n ordain'd for food?
Or canſt thou think that bad, which heav'n cal'd Good?
Why was it made, if not to be enjoy'd? — —
Neglect of favours makes a favour voyd:
Bleſſings unus'd pervert into a Waſt,
As well as Surfeits; Woman, Do but taſt:
See how the laden boughs make ſilent Suit
To be enjoyd; Look, how their bending Fruit
Meet thee halfe way; Obſerve but how they crouch
To kiſſe thy hand; Coy woman, Do but touch:
Mark what a pure Vermilian bluſh has dy'd
Their ſwelling Cheeks, and how, for ſhame, they hide
Their palſie heads, to ſee themſelves ſtand by
Neglected: Woman, Do but caſt an eye;
What bounteous heav'n ordain'd for uſe, refuſe not;
Come, pull and eat; y'abuſe the things ye uſe not.

Eve. Wiſeſt of Beaſts, our great Creator did,
Reſerve this Tree, and this alone forbid;
The reſt are freely ours, which, doubtleſſe, are
As pleaſing to the Taſt; to th eye as faire;

But

But touching this, his ſtrict commands are ſuch,
'Tis death to taſt, no leſſe than death, to touch.
Serp. P'ſh; death's a fable Did not heav'n inſpire
Your equall Elements with living Fire,
Blowne from the Spring of life? Is not that breath
Immortall? Come; ye are as free from death
As He that made ye: Can the flames expire
Which He has kindled? Can ye quench His fire?
Did not the great Creators voice proclaime
What ere he made (from the blue ſpangled frame
To the poore leafe that trembles) very Good?
Bleſt He not both the Feeder, and the Food?
Tell, tell me, then, what danger can accrue
From ſuch bleſt Food, to ſuch Halfe-gods as you?
Curb needleſſe feares, and let no fond conceit
Abuſe your freedome; woman, Take and eat.
Eve. 'Tis true; we are immortall; death is yet
Vnborne; and, till Rebellion make it debt,
Vndue; I know the Fruit is good, untill
Preſumptuous diſobedience make it ill:
The lips that open to this Fruit's a portall
To let in death, and makes immortall, mortall.
Serp. You cannot die; Come, woman, Taſt and feare not:
Eve. Shall *Eve* tranſgreſſe? I dare not, O I dare not.
Serp. Afraid? why draw'ſt thou back thy tim'rous Arme?
Harme onely fals on ſuch as feare a Harme:
Heav'n knowes and feares the vertue of this Tree:
'Twill make ye perfect Gods as well as He.
Stretch forth thy hand, and let thy fondneſſe never
Feare death; Do, pull, and eat, and live for ever.
Eve. 'Tis but an Apple; and it is as good
To do as to deſire: Fruit's made for food:
Ile pull, and taſt, and tempt my *Adam* too
To know the ſecrets of this dainty; *Serp.* Doe.

S. CHRYS.

S. CHRYS. sup. Matth.

He forc'd him not: He touch'd him not: Onely said, Cast thy
lfe downe; *that we may know, whosoever obeyes the Divell,*
sts himselfe downe; For the Divell may suggest; compell, he
nnot.

S. BERN. in Ser.

It is the Divels part to suggest; Ours, not to consent: As oft
we resist him, so often we overcome him: as often as we over-
me him, so often we bring joy to the Angels, and glory to God;
ho proposes us, that we may contend, and assists us, that we may
nquer.

EPIG. 1.

Vnluckie Parliament! wherein, at last,
Both Houses are agreed, and firmely past
An Act of death, confirm'd by higher Powers:
O had it had but such successe as Ours.

II.

Sic malum cæcus vnicum in omne malum.

Will: Marshall sculpsit

II.

IAM. I. XV.

Then when luſt hath conceived, it bringeth forth ſin; and ſin when it is finiſhed, bringeth forth death.

1

LAment, lament; Looke, looke what thou haſt done!
Lament the worlds, lament thy owne Eſtate;
Looke, looke, by doing, how thou art vndone;
Lament thy fall; lament thy change of State:
Thy Faith is broken, and thy Freedome gone,
See, ſee too ſoone, what thou lament'ſt too late:
O thou that wert ſo many men; nay, all
Abridg'd in one, how has thy deſperate fall
Deſtroid thy vnborne ſeed, deſtroid thy ſelfe withall!

2

Vxorious *Adam*, whom thy Maker made
Equall to Angels, that excell in pow'r,
What haſt thou done? O why haſt thou obayd
Thy owne deſtruction? Like a new-cropt flowre
How does the glory of thy beauty fade!
How are thy fortunes blaſted in an houre!
How art thou cow'd, that hadſt the pow'r to quell
The ſpite of new-faln Angels; baffle Hell,
And vye with thoſe that ſtood, and vanquiſh thoſe that fell!

3

See how the world(whoſe chaſt and pregnant wombe,
Of late,conceiv'd,and brought forth nothing ill)
Is now degenerated,and become
A baſe Adultreſſe,whoſe falſe Births do fill
The Earth with Monſters,Monſters that do rome,
And rage about,and make a Trade,to kill:
Now Glutt'ny paunches; Luſt begins to ſpawne;
Wrath takes revenge; and Avarice,a pawne;
Pale Envy pines; Pride ſwels; and Sloth begins to yawne.

4

The Ayre,that whiſper'd, now begins to roare,
And bluſtring Boreas blowes the boyling Tide;
The white-mouth'd Water now uſurpes the Shore,
And ſcornes the pow'r of her trydentall Guide;
The Fire now burnes,that did but warme before,
And rules her Ruler with reſiſtleſſe Pride;
Fire,Water,Earth and Ayre,that firſt were made
To be ſubdu'd,ſee,how they now invade;
They rule whom once they ſerv'd;cōmand,where once obaid.

5

Behold; that nakedneſſe,that late bewraid
Thy Glory,now's become thy ſhame,thy wonder;
Behold; thoſe Trees whoſe various Fruits were made
For food,now turn'd a Shade to ſhrowd thee under:
Behold; That voice(which thou haſt diſobayd)
That late was Muſick,now affrights like Thunder:
Poore man! Are not thy Ioynts grown ſore with ſhaking,
To view th'effect of thy bold undertaking, (king?
That in one houre didſt marre, what heav'n ſix dayes was ma-

S. AVGVSTI

S. AVGVST. lib. 1 de lib. arbit.

It is a most just punishment, that man should lose that Freedome which man would not use, yet had power to keep if he would; And that he who had knowledge to do what was right, and did not, should be deprived of the knowledge of what was right; And that he who would not doe righteously when he had the power, should lose the power to do it, when he had the will.

HVGO de anima.

They are justly punished that abuse lawfull things, but they are more justly punished, that use unlawfull things; Thus Lucifer fell from heaven; thus Adam lost his Paradise.

EPIG. 2.

See how these fruitfull kernels, being cast
Vpon the earth, how thick they spring! how fast!
A full-ear'd Crop, and thriving; rank and proud;
Prepost'rous man first sow'd, and then he plough'd.

3

See how the world(whoſe chaſt and pregnant wombe,
Of late,conceiv'd,and brought forth nothing ill)
Is now degenerated,and become
A baſe Adultreſſe,whoſe falſe Births do fill
The Earth with Monſters,Monſters that do rome,
And rage about,and make a Trade,to kill:
Now Glutt'ny paunches; Luſt begins to ſpawne;
Wrath takes revenge; and Avarice,a pawne;
Pale Envy pines; Pride ſwels; and Sloth begins to yawne.

4

The Ayre,that whiſper'd, now begins to roare,
And bluſtring Boreas blowes the boyling Tide;
The white-mouth'd Water now uſurpes the Shore,
And ſcornes the pow'r of her trydentall Guide;
The Fire now burnes,that did but warme before,
And rules her Ruler with reſiſtleſſe Pride;
Fire,Water,Earth and Ayre,that firſt were made
To be ſubdu'd,ſee,how they now invade;
They rule whom once they ſerv'd;cōmand,where once obaid.

5

Behold; that nakednesſe,that late bewraid
Thy Glory,now's become thy ſhame,thy wonder;
Behold; thoſe Trees whoſe various Fruits were made
For food,now turn'd a Shade to ſhrowd thee under:
Behold; That voice(which thou haſt diſobayd)
That late was Muſick,now affrights like Thunder:
Poore man! Are not thy Ioynts grown ſore with ſhaking,
To view th'effect of thy bold undertaking, (king?
That in one houre didſt marre, what heav'n ſix dayes was ma-

S. AVGVS.

S. AVGVST. lib. 1 de lib. arbit.

It is a moſt juſt puniſhment, that man ſhould loſe that Freedome which man would not uſe, yet had power to keep if he would: And that he who had knowledge to do what was right, and did not, ſhould be deprived of the knowledge of what was right; And that he who would not doe righteouſly when he had the power, ſhould loſe the power to do it, when he had the will.

HVGO de anima.

They are juſtly puniſhed that abuſe lawfull things, but they are more juſtly puniſhed, that uſe unlawfull things; Thus Luciſer fell from heaven; thus Adam loſt his Paradiſe.

EPIG. 2.

See how theſe fruitfull kernels, being caſt
Vpon the earth, how thick they ſpring! how faſt!
A full-ear'd Crop, and thriving; rank and proud;
Prepoſt'rous man firſt ſow'd, and then he plough'd.

III.

Vt potiar, patior. Patiens, non potiens.

Will: Marshall. sculpsit.

III.

PROV. XIV. XIII.

Even in laughter the heart is ſorrowfull, and the end of that mirth is heavineſſe.

1

ALas fond Child,
How are thy thoughts beguil'd,
To hope for Hony from a neſt of waſps?
Thou maiſt as well
Go ſeek for eaſe in Hell,
Or ſprightly Nectar from the mouthes of Aſps.

2

The world's a Hive,
From whence thou canſt derive
No good, but what thy ſoules vexation brings:
Put caſe thou meet
Some peti-peti-ſweet,
Each drop is guarded with a thouſand ſtings.

3

Why doſt thou make
Theſe murm'ring Troupes forſake
The ſafe Protection of their waxen Homes?
This Hive containes
No ſweet that's worth thy paines;
There's nothing here, alas, but empty Combes.

4

For trash and Toyes,
And griefe-ingendring Ioyes
What torment seemes too sharpe for flesh and blood!
What bitter Pills,
Compos'd of reall Ills,
Man swallowes downe, to purchase one false Good!

5

The dainties here,
Are least what they appeare;
Though sweet in hopes, yet in fruition, sowre:
The fruit that's yellow,
Is found not alwayes mellow,
The fairest Tulip's not the sweetest flowre.

6

Fond youth, give ore,
And vexe thy soule no more,
In seeking, what were better far unfound;
Alas thy gaines
Are onely present paines
To gather Scorpions for a future wound.

7

What's earth? or in it,
That longer than a minit
Can lend a free delight, that can endure?
O who would droyle,
Or delve in such a soyle,
Where gaine's uncertaine, and the paine is sure?

S. AVGVST.

S. AVGVST.

Sweetneſſe in temporall matters is deceitfull; It is a labour and a perpetuall ſeare; It is a dangerous pleaſure, whoſe beginning is without providence, and whoſe end is not without repentance.

HVGO.

Luxury is an enticing pleaſure, a baſtard mirth, which hath honey in her mouth, gall in her heart, and a ſting in her taile.

EPIG. 3.

What, *Cupid*, Are thy ſhafts already made?
And ſeeking Honey, to ſet up thy Trade?
True Embleme of thy ſweets! Thy Bees do bring
Hony in their mouthes, but in their tailes, a ſting.

IV.

Quis leuior? cui Iesus frondeus addit amor.

Will: Marshall. sculpsit.

IV.

PSAL. LXII. IX.

To be laid in the ballance, it is altogether lighter than vanitie.

1

PVt in another weight: 'Tis yet, too light:
And yet. Fond *Cupid*, put another in;
nd yet, another: Still there's under weight;
Put in another Hundred: Put agin:
Add world to world; then heape a thousand more
To that; then, to renew thy wasted store,
ake vp more worlds on trust, to draw thy Balance lower.

2

t in the flesh, with all her loads of pleasure;
Put in great *Mammons* endlesse Inventory;
t in the pomdrous Acts of mighty *Cæsar*;
Put in the greater weight of *Suedens* Glory;
Add *Scipios* gauntlet; put in *Platos* Gowne;
Put *Circes* Charmes, put in the Triple Crowne,
hy Balance will not draw; thy Balance will not downe.

3

LORD, what a world is this; which, day and night,
Men seek with so much toyle, with so much trouble!
hich, weigh'd in equall Scales, is found so light,
So poorely over-balanc'd with a Bubble;

Good

Good GOD! that frantick mortals ſhould deſtroy
Their higher Hopes, and place their idle Ioy
Vpon ſuch ayry Traſh, vpon ſo light a Toy!

4

Thou bold Impoſture, how haſt thou befool'd
The Tribe of Man, with counterfeit deſire!
How has the breath of thy falſe bellowes cool'd
Heav'ns free-borne flames, and kindled baſtard fire!
How haſt thou vented Droſſe inſtead of treaſure,
And cheated man with thy falſe weights and meaſure,
Proclaiming Bad for Good; and gilding death with pleaſure!

5

The world's a crafty Strumpet, moſt affecting,
And cloſely following thoſe that moſt reject her;
But ſeeming careleſſe, nicely diſreſpecting
And coyly flying thoſe that moſt affect her:
If thou be free, ſhee's ſtrange; if ſtrange, ſhee's free;
Flee, and ſhe followes; Follow, and ſhee'l flee;
Than ſhe there's none more coy; there's none more fond tha

6

O, what a Crocadilian world is this,
Compos'd of trech'ries, and enſnaring wiles!
She cloathes deſtruction in a formall kiſſe,
And lodges death in her deceitfull ſmiles:
She huggs the ſoule ſhe hates; and, there, does prove
The veryeſt Tyrant, where ſhe vowes to love.
And is a Serpent moſt, when moſt ſhe ſeemes a Dove.

7

Thrice happy He, whoſe nobler thoughts deſpiſe
To make an Object of ſo eaſie Gaines;
Thrice happy He, who ſcornes ſo poore a Prize
Should be the Crowne of his heroick paines:
Thrice happy He, that nev'r was borne to trie
Her frownes or ſmiles; or, being borne, did lie
In his ſad Nurſes Armes an houre or two, and die.

S. AVGVST. lib. Confeſſ.

O you that dote upon this world, for what victory doye fight? Your hopes can be crown'd with no greater reward than the world can give; and what is the world but a brittle thing full of dangers, wherein we travell from leſſer to greater perills? O let all her ſhine, light, and momentary glory periſh with her ſelfe, and let us be converſant with more eternall things: Alas, this world is miſerable; life is ſhort, and death is ſure.

BRITISH MUSEUM

EPIG. 4.

My ſoule; What's lighter than a feather? Wind:
Than wind? The fire: And what than fire? The mind:
What's lighter than the mind? A thought: Than Thought?
This bubble-world: What, than this Bubble? Nought.

V.

His vestitur orbis.

Will: Marshall sculpsit.

V.

I. COR. VII. XXXI.

The faſhion of this world paſſeth away.

1

GOne are thoſe golden dayes, wherein
e Conſcience ſtarted not at ugly ſin;
When good old *Saturnes* peacefull Throne
s unuſurped by his beardleſſe Sonne:
When jealous *Ops* nev'r fear'd th'abuſe
her chaſt bed, or breach of nuptiall Truce:
When juſt *Aſtræa* poys'd her Scales
mortall hearts, whoſe abſence earth bewailes:
When froth-borne *Venus*, and her Brat,
h all that ſpurious brood young *Iove* begat,
In horrid ſhapes, were yet unknowne;
oſe Halcyon dayes, that golden Age is gone:
There was no Clyent then, to wait
e leiſure of his long-tayl'd Advocate;
The Talion Law was in requeſt,
d Chaunc'ry Courts were kept in ev'ry breſt;
Abuſed Statutes had no Tenters,
d men could deale ſecure, without Indentures;
There was no peeping hole, to cleare
e Wittols eye from his incarnate feare;

There

There were no luſtfull Cinders, then,
To broyle the Carbonado'd hearts of men;
The roſie Cheeke did, then, proclaime
A ſhame of Guilt, but not a guilt of Shame;
There was no whining ſoule, to ſtart
At *Cupids* twang, or curſe his flaming dart;
The Boy had, then, but callow wings,
And fell *Erynnis* Scorpions had no ſtings;
The better acted world did move
Vpon the fixed Poles of Truth and Love;
Love eſſenc'd in the hearts of men;
Then, Reaſon rul'd; There was no Paſſion, then;
Till Luſt and Rage began to enter,
Love the Circumf'rence was, and Love, the Center;
Vntill the wanton dayes of *Iove*,
The ſimple world was all compos'd of Love;
But *Iove* grew fleſhly, falſe, unjuſt;
Inferiour Beauty fill'd his veynes with Luſt;
And Cucqueane *Iunos* Fury hurld
Fierce Balls of Rage into th'inceſtuous World:
Aſtrea fled; and Love return'd
From earth: Earth boyl'd with Luſt; with Rage, it burn
And ever ſince the world has beene
Kept going with the ſcourge of Luſt, and Spleene.

S. AMBR

S. Ambros.

Lust is a sharpe spurre to vice, which alwayes puts the Affe-
ons into a false Gallop.

Hvgo.

Lust is an immoderate wantonnesse of the flesh: a sweet pey-
; a cruell pestilence; a pernitious potion, which weakens the
y of man, and effeminates the strength of an heroick mind.

S. Avgvst.

Envy is the hatred of anothers felicity: In respect of Supe-
urs, because they are not equall to them; In respect of Inferi-
s, lest they should be equall to them; In respect of equals, be-
se they are equall to them: Through Envy proceeded the fall
he world, and the death of Christ.

Epig. 5.

What? *Cupid*, must the world be lasht so soone?
But made at morning, and be whipt at noone?
'Tis like the Wagg that playes with *Venus* Doves,
The more 'tis lasht, the more perverse it proves.

VI.

In cruce tuta quies

Will. Marshall. Sculpsit.

VI.

ECCLES. II. XVII.

All is vanitie and vexation of ſpirit.

1

HOw is the anxious ſoule of man befool'd
In his deſire,
That thinks a Hectick Fever may be cool'd
In flames of fire,
Or hopes to rake full heaps of burniſht gold
From naſty myre!
A whining Lover may as well requeſt
A ſcornefull breſt
To melt in gentle teares, as woo the world for reſt.

2

Let wit, and all her ſtudied plots effect
The beſt they can;
Let ſmiling Fortune proſper, and perfect
What wit began;
Let earth adviſe with both, and ſo project
A happy man;
Let wit, or fawning Fortune vie their beſt;
He may be bleſt
With all that earth can give: but earth can give no Reſt.

3

Whose Gold is double with a carefull hand,
His cares are double;
The Pleasure, Honour, Wealth of Sea and Land
Bring but a trouble;
The world it selfe, and all the worlds Command
Is but a Bubble:
The strong desires of mans insatiate brest
May stand possest
Of all that earth can give; but earth can give no Rest.

4

The world's a seeming Par'dise, but her owne
And Mans Tormenter;
Appearing fixt, yet but a rolling Stone,
Without a Tenter;
It is a vast Circumference, where none
Can find a Center:
Of more than earth, can earth make none possest;
And he that least
Regards this restlesse world, shall in this world find Rest.

5

True Rest consists not in the oft revying
Of worldly drosse;
Earths myry Purchase is not worth the buying;
Her gaine is losse;
Her Rest, but giddy toyle, if not relying
Vpon her Crosse;
How worldlings droyle for trouble! That fond brest
That is possest
Of earth without a Crosse, has earth without a Rest.

CASS. in Pſ.

The Croſſe is the invincible Sanctuary of the humble: The dejection of the proud; the victory of Chriſt; the deſtruction of the Divell; the confirmation of the faithfull; the death of the unbeleever; the life of the juſt.

DAMASCEN.

The Croſſe of Chriſt is the key of Paradiſe; the weake mans ſtaffe; the Converts Convoy, the upright mans perfection; the ſoule and bodies health, the prevention of all evill, and the procurer of all Good.

EPIG. 6.

Worldling, whoſe whimpring folly holds the loſſes
Of Honour, Pleaſure, health and Wealth ſuch Croſſes,
Looke here, and tell me what your Armes engroſſe,
When the beſt end of what ye hugg's a Croſſe.

VII.

Latet hostis, et otia ducis?

W. Marshall sculp:

VII.

I PET. V. VIII.

Be ſober; Be vigilant, becauſe your adverſary the Divell, as a roaring Lion walketh about ſeeking whom he may devoure.

1

WHy doſt thou ſuffer luſtfull ſloth to creepe
(Dull Cyprian lad) into thy wanton browes?
Is this a time to pay thine idle vowes
At *Morpheus* Shrine? Is this a time to ſteepe
Thy braines in waſtfull ſlumbers? up and rouze
Thy leaden ſpirits; Is this a time to ſleepe?
Adjourne thy ſanguine dreames; Awake, ariſe;
Call in thy Thoughts, and let them all adviſe,
Hadſt thou as many Heads, as thou haſt wounded Eyes.

2

Looke, looke, what horrid Furies doe await
Thy flattring ſlumbers; If thy drowzie head
But chance to nod, thou falſt into a Bed
Of ſulphrous flames, whoſe Torments want a date:
Fond Boy, be wiſe; let not thy thoughts be fed
With Phrygian wiſdome; Fooles are wiſe too late:
Beware betimes, and let thy Reaſon ſever
Thoſe Gates which paſſion clos'd; wake now, or never:
For if thou nod'ſt, thou fal'ſt; and, falling, fal'ſt for ever.

3

Mark, how the ready hands of death prepare;
His Bow is bent, and he has notch'd his dart;
He aimes, he levels at thy slumbring heart;
The wound is posting; O be wise; Beware:
What? has the voice of danger lost the art
To raise the spirit of neglected Care?
Well; sleep thy fill; and take thy soft reposes;
But know withall, sweet tasts have sower closes;
And he repents in Thornes, that sleeps in Beds of Roses.

4

Yet, sluggard, wake, and gull thy soule no more,
With earths false pleasure, and the worlds delight,
Whose fruit is faire, and pleasing to the sight,
But sowre in tast; false, at the putrid Core:
Thy flaring Glasse is Gemms at her halfe light;
She makes thee seeming rich, but truly poore:
She boasts a kernell, and bestowes a Shell;
Performes an Inch of her faire promis'd Ell;
Her words protest a Heav'n; Her works produce a Hell.

5

O thou, the fountaine of whose better part
Is earth'd, and gravil'd up with vaine desire,
That daily wallow'st in the fleshly mire
And base pollution of a lustfull heart,
That feel'st no passion but in wanton fire,
And own'st no torment but from *Cupids* dart;
Behold thy Type; Thou sitst upon this Ball
Of earth, secure, while death, that flings at all,
Stands arm'd to strike thee down, where flames attend thy fall.

S. Bern.

S. Bern.

Security is no where: It is neither in heaven, nor in Paradise, much leſſe in the world: In heaven, the Angels fell from the divine preſence; In Paradiſe, Adam fell from his place of pleaſure, in the world, Iudas fell from the Schoole of our Saviour.

Hvgo.

I eat ſecure; I drink ſecure: I ſleepe ſecure, even as though I had paſt the day of death, avoided the day of judgement, and eſcaped the torments of hell fire: I play and laugh, as though I were already triumphing in the kingdome of heaven.

Epig. 7.

Get up, my ſoule; Redeeme thy ſlaviſh eyes,
From drowzy bondage: O beware; Be wiſe:
Thy Foe's before thee; thou muſt fight, or flie:
Life lies moſt open in a cloſed Eye.

VIII.

Et risu necat.

W. Marshall. Sc:

VIII:

LVKE VI. XXV.

Woe be to you that laugh now, for ye shall mourne and weepe.

The world's a popular disease, that raignes
Within the froward heart, and frantick braines
Of poore distemper'd mortals, oft arising
From ill digestion, through th'unequall poysing
Of ill-weigh'd Elements, whose light directs
Malignant humors to maligne Effects:
One raves, and labours with a boyling Liver;
Rends haire by handfuls, cursing *Cupids* Quiver:
Another, with a Bloody-fluxe of oathes,
Vowes deepe Revenge; one dotes: the other loathes:
One frisks and sings, and vyes a Flagon more
To drench dry Cares; and makes the Welkin rore;
Another droopes; the sunshine makes him sad;
Heav'n cannot please; One's moap'd; the tother's mad;
One huggs his Gold; Another lets it flie,
He knowing not, for whom; nor, tother, why;
One spends his day in Plots; his night, in Play;
Another sleeps and slugs both night and day:
One laughs at this thing; tother cries for that;
But neither one, nor tother knowes for what:
Wonder of wonders! What we ought t'evite
As our disease, we hugg as our delight:

'Tis

'Tis held a Symptome of approching danger,
When diſacquainted Senſe becomes a ſtranger,
And takes no knowledge of an old diſeaſe;
But when a noyſome Griefe begins to pleaſe
The unreſiſting Senſe, it is a feare
That death has parlyed, and compounded there:
As when the dreadfull Thund'rers awefull hand
Powres forth a Viall on th'infected land,
At firſt th'affrighted Mortalls, quake, and feare,
And ev'ry noyſe is thought the Thunderer;
But when the frequent Soule-departing Bell
Has pav'd their eares with her familiar knell,
It is reputed but a nine dayes wonder,
They neither feare the Thund'rer, nor his Thunder;
So when the world (a worſe diſeaſe) began
To ſmart for ſin, poore new-created Man
Could ſeek for ſhelter, and his gen'rous Son
Knew, by his wages, what his hands had done;
But bold-fac'd Mortalls, in our bluſhleſſe times,
Can ſin and ſmile, and make a ſport of Crimes,
Tranſgreſſe of Cuſtome, and rebell in caſe;
We falſe-joy'd fooles can triumph in diſeaſe,
And (as the careleſſe pilgrim, being bit
By the Tarantula, begins a Fit
Of life-concluding laughter) waſt our breath
In laviſh pleaſure, till we laugh to death.

HVGO de anima.

What profit is there in vaine Glory, momentary mirth, the rlds power, the fleshes pleasure, full riches, noble descent, and at desires? Where is their laughter? Where is their mirth? here their Insolence? their Arrogance? From how much joy, to much sadnesse! After how much mirth, how much misery! om how great glory are they fallen to how great torments! hat hath fallen to them, may befall thee, because thou art a man: ou art of earth; thou livest of earth; Thou shalt returne to th. Death expects thee every where; be wise therefore, and pect death every where.

EPIG. 8.

VGO hat ayles the foole to laugh? Does somthing please s vaine conceit? Or is't a meere disease? ole, giggle on, And waft thy wanton breath; hy morning laughter breeds an ev'ning death.

IX.

Feuſtra quis ſtabilem figat in orbe gradum?

Will: Marshall. ſculpſit.

IX.

1 IOH. II. XVII.

The world passeth away, and all the lusts thereof.

1

DRaw neare, brave sparks, whose spirits scorne to light
Your hallow'd Tapours, but at Honours flame;
You, whose heroick Actions take delight
To varnish over a new painted name;
Whose high-bred thoughts disdaine to take their flight,
But on th'Icarian wings of babbling Fame,
Behold, how tottring are your high-built stories
Of earth, whereon you trust the groundwork of your Glories.

2

And you, more braine-sick Lovers, that can prize
A wanton smile before eternall Ioves;
That know no heav'n but in your Mistresse eyes;
That feele no pleasure but what sense enjoyes;
That can, like crowne-distemper'd fooles, despise
True riches, and like Babies, whine for Toyes;
Think ye, the Pageants of your hopes are able
To stand secure on earth, when earth it selfe's unstable?

3

Come dunghill worldlings; you, that root like swine,
And cast up golden Trenches, where ye come;

Whose

Whose onely pleasure is to undermine,
And view the secrets of your mothers wombe;
Come bring your Saint, pouch'd in his leather Shrine,
And summon all your griping Angels home;
Behold your world, the Bank of all your store;
The world ye so admire, the world ye so adore.

4

A feeble world; whose hot-mouth'd pleasures tyre
Before the Race, before the sturt, retrait;
A faithlesse world, whose false delights expire
Before the terme of halfe their promis'd Date;
A fickle world; not worth the least desire,
Where ev'ry Chance proclaimes a Change of State:
A feeble, faithlesse, fickle world, wherein
Each motion proves a vice; and ev'ry Act, a Sin.

5

The Beauty, that of late, was in her flowre,
Is now a ruine, not to raise a Lust;
He that was lately dcench'd in *Danaes* showre,
Is Master, now, of neither Gold, nor Trust;
Whose Honour, late, was mann'd with princely pow'r,
His glory now lies buried in the dust;
O who would trust this world, or prize what's in it,
That gives and takes, and chops, and changes ev'ry minit!

6

Nor length of dayes, nor solid strength of Braine
Can find a place wherein to rest secure;
The world is various, and the Earth is vaine;
There's nothing certaine here; there's nothing sure:
We trudge, we travell but from paine to paine,
And what's our onely griefe's our onely Cure:
The World's a Torment; he that would endeaver
To find the way to Rest, must seek the way to leave her.

S. GREG.

S. GREG. in ho.

Behold, the world is withered in it ſelfe, yet flouriſhes in our hearts; every where, death; every where griefe; every where, deſolation: On every ſide we are ſmitten; on every ſide fill'd with bitterneſſe, and yet with the blind mind of carnall deſire we love her bitterneſſe; It flies, and we follow it; it fals, yet we ſticke to it: And becauſe we cannot enjoy it fallen, we fall with it; and enjoy it, fallen.

BRITISH MUSEUM

EPIG. 9.

If Fortune hale, or envious Time but ſpurne,
The world turnes round; and, with the world, we turne;
When Fortune ſees, and *Lynx*-ey'd Time is blind,
I'le truſt thy Ioyes, O world, Till then, the Wind.

X.

Veriusq; crepundia Merces.

Will. Marshall Sculpsit.

X.

IOH. VIII. XLIV.

Yee are of your father the Devill, and the lusts of your father yee will doe:

HEre's your right ground: Wagge gently ore this Black;
Ti's a short Cast; y'are quickly at the Iack:
Rubbe, rubbe an Inch or two; Two Crownes to one
On this Boules side; Blow winde; T'is fairely throwne;
The next Boule's worse that comes; Come houle away;
Mammon, you know the ground un-tutor'd, Play;
Your last was gone; A yeard of strength, well spar'd,
Had touch'd the Block; your hand is still too hard.
Brave pastime, Readers, to consume that day,
Which, without pastime, flyes too swift away!
See how they labour; as if day and night
Were both too short, to serve their loose delight;
See how their curved bodies wreathe, and skrue
Such antick shapes as *Proteus* never knew:
One raps an oath; another deales a curse;
Hee never better bould; this, never worse:
One rubbes his itchlesse Elbow, shrugges, and laughs;
The tother bends his beetle-browes, and chafes,
Sometime they whoope; sometimes their Stigian cries
Send their Black-*Santos* to the blushing Skies;
Thus, mingling Humors in a mad confusion,
They make bad Premises, and worse Conclusion:

But where's the Palme that Fortunes hand allowes
To bleſſe the Victors honourable Browes?
Come, Reader, come; Ile light thine eye the way
To view the Prize, the while the Gameſters play;
Cloſe by the Iack, behold Gill Fortune ſtands
To wave the game; See, in her partiall hands
The glorious Garland's held in open ſhow,
To cheare the Ladds, and crowne the Conq'rers brow;
The world's the Iack; The Gamſters that contend,
Are *Cupid, Mammon.* That juditious Friend,
That gives the ground, is *Satban*; and the Boules
Are ſinfull Thoughts: The Prize, a Crowne for Fooles.
Who breathes that boules not? what bold tongue can ſay
Without a bluſh, he hath not bould to day?
It is the Trade of man; And ev'ry Sinner
Has plaid his Rubbers; Every Soule's a winner.
The vulgar Proverb's croſt: Hee hardly can
Be a good Bouler and an Honeſt man.
Good God, turne thou my Brazil thoughts anew;
New ſoale my Boules, and make their Bias true:
I'le ceaſe to game, till fairer Ground be given,
Nor wiſh to winne untill the Marke be Heaven.

S. BERNARD

S. BERNARD. lib. de Consid.

O you Sonnes of Adam, *you covetous Generation, what have ee to doe with earthly Riches, which are neither true, nor yours. Gold and silver are reall earth red, and white, which the onely rror of man makes, or rather reputes pretious: In short, If they e yours, carry them with you.*

S. HIEROME in Ep:

O Lust, thou infernall fire, whose Fuell is Gluttony, whose lame is Pride; whose sparkles are wanton words; whose smoake Infamie; whose Ashes are uncleanenesse; whose end is Hell.

EPIG. 10.

Mammon, well follow'd: *Cupid* bravely ledde;
Both Touchers; Equall Fortune makes a dead:
No Reede can measure where the Conqueſt lies;
Take my advise; Compound, and share the Prize.

XI.

Mundus in exitium ruit.

Will: Marshal. sculpsit.

XI.

EPH. II. II.

Yee walked according to the course of this world, according to the Prince of the Aire.

1

O Whither will this mad-braine world, at last,
Be driv'n? where will her restlesse wheeles arive?
Why hurries on her ill-match'd Payre so fast?
O whether meanes her furious Groome to drive?
What? will her rambling Fits be never past?
For ever ranging? never once retrive?
Will earths perpetuall Progresse nere expire?
Her Teame continuing in their fresh Careire,
And yet they never rest, And yet they never tyre.

2

Sols hot-mouth'd Steeds, whose nostrils vomit flame,
And brazen lungs belch forth quotidian fire;
Their twelve houres taske perform'd, grow stiffe and lame,
And their immortall Spirits faint and tyre;
At th'Azure mountaines foote, their labours claime
The priviledge of Rest, where they retyre
To quench their burning Fetlocks, and to steepe
Their flaming nostrils in the Westerne deepe,
And fresh their tyred soules with strength-restoring sleepe.

3

But these prodigious Hackneyes, basely got
Twixt Men and Devils, made for Race, nor Flight,
Can dragge the idle world, expecting not
The bed of Rest, but travill with delight;
Who neither weighing way, nor weather, trott
Through dust and dirt, and droyle both night and day;
Thus droyle these feinds incarnate, whose free paynes;
Are fed with dropsies, and veneriall Blaines.
No need to use the whip; but strength, to rule the raynes.

4

Poore Captive world! How has thy lightnesse given
A just occasion to thy Foes illusion?
O, how art thou betrayd, thus fayrely driven
In seeming Triumph to thy owne confusion?
How is thy empty universe bereiven
Of all true Ioyes, by one false Ioyes delusion?
So have I seene an unblowne virgin fed
With sugard words so full, that shee is led
A faire attended Bride, to a false Bankrupts Bed.

5

Pull gratious LORD; Let not thine Arme forsake
The world, impounded in her owne devises;
Thinke of that pleasure that thou once did take
Amongst thy Lillies, and sweete Beds of spices:
Hale strongly, thou whose hand has pow'r to slake
The swift foot Fury of ten thousand Vices:
Let not that dust-devouring Dragon boast,
His craft has wonne, what Iudahs Lyon lost;
Remember what it crav'd; Recount the price it cost.

ISIODOR: lib. 1. De ſummo bono.

By how much the nearer Sathan perceives the world to an end, by ſo much the more fiercely Hee troubles it with perſecution; that knowing himſelfe is to be damned, hee may get company in his damnation.

CYPRIAN. in ep:

Broad and ſpatious is the road to infernall life: There are enticements and death-bringing pleaſures; There the Devill flatters, that hee may deceive; Smiles, that hee may endamage; allures, that he may deſtroy.

EPIG. 11.

Nay ſoft and faire, good world; Poſt not too faſt;
Thy Iourneys end requires not halfe this haſt:
Vnleſſe that Arme thou ſo diſdainſt, reprives thee,
Alas thou needs muſt goe: the devill drives thee.

XII.

Inopem me copia fecit.

Will. Marshall. Sculpsit.

XII.

ISAY LXVI. XI.

Yee may ſuck, but not be ſatisfied with the breſt of her Conſolation.

1

WHat never fill'd? Be thy lips skrew'd ſo faſt (ſeiſe thee
To th'earths full breaſt? For ſhame, for ſhame un-
Thou tak'ſt a ſurfeit, where thou ſhouldſt but taſt,
And mak'ſt too much not halfe enough, to pleaſe thee:
Ah foole, forbeare; Thou ſwallow'ſt at one breath
Both food and poyſon down, Thou drawſt both milk & death.

2

The ub'rous breaſts, when fairely drawne, repaſt
The thriving Infant with their milkie flood,
But being overſtraind, returne, at laſt,
Vnholſome Gulps compos'd of wind and blood;
A mod'rate uſe does both repaſt and pleaſe;
Who ſtraines beyond a meane, draws in and gulps deſeaſe.

3

But, O, meane whoſe good the leaſt abuſe
Makes bad, is too too hard to be directed;
Can Thornes bring grapes, or Crabs a pleaſing juce?
Ther's nothing wholſome, where the whole's infected:
Vnſeiſe thy lips, Earths milk's a ripned Core
That drops from her deſeaſe, that matters from her Sore.

Thinkſt

4

Thinkſt thou, that Paunch that burlyes out thy Coate,
Is thriving Fat; or fleſh, that ſeemes ſo brawny?
Thy Paunch is dropſied, and thy Cheekes are bloat;
Thy lips are white and thy complexion, tawny;
Thy skin's a Bladder blowne with watry tumors;
Thy fleſh, a trembling Bogge, a Quagmire full of humors.

5

And thou, whoſe thriveleſſe hands are ever ſtrayning
Earths fluent Breſts, into an empty Sive,
That alwaies haſt, yet alwaies art complaining;
And whin'ſt for more then earth has pow'r to give,
Whoſe treaſure flowes, and flees away as faſt,
That ever haſt, and haſt, yet haſt not what thou haſt;

6

Goe chooſe a Subſtance, foole, that will remaine
Within the limits of thy leaking meaſure;
Or elſe goe ſeeke an Vrne that will retaine
The liquid Body of thy ſlipp'ry Treaſure:
Alas, how poorely are thy labours crownd!
Thy liquors neither ſweet, nor yet thy veſſell ſound.

7

What leſſe then Foole is Man, to progge, and plott,
And laviſh out the Creame of all his care,
To gaine poore ſeeming goods, which, being got,
Make firme poſſeſſion, but a Thorowfare:
Or if they ſtay, they furrow thoughts the deeper,
And being kept with care, they looſe their carefull keeper.

S. Greg.

S. GREG. Hom: 3. secund. parte Ezech.

If wee give more to the flesh then wee ought, wee nouriſh an Enemy; if we give not to her neceſsity what we ought, we deſtroy a Citizen: The fleſh is to be ſatisfied ſo farre as ſuffices to our good; whoſoever allowes ſo much to her as to make her proud, knowes not how to be ſatisfied: To be ſatisfied, is a great Art; leſt by the ſaciety of the fleſh wee breake forth into the Iniquity of her Folly.

HYGO. de Anima.

The heart is a ſmall thing, but deſires great matters: It is not ſufficient for a Kites dinner, yet the whole world is not ſufficient for it.

BRITISH MUSEUM

EPIG. 12.

What makes thee foole ſo fat? Foole, thee ſo Bare?
Yee ſuck the ſelfe ſame milke; the ſelfe ſame aire:
No meane, betwixt all Paunch; and skinne and bone?
The meane's a vertue, and the world has none.

XIII.

Da mihi fræna timor; Da mihi calcar amor.
R. Vaughan fecit.

XIII.

IOH. III. XIX.

Men love darkneſſe rather then light, becauſe their deeds are evill.

LORD, when we leave the World and come to Thee,
How dull! how ſlugge are wee?
How backward! how præpoſterous is the motion
Of our ungaine devotion!
Our thoughts are Milſtones, and our ſoules are lead,
And our deſires are dead:
Our vowes are fairely promiſed, faintly paid;
Or broken, or not made:
Our better worke (if any good) attends
Vpon our private ends:
In whoſe performance one poore worldly ſcoffe
Foyles us, or beates us off:
If thy ſharpe ſcourge finde out ſome ſecret fault,
Wee grumble, or revolt:
And if thy gentle hand forbeare, wee ſtray,
Or idly looſe the way:
Is the Roade faire? wee loyter: clogg'd with myre?
Wee ſticke, or elſe retyre:
A Lambe appeares a Lyon; and we feare,
Each buſh wee ſee's a Beare.

When

When our dull ſoules direct their thoughts to Thee,
The ſoft-pac'd Snayle is not ſo ſlow as wee:
But when at earth wee dart our wing'd deſire,
We burne, we burne like fire:
Like as the am'rous needle joyes to bend
To her Magneticke Friend;
Or as the greedy Lover eye-balls flye
At his faire Miſtres eye,
So, ſo we cling to earth; wee fly, and puff,
Yet fly not faſt enough;
If Pleaſure becken with her baſmey hand,
Her becke's a ſtrong command;
If Honour call us with her courtly breath,
An hour's delay is death:
If profits golden fingerd Charmes enveigle's,
Wee clip more ſwift then Eagles.
Let Auſter weep, or bluſtring Boreas rore
Till eyes or lungs be ſore:
Let Neptune ſwell untill his dropſie ſides
Burſt into broken Tides;
Nor threatning Rockes, nor windes, nor waves, nor Fyre
Can curbe our fierce deſire;
Nor Fire nor Rocks can ſtop our furious mindes,
Nor waves, nor windes;
How faſt and feareleſſe doe our footſteps flee!
The lightfoot Roe-buck's not ſo ſwift as wee.

S. Avgvst. ſup: Pſal: 64.

Two ſeverall Loves built two ſeverall Cities; The love of God ilds a Ieruſalem; The love of the world builds a Babylon: Let ery one enquire of himſelfe what he loves, and hee ſhall reſolve nſelfe, of whence hee is a Citizen.

S. Avgvst. lib. 3. Confeſſ.

All things are driven by their owne weight, and tend to their n Center: My weight is my love; By that I am driven, whither-ver I am driven.

Ibidem.

Lord, he loves thee the leſſe that loves any thing with thee, ich he loves not for thee.

EPIG. 13.

ord ſcourge my Aſſe if ſhee ſhould make no haſt,
nd curbe my Stagge if hee ſhould flee too faſt:
hee be over ſwift, or ſhee prove idle,
et Love lend him a ſpurre: Feare, her, a Bridle.

XIV.

Phosphore redde diem.

Will: Marshall Sculpsit.

XIV.

PSAL. XIII. III.

Lighten mine eyes, O Lord, leſt I ſleepe the ſleepe of death.

Will't nere be morning? Will that promis'd light
Nere breake, and cleare theſe Clouds of night?
Sweet *Phoſpher* bring the day,
Whoſe conqu'ring Ray
May chaſe theſe fogges; Sweet *Phoſpher* bring the day.

How long! how long ſhall theſe benighted eyes
Languiſh in ſhades, like feeble Flies
Expecting Spring! How long ſhall darkneſſe ſoyle
The face of earth, and thus beguile
Our ſoules of rightfull action? when will day
Begin to dawne, whoſe new-borne Ray
May gild the Wether-cocks of our devotion,
And give our unſoul'd ſoules new motion?
Sweet *Phoſpher* bring the day,
Thy light will fray
Theſe horrid Miſts; Sweet *Phoſpher* bring the day.

Let thoſe have night, that ſilly love t'immure
Their cloyſterd Crimes, and ſinne ſecure;

Let thoſe have night that bluſh to let men know
The baſeneſſe they nere bluſh to do;
Let thoſe have night, that love to take a Nappe
And loll in Ignorances lappe;
Let thoſe, whoſe eyes, like Oules abhorre the light,
Let thoſe have Night that love the Night;
Sweet *Phoſpher* bring the day;
How ſad delay
Afflicts dull hopes! Sweet *Phoſpher* bring the day.

Alas! my light-in-vaine-expecting eyes
Can finde no Objects but what riſe
From this poore morall blaze, a dying ſparke
Of Vulcans forge, whoſe flames are darke
And dangerous, a dull blue burning light,
As melancholly as the night:
Here's all the Sunnes that gliſter in the Sphear
Of earth: Ah mee! what comfort's here:
Sweet Phoſpher bring the day;
Haſte, haſte away,
Heav'ns loytring lampe; Sweet *Phoſpher* bring the day.

Blow Ignorance, O thou, whoſe idle knee
Rocks earth into a Lethargie,
And with thy ſooty fingers haſt bedight
The worlds faire cheekes, blow, blow thy ſpite;
Since thou haſt pufft our greater Tapour doe
Puffe on, and out the leſſer too:
If ere that breath-exiled flame returne,
Thou haſt not blowne, as it will burne:
Sweete *Phoſpher* bring the day
Light will repay
The wrongs of night: Sweet *Phoſpher* bring the day.

S. Auguſt.

S. Augustr. in Ioh. ser. 19.

God is all to thee; If thou be hungry, bee is bread; If thirstie, bee is water; If in darknesse, bee is light; If naked bee is a Robe of Immortalitie.

Alanus de conq. nat.

God is a light that is never darkned; An unwearied life, that cannot die; a Fountaine alwaies flowing; a garden of life, a Seminary of wisdome, a radicall beginning of all goodnesse.

Epig. 14.

My Soule, if Ignorance puffe out this light
Shee'll do a favour that entends a spight:
'Tseemes darke abroad; But take this light away,
Thy windowes will discover *breake a day.*

XV.

Debilitata fides: Terras Astræa reliquit.

W: M: fecit:

XV.

REVEL. XII. XII.

The Devill is come unto you, having great wrath, because hee knoweth that hee hath but a short time.

1

LORD! canst thou see and suffer? Is thy hand
Still bound toth' peace? Shall earths black Monarch take
A full possession of thy Wasted land?
O, will thy slumbring vengeance never wake,
Till full-ag'd law-resisting Custome shake
The pillours of thy Right, by false command?
Vnlocke thy Clouds, great Thund'rer, and come downe;
Behold whose Temples weare thy sacred Crowne;
Redresse, redresse our wrongs; revenge, revenge thy owne.

2

See, how the bold Vsurper mounts the seat
Of royall Majestie; How overstrawing
Perils with pleasure, pointing ev'ry threat
With bugbeare death, by torments over-awing
Thy frighted subjects; or, by favours, drawing
Their tempted hearts to his unjust retreat;
Lord, canst thou be so mild? and hee so bold?
Or can thy flockes be thriving, when the fold
Is govern'd by a Fox? Lord, canst thou see and hold?

3

That ſwift-wing'd Advocate, that did commence
Our welcome Suits before the King of Kings,
That ſweet Embaſſadour, that hurries hence
What Ayres th'harmonious ſoule or ſighs or ſings,
See how ſhee flutters with her idle wings;
Her wings are clipt, and eyes put out by Senſe:
Senſe-conq'ring Faith is now growne blind, and cold.
And baſely cravend, that, in times of old,
Did conquer heav'n it ſelfe, do what th'Almighty could.

4

Behold, how double fraud does ſcourge and teare
Aſtræas wounded ſides, plough'd up, and rent
With knotted cords, whoſe fury has no eare;
See how ſhee ſtands a Priſ'ner, to be ſent
A Slave, into eternall baniſhment,
I know not whither, O, I know not where:
Her Patent muſt be cancel'd in diſgrace;
And ſweet-lipt Fraud, with her divided face,
Muſt act *Aſtræas* part, muſt take *Aſtræas* place.

5

Faiths pinions clipt? And faire *Aſtræa* gone?
Quick-ſeeing *Faith* now blind? And *Iuſtice* ſee?
Has *Iuſtice* now found wings? And has *Faith* none?
What do wee here? who would not wiſh to bee
Diſſolv'd from earth; and, with *Aſtræa*, flee
From this blind dungeon, to that Sunne-bright Throne?
Lord, is thy Scepter loſt, or laid aſide?
Is hell broke looſe, and all her Fiends untyed?
Lord riſe, and rowze, and rule; and cruſh their furious Pride.

PETR. RAV. in Math.

The Devill is the author of evill; the fountaine of wickednesse; the Adversary of the Truth; the corrupter of the world; mans perpetuall Enemy; Hee plants snares; digs ditches; spurres bodies; he goads soules; Hee suggests thoughts, belches Anger; exposes vertues to hatred; makes vices beloved; sowes Errours, nourishes contention; disturbes peace, and scatters Affections.

MACAR:

Let us suffer with those that suffer, and be crucified with those that are crucified, that wee may be glorified, with those that are glorified.

SAVANAR.

If there be no enemy, no fight; If no fight, no victory; if no victory, no crowne.

BRITISH MUSEUM

EPIG. 15.

My Soule, sit thou a patient looker on;
Judge not the Play before the Play be done:
Her Plot has many Changes: Every Day
Speakes a new Scene; The last Act crownes the Play.

I.

Sic lumine lumen ademptum.

Will marshall sculp.

THE SECOND BOOKE.

I.

ESAY. L. XI.

You that walke in the light of your owne fire, and in the sparkes that yee have kindled, yee shall lie downe in sorrow.

1

DOe silly *Cupid* snuffe, and trimme
Thy false, thy feeble light,
And make her selfe-consuming flames more bright;
Mee thinke, shee burnes too dimme:
Is this that sprightly fire,
Whose more then sacred Beames inspire
The ravisht hearts of men, and so inflame desire?

2

See, Boy, how thy unthrifty blaze
Consumes; how fast shee waines;
She spends her selfe, and her, whose wealth maintaines
Her weake, her idle Rayes;
Cannot thy lustfull blast,
Which gave it luster, make it last?
What heart can long be pleas'd, where pleasure spends so fast?

3

Goe, Wanton, place thy pale-fac'd light
Where never breaking day
Intends to visit mortals, or display
The sullen shades of night:
Thy Torch will burne more cleare
In nights un-Titand Hemispheare;
Heav'ns scornfull flames and thine can never co-appeare;

4

In vaine thy busie hands addresse
Their labour, to display
Thy easie blaze, within the veirge of day;
The greater drownes the lesse:
If heav'ns bright glory shine,
Thy glimring sparks must needs resigne;
Puffe out heav'ns glory then, or heav'n will worke out thine.

5

Goe, *Cupids* rammish Pander, goe,
Whose dull, whose low desire
Can finde sufficient warmth from Natures fire,
Spend borrow'd breath, and blow,
Blow winde, made strong with spite;
When thou hast pufft the greater light,
Thy lesser sparke may shine, and warme the new made night;

6

Deluded mortals, tell mee, when
Your daring breath has blowne
Heav'ns Tapour out, and you have spent your owne,
What fire shall warme yee then?
Ah Fooles, perpetuall night
Shall haunt your soules with Stigian fright,
Where they shall broile in flames, but flames shall bring no light.

S. August.

S. Augustt.

The sufficiency of my merit is to know that my merit is not sufficient.

S. Greg. Mor. 25.

By how much the lesse, man sees himselfe, by so much the lesse hee displeases himselfe; And by how much the more hee sees the light of Grace, by so much the more hee disdaines the light of nature.

S. Greg. Mor.

The light of the understanding humilitie kindles and pride covers.

Epig. 1.

Thou blowst heav'ns fire, the whilst thou goest about,
Rebellious foole, in vaine, to blow it out:
Thy Folly addes confusion to thy death;
Heav'ns fire confounds, when fann'd with Follies breath.

II.

Donec totum expleat orbem.

Will: Marshall Sculpsit.

II.

ECCLES. IV. VIII.

There is no end of all his labour, neither is his eye satisfied with riches.

O, How our wid'ned Armes can over-ſtretch
Their owne dimenſions! How our hands can reach
Beyond their diſtance! How our yeelding breſt
Can ſhrinke, to be more full, and full poſſeſt
Of this inferiour Orbe! How earth refinde
Can cling to ſordid earth! How kinde to kinde!
Wee gape, wee graſpe, wee gripe, adde ſtore to ſtore;
Enough requires too much, too much craves more;
Wee charge our Soules ſo farre beyond our ſtint,
That wee recoyle or burſt; The buſie Mint
Of our laborious thoughts is ever going,
And coyning new deſires; deſires, not knowing
Where next to pitch; but, like the boundleſſe Ocean
Gaine, and gaine ground, and grow more ſtrong by motion;
The pale-fac'd Lady of the black-eyed night
Firſt tips her horned browes with eaſie light,
Whoſe curious traine of ſpangled Nymphs attire
Her next nights Glory with encreaſing Fire;
Each ev'ning addes more luſter, and adornes
The growing beautie of her graſping hornes,

Shee

Shee ſuckes and drawes her brothers golden ſtore
Vntill her glutted Orbe can ſucke no more,
Ev'n ſo the Vulture of inſatiate mindes,
Still wants, and wanting ſeekes; and ſeeking, findes
New fuell to encreaſe her rav'nous fire,
The grave is ſooner cloyd then mans deſire:
Wee croſſe the Seas, and midſt her waves we burne,
Tranſporting lifes, perchance that nere returne:
Wee ſacke, wee ranſacke to the utmoſt ſands
Of native kingdomes, and of forraine lands;
Wee travill Sea, and Soyle; wee pry, wee proule,
Wee progreſſe, and wee progge from pole to pole;
Wee ſpend our mid-day ſweat, our mid-night oyle;
Wee tyre the night in thought; the day, in toyle;
Wee make Art ſervill, and the Trade gentile,
(Yet both corrupted with ingenious guile)
To compaſſe earth; and with her empty ſtore,
To fill our Armes, and graſpe one handfull more;
Thus ſeeking Reſt, our labours never ceaſe,
But as our yeares, our hot deſires encreaſe;
Thus wee poore little worlds (with blood and ſweat)
In vaine artempt to comprehend the great;
Thus, in our gaine, become wee gainfull loſers,
And what's enclos'd, encloſes the encloſers.
Now, reader, cloſe thy Booke, and then adviſe:
Be wiſely worldly; be not worldly wiſe;
Let not thy nobler thoughts be alwaies raking
The worldsbaſe dunghill; Vermins took, by taking;
Take heede thou truſt not the deceitfull Lappe
Of wanton *Delilah*; The World's a Trappe.

HVGO de anima.

Tell mee where bee those now that so lately loved, and hugg'd world? Nothing remaines of them but dust and wormes; Obve what those men were; what those men are: They were like e; They did eate, drinke, laugh, and led merry dayes, and in a ment slipt into Hell: Here their flesh is food for wormes: ere, their soules are fuell for fire, till they shall be rejoynd in unhappy fellowship, and cast into eternall torments; where they t were once companions in sinne shall be hereafter partners in nishment.

BRITISH MUSEUM

EPIG. 2.

Gripe, *Cupid*, and gripe still untill that wind,
That's pent before, find secret vent behind:
And when th'ast done, hark here, I tell thee what,
Before I'le trust thy Armefull I'le trust that.

III.

Non amat iste; sed hamat amoe.

Will: Marshall sculpsit.

III.

IOB XVIII. VIII.

He is cast into a net by his owne feet, and walketh upon a snare.

1

WHat? Nets and Quiver too? what need there all
These slie devices to betray poore men?
Die they not fast enough, when thousands fall
Before thy Dart? what need these Engins then?
Attend they not, and answer to thy Call
Like nightly Coveyes, where thou list? and when?
What needs a Stratagem where strength can sway?
Or what need strength compell, where none gainesay?
Or what need stratagem or strength, where hearts obey?

2

Husband thy sleights: It is but vaine to wast
Hony on those that will be catcht with Gall;
Thou canst not, ah, thou canst not bid so fast
As men obey; Thou art more slow to call,
Than they, to come: Thou canst not make such hast
To strike; as they, being struck, make hast to fall;
Go save thy Nets for that rebellious heart
That scornes thy pow'r, and has obtain'd the Art
T'avoid thy flying shaft, to quench thy fi'ry Dart.

3

Loſt mortall, how is thy deſtruction ſure,
Between two Bawds: and both without remorſe;
The one's a Line, the tother is a Lure;
This, to entice thy ſoule; that, to enforce;
Way-laid by both, how canſt thou ſtand ſecure?
That drawes; this woos thee to th'eternall curſe;
O charming Tyrant, how haſt thou befool'd
And ſlav'd poore man, that would not, if he could
Avoid thy Line, thy Lure; nay, could not, if he would!

4

Alas, thy ſweet perfidious voice betrayes
His wanton eares with thy Syrenian baits;
Thou wrapſt his eyes in miſts, then boldly layes
Thy lethall Ginns before their Chriſtall Gates;
Thou lock'ſt up ev'ry Senſe with thy falſe kayes,
All willing Priſners to thy cloſe deceits;
His eare moſt nimble where it deafe ſhould be,
His Eye moſt blind where moſt it ought to ſee,
And when his heart's moſt bound, thē thinks it ſelf moſt free.

5

Thou grand Impoſter, how haſt thou obtain'd
The wardſhip of the world! Are all men turn'd
Ideots, and Lunaticks? Are all retain'd
Beneath thy ſervile bands? Is none return'd
To his forgotten ſelfe? Has none regain'd
His ſenſes? Are their ſenſes all adjourn'd?
What none diſmiſt thy Court? will no plump Fee
Bribe thy falſe fiſts, to make a glad Decree,
T'unfoole whom thou haſt fool'd, and ſet thy priſners free?

S. Bern.

S. Bern. in Ser.

In this world is much trecherie, little truth; here, all things are traps; here, every thing is beſet with ſnares; here ſoules are endanger'd, bodies are afflicted; Here all things are vanity, and vexation of ſpirit.

Epig. 3.

Nay, *Cupid*, pitch thy Trammill where thou pleaſe,
Thou canſt not faile to take ſuch fiſh as theſe;
Thy thriving ſport will nev'r be ſpent; no need
To feare, when ev'ry Cork's a world; Thou'lt ſpeed.

IV.

Quam graue seruitium est, quod leuis esca parit.

IV.

HOS. XIII. III.

They ſhalbe as the chaffe that is driven with a whirlewind out of the floore, and as the ſmoke out of the chimney.

FLint-breſted Stoicks, you, whoſe marble eyes
Contemne a wrinckle, and whoſe ſoules deſpiſe
To follow Natures too affected Faſhion,
Or travell in the Regent walk of Paſſion;
Whoſe rigid hearts diſdaine to ſhrink at Feares,
Or play at faſt and looſe with Smiles and Teares;
Come burſt your ſpleenes with laughter; to behold
A new-found vanity; which, dayes of old
Nev'r knew; A vanity, that has beſet
The world, and made more ſlaves than *Mahomet*:
That has condemn'd us to the ſervile yoke
Of ſlavery, and made us ſlaves to ſmoke:
But ſtay! why taxe I thus our moderne times,
For new-blowne Follies, and for new-borne Crimes?
Are we ſole guilty, and the firſt Age free?
No, they were ſmoak'd, and ſlav'd as well as we:
What's ſweet-lipt Honours blaſt, but ſmoke? What's treaſure;
But very ſmoke? And what more ſmoke than pleaſure?
Alas: they'r all but ſhadowes, Fumes, and blaſts;
That vaniſhes; this fades: the other waſts:

The restlesse Merchant; he, that loves to steepe
His braines in wealth, and layes his soule to sleepe
In bags of Bullion, sees th'immortall Crowne,
And faine would mount, but Ingots keep him downe:
He brags to day, perchance, and begs to morrow;
He lent but now; wants Credit, now, to borrow:
Blow wind? the Treasure's gone; the Merchant's broke;
A slave to silver's but a slave to smoke:
Behold the Glory-vying Child of Fame,
That from deep wounds sucks forth an honour'd name,
That thinks no purchace worth the stile of good,
But what is sold for sweat, and seal'd with blood,
That for a Poynt, a blast of empty breath,
Vndaunted, gazes in the face of death;
Whose deare-bought Bubble, fild with vaine renowne,
Breaks with a Phillip, or a Gen'rals frowne;
His stroke-got Honour staggers with a stroke;
A Slave to Honour is a Slave to Smoke:
And that fond soule which wasts his idle dayes
In loose delights, and sports about the Blaze
Of *Cupid's* Candle; he that daily spies
Twin Babies in his Mistresse *Geminies*,
Whereto his sad devotion does impart
The sweet burnt offring of a bleeding heart;
See, how his wings are sing'd in Cyprian fire,
Whose flames consume with youth; in Age, expire:
The world's a Bubble; all the pleasures in it,
Like morning vapours vanish in a minit:
The vapours vanish, and the Bubble's broke;
A slave to Pleasure is a slave to smoke.
Now, Stoick, cease thy laughter, and repress
Thy pickled cheeks with Teares, and weep as fast.

S. HIEROM.

S. HIERON.

That rich man is great, who thinkes not himselfe great because he is rich: the proud man (who is the poore man) brags outwardly, but begs inwardly: He is blowne up, but not full.

PETR. RAV.

Vexation and anguish accompany riches and honour: The pompe of the world and the favour of the people are but smoake, and a blast suddenly vanishing: which, if they commonly please, commonly bring repentance, and for a minut of joy they bring an age of sorrow.

EPIG. 4.

Cupid; thy diet's strange; It dulls; It rowzes;
It cooles; It heats; it binds, and then it looses:
Dull-sprightly-cold-hot Foole, if ev'r it winds thee
Into a looseneſſe once, take heed; It binds thee.

V.

Non omne, quod hic micat, aurum eſt

Will: Marshall. ſculpſit.

V.

PRO. XXIII. V.

Wilt thou ſet thine eyes upon that which is not? for riches make themſelves wings, they flie away as an Eagle.

1

FAlſe world, thou ly'ſt: Thou canſt not lend
The leaſt delight:
Thy favours cannot gaine a Friend,
They are ſo ſleight:
Thy morning pleaſure make an end
To pleaſe at night:
Poore are the wants that thou ſupply'ſt,
And yet thou vaunt'ſt and yet thou vy'ſt
With heav'n, Fond earth thou boaſts; Falſe world thou ly'ſt.

2

Thy babbling Tongue tels golden Tales
Of endleſſe Treaſure;
Thy bounty offers eaſie ſales
Of laſting Pleaſure;
Thou asks the Conſcience what ſhe ayles,
And ſwear'ſt to eaſe her;
There's none can want where thou ſupply'ſt;
There's none can give where thou deny'ſt:
Alas, fond world thou boaſts; falſe world thou ly'ſt.

What

3

What well adviſed eare regards
What earth can ſay?
Thy words are Gold, but thy rewards
Are painted Clay;
Thy cunning can but pack the Cards;
Thou canſt not play:
Thy game at weakeſt, ſtill thou vy'ſt,
If ſeen, and then revy'd, deny ſt;
Thou art not what thou ſeem'ſt: Falſe world thou ly'ſt.

4

Thy tinſill booſome ſeems a Mint
Of new-coynd treaſure;
A Paradiſe, that has no ſtint,
No change, no meaſure;
A painted Cask, but nothing in't,
Nor wealth nor pleaſure:
Vaine earth! that falſly thus comply ſt
With man; Vaine man! that thus rely'ſt
On earth: Vaine man thou dot'ſt: Vaine earth thou ly'ſt.

5

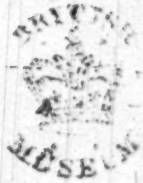
What meane dull ſoules, in this high meaſure
To haberdaſh
In earths baſe wares, whoſe greateſt treaſure
Is droſſe and traſh?
The height of whoſe enchaunting pleaſure
Is but a Flaſh?
Are theſe the Goods that thou ſupply'ſt
Vs mortalls with? Are theſe the high'ſt?
Can theſe bring cordiall peace? Falſe world thou ly'ſt.

PET. BLES.

This world is deceitfull; Her end is doubtfull; Her conclusion horrible; Her Iudge is terrible; And her punishment is intolerable.

S. AVGVST. lib. Confess.

The vaine glory of this world is a deceitfull sweetnesse, a fruitfull labour, a perpetuall feare, a dangerous honour; Her beginning is without providence, and her end not without repentance.



EPIG. 5.

World; th'art a Traitor; Thou hast stampt thy base
And Chymick metall with great *Cæsars* face;
And with thy bastard Bullion thou hast barterd
For wares of price; How justly drawne, and quarterd!

VI.

Sic decipit orbis.

Will: Marshall. sculpsit.

VI.

IOB XV. XXXI.

Let not him that is deceived trust in vanity; for vanity ſhalbe his recompence.

1

Believe her not: Her Glaſſe diffuſes
False Portraitures: Thou canſt eſpie
No true reflection: She abuſes
Her miſ-inform'd beholders eye;
Her Chryſtal's falſly ſteel'd: It ſcatters
Deceitfull beames; Believe her not: She flatters.

2

This flaring Mirrour repreſents
No right Proportion, hiew, nor Feature:
Her very looks are Complements;
They make thee fairer, goodlier, greater;
The skilfull Gloſſe of her reflection
Not paints the Context of thy courſe Complexion.

3

Were thy dimenſion but a ſtride,
Nay, wert thou ſtatur'd but a ſpan,
Such as the long-bill'd Troopes deſi'd,
A very Fragment of a Man;
Shee'l make thee *Mimas*, which ye will,
The *Iove*-ſlaine Tyrant, or th' *Ionick* Hill:

Had

4

Had ſurfeits, or th'ungratious Starre
Conſpir'd to make one Common place
Of all deformities, that are
Within the Volume of thy face,
Shee'd lend thee favour, ſhould out-move
The Troy-bane *Helen*, or the Queene of Love.

5

Were thy conſum'd eſtate as poore
As *Lazars*, or afflicted *Iobs*,
Shee'l change thy wants to ſeeming ſtore,
And turne thy Raggs to purple Robes;
Shee'l make thy hide-bound flanck appeare
As plump as theirs that feaſt it all the yeare.

6

Looke off; let not thy Opticks be
Abus'd; thou ſee'ſt not what thou ſhouldſt;
Thy ſelfe's the Object thou ſhould'ſt ſee,
But 'tis thy ſhadow thou behold'ſt:
And ſhadowes thrive the more in ſtature,
The nearer we approach the light of nature.

7

Where heav'ns bright beames look more direct,
The ſhadow ſhrinks as they grow ſtronger;
But when they glaunce their faire aſpect,
The bold-fac'd ſhade growes larger, longer;
And when their lamp begins to fall,
Th'increaſing ſhadowes lengthen moſt of all.

8

The ſoule that ſeeks the noone of Grace,
Shrinks in; but ſwels, if Grace retreat;
As heav'n lifts up, or veiles his Face,
Our ſelfe-eſteemes grow leſſe, or great;
The leaſt is greateſt; And who ſhall
Appeare the greateſt, are the leaſt of all.

HUGO lib. 3 de anima.

In vaine he lifts up the eye of his heart to behold his God, who not first rightly advised to behold himselfe: First thou must the visible things of thyselfe, before thou canst be prepared to ew the invisible things of God, for if thou canst not apprehend things within thee, thou canst not comprehend the things a- ve thee: The best looking glasse wherein to see thy God, is per- ly to see thyselfe.

EPIG. 6.

e not deceiv'd, great Foole; There is no losse
n being small. Great bulks but swell with drosse:
lan is heav'ns Master-peece; If it appeare
lore great, the valu's lesse; If lesse, more deare.

VII.

Hic pessima, hic optima seruat.

Will: Marshall. sculpsit.

VII.

DEVT. XXX. XIX.

I have ſet before thee life and death, bleſſing and curſing, therefore chooſe life, that thou and thy ſeed may live.

1

THe world's a Floore, whoſe ſwelling heapes retaine
The mingled wages of the Ploughmans toyle;
The world's a Heape, whoſe yet unwinnowed graine
Is lodg'd with chaffe and buried in her ſoyle;
All things are mixt; the uſefull with the vaine;
The good with bad; the noble with the vile;
The world's an Ark, wherein things pure and groſſe
Preſent their loſſefull gaine, and gainfull loſſe,
Where ev'ry dram of Gold containes a pound of droſſe.

2

This furniſht Ark preſents the greedy view
With all that earth can give, or heav'n can add;
Here, laſting joyes; here, pleaſures hourely new,
And hourely fading, may be wiſht and had:
All points of Honour, counterfeit and true
Salute thy ſoule, and wealth both good and bad:
Here maiſt thou open wide the two-leav'd doore
Of all thy wiſhes, to receive that ſtore
Which being emptied moſt; does overflow the more.

3

Come then, my ſoule, approach this royall Burſe,
And ſee what wares our great Exchange retaines;
Come, come; here's that ſhall make a firme divorſe
Betwixt thy Wants and thee, if want complaines;
No need to ſit in councell with thy purſe,
Here's nothing, good, ſhall coſt more price than paines;
But O my ſoule, take heed; If thou relie
Vpon thy faithleſſe Opticks, thou wilt buy
Too blind a bargaine: know; Fooles onely trade by th'Eye.

4

The worldly wiſdome of the fooliſh man
Is like a Sive, that does, alone, retaine
The groſſer ſubſtance of the worthleſſe Bran;
But thou, my ſoule, let thy brave thoughts diſdaine
So courſe a purchace; O, be thou a Fan
To purge the Chaffe, and keep the winnow'd Graine;
Make cleane thy thoughts, and dreſſe thy mixt deſires;
Thou art heav'ns Tacker; and thy GOD requires
The pureſt of thy Floore, as well as of thy fires.

5

Let Grace conduct thee to the paths of peace,
And wiſdome bleſſe thy ſoule's unblemiſht wayes,
No matter, then, how ſhort or long's the Leaſe,
Whoſe date determins thy ſelfe-numbred dayes;
No need to care for wealths or Fames increaſe,
Nor *Mars* his Palme, nor high *Apollos* Bayes:
LORD, If thy gracious bounty pleaſe to fill
The floore of my deſires, and teach me skill
To dreſſe and chuſe the Corn, take thoſe the Chaffe that will.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. lib. 1 de doct. Christi.

Temporall things more ravish in the expectation, than in fruition: but things eternall more in the fruition than expectation.

Ibid.

The life of man is the middle betweene Angels and beasts: If man takes pleasure in carnall things, he is compared to beasts; But if he delights in spirituall things, he is suited with Angels.

EPIG. 7.

Art thou a Child? Thou wilt not then be fed,
But like a Child, and with the Childrens bread:
But thou art fed with chaffe, or corne undrest:
My soule thou savour'st too much of the Beast.

VIII.

Hæc animant pueros cymbala; at illa viros.

Will: marshall. sculpsit

VIII.

PHIL. III. XIX.

They minde earthly things, but our conversation is in heaven.

VENUS. DIV. CUPID.

VE. WHat means this peeviſh Brat? Whiſh, Lullaby;
What ailes my Babe? What ayles my Babe to cry?
Will nothing ſtill it? Will it neither be
Pleas'd with the Nurſes breſt nor Mothers knee?
What ayles my Bird? What moves my froward Boy
To make ſuch whimpring faces? Peace, my Ioy:
Will nothing doe? Come, come, this pettiſh Brat,
Thus cry and bawle, and cannot tell for what?
Come buſſe and friends, my lambe; whiſh, lullaby,
What ayles my Babe? What ayles my Babe to cry?
Peace, peace my deare; alas, thy early yeares
Had never faults to merit halfe theſe teares:
Come ſmile upon me: Let thy mother ſpie
Thy Fathers Image in her Babies eye:
Husband theſe guiltleſſe drops againſt the rage
Of harder fortunes, and the gripes of Age;
Thine eye's not ripe for teares: whiſh, lullaby;
What ayles my Babe, mine ſweet-fac'd Babe to cry?
Look, look, what's here! A dainty Golden thing:
See how the dauncing Bells turn round and ring

To pleaſe my Bantling! Here's a knack will breed
A hundred kiſſes: Here's a knack indeed!
So, now my bird is white, and looks as faire
As *Pelops* ſhoulder, or my milk white payre:
Here'e right the Fathers ſmile, when *Mars* beguil'd
Sick *Venus* of her heart, juſt thus he ſmil'd.

DIVIN. CUPID.

Well may they ſmile alike: Thy baſe-bred Boy
And his baſe Syre had both one Cauſe; A Toy:
How well their ſubjects and their ſmiles agree?
Thy *Cupid* finds a Toy, and *Mars* found thee:
Falſe Queene of Beauty, Queene of falſe delights,
Thy knee preſents an Embleme, that invites
Man to himſelfe, whoſe ſelfe-tranſported heart
(Ov'rwhelm'd with native ſorrowes, and the ſmart
Of purchas'd griefes) lies whining night and day,
Not knowing why, till heavy-heeld delay
The dull-brow'd Pander of deſpaire, layes by
His leaden Buskins, and preſents his eye
With antick Trifles, which th'indulgent earth
Makes proper Objects of mans childiſh mirth:
Theſe be the coyne that paſſe; the ſweets that pleaſe;
There's nothing good, there's nothing great but theſe:
Theſe be the Pipes that baſe-borne minds daunce after,
And turne immod'rate teares to laviſh laughter;
Whilſt heav'nly Raptures paſſe without regard;
Their Strings are harſh, and their high ſtraines unheard:
The ploughmans Whiſtle, or the triviall Flute
Find more reſpect than great *Apollo's* Lute:
Wee'l look to heav'n, and truſt to higher Ioyes;
Let Swine love Husks, and children whine for Toyes.

S. BERN.

S. Bern.

That is the true and chiefe joy, which is not conceived from the creature, but received from the Creator; which (being once possest thereof) none can take from thee, whereto all pleasure being compared, is torment; all joy is griefe: sweet things are bitter, all glory is baseneſſe, and all delectable things are despicable.

S. Bern.

Joy in a changeable subject must necessarily change as the subject changes.

Epig. 8.

Peace, childiſh *Cupid*, peace: Thy finger'd eye
But cries for what, in time, will make thee cry:
But are thy peeviſh wranglings thus appeas'd?
Well mayſt thou cry, that art ſo poorely pleas'd.

IX.

Venturum exhorresco diem.

Will: Marshal. sculpsit.

IX.

ESAY X. III.

What will ye do in the day of your visitation? to whom will ye flie for help, and where will ye leave your glory?

1

IS this that jolly God, whose Cyprian Bow
Has shot so many flaming darts,
And made so many wounded Beauties goe
Sadly perplext with whimpring hearts? -- --
Is this that Sov'raigne Deity that brings
The slavish world in awe, and stings
The blundring souls of swains, and stoops the hearts of kings

2

What Circean Charme? what Hecatean spight
Has thus abus'd the God of love?
Great *Love* was vanquisht by his greater might;
(And who is stronger-arm'd than *Love*?)
Or has our lustfull God perform'd a Rape,
And (fearing *Argus* eyes) would scape
The view of jealous earth, in this prodigious shape?

3

Where be those Rose Cheeks, that lately scorn'd
The malice of injurious Fates?
Ah, where's that pearle Percullis, that adorn'd
Those dainty two-leav'd Ruby gates?

Where

Where be thoſe killing eyes, that ſo controld
The world? And locks, that did infold
Like knots of flaming wyre, like Curles of burniſht Gold?

4

No, no; 'Twas neither Hecatèan ſpite
Nor Charme below, nor pow'r above;
'Twas neither *Circes* ſpell, nor Stygian ſprite,
That thus transform'd our Goa of Love;
'Twas owle-ey'd Luſt (more potent far than they)
Whoſe eyes and actions hate the day;
Whom all the world obſerve; whom all the world obay.

5

See how the latter Trumpets dreadfull blaſt
Affrights ſtout *Mars* his trembling Son!
See, how he ſtartles! how he ſtands agaſt,
And ſcrambles from his melting Throne!
Hark, how the direfull hand of vengeance teares
The ſweltring Clouds, whilſt heav'n appeares
A Circle fil'd with flame, and centerd with his teares.

6

This is that day, whoſe oft report hath worne
Neglected Tongues of Prophets bare;
The faithleſſe ſubject of the worldlings ſcorne,
The ſumme of men and Angels pray'r:
This, this the day whoſe All-deſcerning light
Ranſacks the ſecret dens of night,
And ſevers Good from Bad; true Ioyes from falſe Delight.

7

You grov'ling Worldlings, you whoſe wiſdome trades,
Where light nev'r ſhot his Golden Ray;
That hide your Actions in Cymerian ſhades,
How will your eyes indure this day?
Hils wilbe deafe, and mountaines will not heare;
There be no Caves, no Corners there,
To ſhade your ſouls from fire, to ſhield your hearts from fear.

HUGO.

O the extreame loathsomnesse of fleshly lust, which not onely effeminates the mind, but enervoes the body; which not onely disaines the soule, but disguises the person! It is usher'd with jury and wantonnesse, It is accompanied with filthinesse and uncleannesse, and it is followed with griefe and repentance.

EPIG. 9.

What? sweet-fac'd *Cupid*, has thy bastard-treasure,
Thy boasted Honours, and thy bold-fac'd pleasure
Perplext thee now? I told thee long ago,
To what they'd bring thee, foole, *To wit, to woe.*

X.

Tinnit : inane est.

X.

NAH. II. X.

Shee is emptie, and void, and waste.

1

Hee's empty: Hark, ſhe ſounds: There's nothing there,
But noiſe to fill thy eare,
ny vaine enquiry can, at length, but find
A blaſt of murm'ring wind:
is a Cask, that ſeems as full, as faire;
But meerely tunn'd with Ayre:
nd youth, go build thy hopes on better grounds:
The ſoule that vainly founds
r Ioyes upon this world, but feeds on empty ſounds:

2

e's empty: Hark; ſhe founds: There's nothing in't:
The ſpark-ingendring Flint
all ſooner melt, and hardeſt Raunce ſhall, firſt,
Diſſolve and quench thy thirſt,
this falſe world ſhall ſtill thy ſtormy breſt
With ſmooth-fac'd Calmes of Reſt:
ou mayſt, as well, expect Meridian light
From ſhades of black-mouth'd night,
in this empty world to find a full delight.

Shee's

3

Shee's empty: Hark; ſhe ſounds; 'Tis void and vaſt;
What if ſome flattring blaſt
Of flatuous Honour ſhould perchance, be there;
And whiſper in thine eare,
It is but wind; and blowes but where it liſt,
And vaniſhes like a Miſt:
Poore Honour earth can give! What gen'rous mind
Would be ſo baſe, to bind
Her heav'n-bred ſoule a ſlave, to ſerve a Blaſt of wind?

4

Shee's empty: Hark; She ſounds: 'Tis but a Ball
For Fooles to play withall;
The painted filme but of a ſtronger Bubble,
That's lin'd with ſilken trouble;
It is a world, whoſe Work, and Recreation
Is vanity, and vexation;
A Hagg, repair'd with vice-complexion, paint:
A Queſthouſe of complaint;
It is a Saint; a Fiend: worſe Fiend, when moſt a Saint.

5

Shee's empty: Hark; ſhe ſounds: 'Tis vaine and void;
What's here to be enjoy'd,
But Griefe, and ſickneſſe, and large bills of ſorrow,
Drawne now, and croſt to morrow?
Or what are Men, but puffs of dying breath,
Reviv'd with living death?
Fond lad, O build thy hopes on ſurer grounds
Than what dull fleſh propounds;
Truſt not this hollow world, ſhee's empty: Hark; ſhe ſounds

S. CHRI

S. CHRYS. in Ep. ad Heb.

Contemne riches, and thou ſhalt be rich; Contemne glory, and thou ſhalt be glorious; Contemne injuries, and thou ſhalt be a conquerer, Contemne reſt, and thou ſhalt gaine reſt; Contemne death, and thou ſhalt find Heaven.

HUGO lib. de Vanit. mundi.

The world is a vanity which affoords neither beauty to the amorous, nor reward to the laborious, nor encouragement to the induſtrious.

EPIG. 10.

This Houſe is to be let; for life or yeares;
Her Rent is ſorrow, and her In-come, Teares:
Cupid, 't'as long ſtood void: Her bills make knowne,
She muſt be dearely Let; or let alone.

XI.

Erras: hâc itur ad illam.

Will. Marshall. Sculpsit.

XI.

MAT. VII. XIV.

Narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.

DRepoſt'rous foole, thou troul'ſt amiſſe:
Thou err'ſt; That's not the way, 'Tis this:
Thy hopes, inſtructed by thine Eye;
Make thee appeare more neare than I;
My floore is not ſo flat, ſo fine,
And has more obvious Rubs than thine;
'Tis true; my way is hard, and ſtrait,
And leads me through a thorny Gate;
Whoſe ranckling pricks are ſharp, and fell;
The common way to heav'n's by Hell:
'Tis true; Thy path is ſhort and faire,
And free of Rubbs: Ah, foole, bevvare,
The ſafeſt Road's not alvvayes ev'n;
The way to Hell's a ſeeming Heav'n;
Think'ſt thou, the Crovvne of Glory's had
With idle eaſe, fond Cyprian Lad?
Think'ſt thou, that mirth, and vaine delights,
High feed, and ſhadovv-ſhortning nights,
Soft knees, full bones, and Beds of Dovvne
Are proper Prologues to a Crovvne?

Or canſt thou hope to come, and view,
Like proſprous *Cæſar*, and ſubdue?
The bond-ſlave Vſurer will trudge
In ſpite of Gouts, will turne a drudge,
And ſerve his ſoule-condemning purſe,
T'increaſe it with the widowes Curſe,
And ſhall the Crowne of glory ſtand
Not worth the waving of a hand?
The fleſhly wanton, to obtaine
His minit-luſt, will count it gaine
To loſe his freedome, his Eſtate
Vpon ſo deare, ſo ſweet a rate;
Shall pleaſures thus be priz'd, and muſt
Heav'ns Palme be cheaper than a luſt?
The true-bred Spark, to hoyſe his name
Vpon the waxen wings of Fame,
Will fight, undaunted, in a Flood
That's rais'd with brackiſh drops, and blood:
And ſhall the promis'd Crowne of life
Be thought a Toy, not worth a Strife?
An eaſie Good brings eaſie Gaines,
But things of price are bought with paines:
The pleaſing way is not the right:
He that would conquer heav'n, muſt fight.

S. HIERON.

S. HIEROM. in Ep.

No labour is hard, no time is long, wherein the glory of Eternity is the mark we levell at.

S. GREG. lib. 8. Mor.

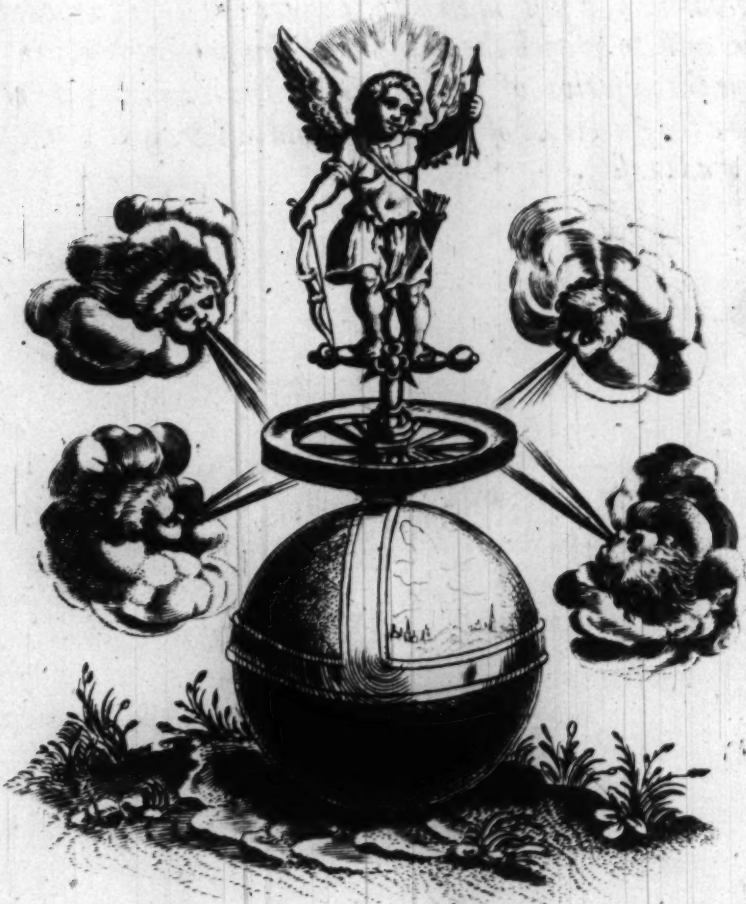
The valour of a just man is to conquer the flesh, to contradict his owne will, to quench the delights of this present life, to indure and love the miseries of this world for the reward of a better, to contemne the flatteries of prosperity, and inwardly to overcome the feares of adversity.

BRITISH MUSEUM

EPIG. II.

O *Cupid*, if thy smoother way were right,
I should mistrust this Crowne were counterfeit:
The way's not easie where the Prize is great:
I hope no virtues, where I smell no sweat.

XII.



In cruce ſtat ſecurus amor.

Will: Marſhal. ſculpſit.

XII.

GAL. VI. XIV.

God forbid that I should glory, save in the Crosse.

1

CAn nothing settle my uncertaine breſt,
And fix my rambling Love?
Can my Affections find out nothing beſt?
But ſtill, and ſtill remove?
Has earth no mercy? Will no Ark of Reſt
Receive my reſtleſſe Dove?
Is there no Good, than which there's nothing higher,
To bleſſe my full deſire
With Ioyes that never change; with Ioyes that nev'r expire?

2

I wanted wealth; and, at my deare requeſt,
Earth lent a quick ſupply;
I wanted Mirth, to charme my ſullen breſt:
And who more brisk than I?
I wanted Fame, to glorifie the reſt;
My Fame flew Eagle high:
My Ioy not fully ripe, but all decaid;
Wealth vaniſht like a ſhade;
My mirth began to flag, my Fame began to fade,

3

The world's an Ocean hurried to and fro,
With ev'ry blaſt of paſſion:
Her luſtfull ſtreames, when either ebb or flow,
Are tides of mans vexation:
They alter daily, and they daily grow
The worſe by alteration:
The Earth's a Cask full tun'd, yet wanting meaſure;
Her precious wine, is pleaſure;
Her Yeſt is Honours puffe; Her Lees are worldly treaſure.

4

My truſt is in the Croſſe: Let Beauty flag
Her looſe, her wanton ſaile;
Let count'nance-gilding Honour ceaſe to brag
In courtly termes, and vale;
Let ditch-bred wealth, henceforth, forget to wag
Her baſe, though golden taile;
Falſe beauties conqueſt is but reall loſſe,
And wealth but golden droſſe;
Beſt Honour's but a blaſt: my truſt is in the Croſſe.

5

My truſt is in the Croſſe: There lies my reſt;
My faſt, my ſole delight;
Let cold-mouth'd Boreas, or the hot-mouth'd Eaſt
Blow till they burſt with ſpight;
Let earth and hell conſpire their worſt, their beſt,
And joyne their twiſted might:
Let ſhowres of Thunderbolts dart down, and wound me,
And troupes of Fiends ſurround me,
All this may well confront, all this ſhall nev'r confound me.

S. Augu.

S. Augvst.

Christs Crosse is the Christcrosse of all our happinesse; It delivers us from all blindnesse of errour, and enriches our darkenesse with light; It restores the troubled soule to rest; It brings strangers to Gods Acquaintance; It makes remote forreiners neare neighbours; It cuts off discord, concludes a league of everlasting peace, and is the bounteous Author of all Good.

S. Bern. in Ser. de resur.

We find glory in the Crosse; To us that are saved it is the power of God, and the fulnesse of all vertues.

Epig. 12.

I follow'd Rest, Rest fled, and soone forsooke me;
I ran from Griefe, Griefe ran, and over-tooke me.
What shall I doe? Lest I be too much tost
On worldly Crosses, Lord, let me be crost.

XIII.

Post Vulnera Dæmon

Will: Marshall. sculpsit.

XIII.

PRO. XXVI. XI.

As a Dog returneth to his vomit, ſo a foole returneth to his follie.

O I am wounded! And my wounds do ſmart
Beyond my patience, or great *Chirons* Art;
I yeeld, I yeeld; The day, the Palme is thine;
Thy Bow's more true; thy ſhafts more fierce than mine;
Hold, hold, O hold thy conqu'ring hand. What need
To ſend more darts; The firſt has done the deed:
Oft have we ſtruggled, when our equall Armes
Shot equall ſhafts; inflicted equall harmes;
But this exceeds, and with her flaming head,
Twyfork'd with death, has ſtruck my Conſcience dead;
But muſt I die? Ah me! If that were all,
Then, then I'd ſtroke my bleeding wounds and call
This dart a Cordiall; and with joy, endure
Theſe harſh Ingredients, where my Griefe's my Cure.
But ſomething whiſpers in my dying eare,
There is an After-day; which day I feare:
The ſlender debt to Nature's quickly payd,
Diſcharg'd, perchance, with greater eaſe than made;
But if that paſe-fac'd Sergeant make Arreſt,
Ten thouſand Actions would (whereof the leaſt
Is more than all this lower world can bayle)
Be entred, and condemne me to the Iayle

Of

Of Stygian darkneſſe, bound in red-hot Chaines,
And grip'd with Tortures worſe than Tytian paines:
Farewell my vaine, farewell my looſe delights;
Farewell my rambling dayes; my rev'ling nights;
'Twas you betraid me firſt, and when ye found
My ſoule at vantage, gave my ſoule the wound:
Farewell my Bullion Gods, whoſe ſov'raigne lookes
So often catch'd me with their golden hookes,
Go, ſeek another ſlave; ye muſt all go;
I cannot ſerve my God, and Bullion too:
Farewell falſe Honour; you, whoſe ayry wings
Did mount my ſoule above the Thrones of kings;
Then flatter'd me; tooke pet; and, in diſdaine,
Nipt my greene Buds, then kickt me down againe:
Farewell my Bow: Farewell my Cyprian Quiver;
Farewell, deare world; farewell, deare world, for ever.
O, but this moſt delicious world, how ſweet
Her pleaſures reliſh! Ah! How jump they meet
The graſping ſoule! And, with their ſprightly fire,
Revive, and raiſe, and rowze the rapt deſire!
For ever? O, to part ſo long? What never
Meet more? Another yeare; and then, for ever:
Too quick reſolves do reſolution wrong;
What part ſo ſoone, to be divorc'd ſo long?
Things to be done are long to be debated;
Heav'n is not day'd: Repentance is not dated.

S. Augus.

S. Augustr. lib. de util. agen. pæn.

Go up my ſoule into the Tribunall of thy Conſcience; There ſet thy guilty ſelfe before thy ſelfe: Hide not thy ſelfe behind thy ſelfe, leaſt God bring thee forth before thy ſelfe.

S. Augustr. in Soliloq.

In vaine is that waſhing, where the next ſin defiles: He hath ill repented whoſe ſinnes are repeated: That ſtomack is the worſe for vomiting, that licks up his vomit.

Anselm.

God hath promiſed pardon to him that repenteth, but he hath not promiſed repentance to him that ſinneth.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Epig. 13.

Braine-wounded *Cupid*, had this haſty dart
As it hath prickt thy Fancy, pierc'd thy heart,
'T had been thy Friend: O how has it deceiv'd thee?
For had this dart but kill'd, this dart had ſav'd thee.

XIV.

Post lapsum fortiùs asto.

Will: Marshall. Sculpsit.

XIV.

PRO. XXIV. XVI.

A juſt man falleth ſeven times and riſeth up againe; but the wicked ſhall fall into miſchiefe.

1

'Tis but a Foyle at beſt; And that's the moſt
Your skill can boaſt:
My ſlippry footing fail'd me; and you tript,
Iuſt as I ſlipt:
My wanton weakneſſe did her ſelfe betray
With too much play:
I was too bold: He never yet ſtood ſure,
That ſtands ſecure:
Who ever truſted to his native ſtrength,
But fell at length?
The Title's craz'd, the Tenour is not good,
That claimes by th'Evidence of fleſh and Blood.

2

Boaſt not thy skill; The Righteous man fals oft,
Yet fals but ſoft:
There may be dirt to mire him; but, no ſtones,
To cruſh his bones:
What, if he ſtaggers? Nay, put caſe he be
Foyl'd on his knee;

That

That very knee will bend to heav'n, and woo
For mercy too.
The true-bred Gameſter ups a freſh; and then,
Falls to't agen;
Whereas the leaden-hearted Coward lies,
And yeelds his conquer'd life; or cravend, dies:

3

Boaſt not thy Conqueſt; thou, that ev'ry houre,
Falſt ten times lower;
Nay, haſt not pow'r to riſe, if not, in caſe,
To fall more baſe:
Thou wallow'ſt where I ſlip; and thou doſt tumble,
Where I but ſtumble:
Thou glory'ſt in thy ſlav'ries dirty Badges,
And fal'ſt for wages:
Sowre griefe, and ſad repentance ſcowres and cleares
My ſtaines with teares;
Thy falling keeps thy falling ſtill in ure;
But when I ſlip, I ſtand the more ſecure.

4

LORD what a nothing is this little Span,
We call a Man!
What fenny traſh maintaines the ſmooth'ring fires
Of his deſires!
How ſleight and ſhort are his Reſolves at longeſt!
How weake, at ſtrongeſt!
O if a Sinner, held by thy faſt hand
Can hardly ſtand,
Good GOD! in what a deſp'rate caſe are they
That have no ſtay!
Mans ſtate implies a neceſſary Curſe;
When not himſelf, hee's mad; when moſt himſelf, hee's worſe.

S. AMBROS.

S. Ambros. in Serm. ad vincula.

Peter stood more firmely after he had lamented his fall, than before he fell: Insomuch that he found more grace than he lost grace.

S. Chrys. in Ep. ad Heliod. monach.

It is no such heinous matter to fall, afflicted; as, being downe, to lie, dejected: It is no danger for a souldier to receive a wound in battell; but after the wound received, through despaire of recovery, to refuse a Remedy; For we often see wounded Champions weare the Palme at last, and after flight, crown'd with victory.

Epig. 14.

Triumph not, *Cupid*, His mischance does show
Thy Trade; does once, what thou dost always do:
Brag not too soone: Has thy prevailing hand
Foyl'd him? Ah, Foole, Th'ast taught him how to stand.

XV.

Patet æthræ; clauditur orbi.

Will: marshall. sculpsit.

XV.

IER. XXXII. XL.

I will put my feare in their hearts, that they shall not depart from me.

SO; now the ſoule's ſublim'd: Her ſowre deſires
Are re-calcin'd in heav'ns well tempred Fires:
The heart reſtor'd and purg'd from droſſie Nature,
Now finds the freedome of a new-borne Creature:
It lives another life, it breathes new Breath;
It neither feeles nor feares the ſting of death:
Like as the idle vagrant (having none)
That boldly dopts each houſe he viewes, his owne;
Makes ev'ry purſe his Checquer; and, at pleaſure,
Walks forth, and taxes all the world, like *Cæſar*,
At length, by virtue of a juſt Command,
His ſides are lent to a ſeverer hand;
Whereon, his Paſſe, not fully underſtood,
Is texted in a Manuſcript of Blood;
Thus paſt from towne to towne, untill he come
A ſore Repentant to his native home:
Ev'n ſo the rambling heart, that idly roves
From Crime to Sin; and, uncontrol'd, removes
From luſt to luſt, when wanton fleſh invites
From old-worne pleaſures to new choice delights,
At length cortected by the filiall Rod
Of his offended (but his gracious GOD)

And lasht from Sinnes to sighs; and, by degrees,
From sighs to vowes; From vowes, to bended knees,
From bended knees, to a true pensive breast;
From thence, to torments, not by tongues expresst,
Returnes; and (from his sinfull selfe exil'd)
Finds a glad Father; He, a welcome Child:
O, then, it lives; O then, it lives involv'd
In secret Raptures; pants to be dissolv'd:
The royall Of-spring of a second Birth
Sets ope to heav'n, and shuts the doores to earth:
If love-sick *Iove*-commanded Clouds should hap
To raine such show'rs as quickned *Danaes* lap:
Or dogs (far kinder than their purple Master)
Should lick his sores, he laughs nor weeps the faster.
If Earth (Heav'ns Rivall) dart her idle Ray;
To heav'n, 'tis Wax, and to the world, 'tis Clay:
If earth present delights, it scornes to draw,
But, like the Iet unrub'd, disdaines that straw:
No hope deceives it, and no doubt divides it;
No Griefe disturbes it; and no Errour guides it;
No Feare distracts it; and no Rage inflames it;
No Guilt condemnes it; and no Folly shames it;
No sloth besotts it; and no lust inthrals it;
No Scorne afflicts it; and no Passion gawles it:
It is a Carknet of immortall life;
An Arke of peace; The Lists of sacred Strife;
A purer Peece of endlesse Transitory;
A Shrine of Grace; A little Throne of Glory;
A heav'n-borne Of-spring of a new-borne birth;
An earthly Heav'n; An ounce of heav'nly Earth.

S. Augustin.

S. AUGUST. de spir. & anima.

O happy heart, where piety affects; where, humility subjects; where, repentance corrects; where, obedience directs; where, perseverance perfects; where, power protects; where, devotion projects; where, charity connects.

S. GREG.

Which way soever the heart turnes it selfe (if carefully) it shall commonly observe, that in those very things we lose God, in those very things we shall find God; It shall find the heat of his power in consideration of those things, in the love of which things he was most cold; and by what things it fell, perverted, by those things it is raised, converted.

EPIG. 15.

My heart, but wherefore do I call thee so?
I have renounc'd my Intrest long ago;
When thou wert false, and fleshly, I was thine;
Mine wert thou never, till thou wert not mine.

Lord all my Desire is before Thee, & my groaning is not hid from Thee: Ps 38

THE THIRD BOOKE.

The Entertainement.

ALL you whoſe better thoughts are newly born,
And (rebaptiz'd with holy fire) can ſcorn
The worlds baſe Traſh; whoſe necks diſdain to bear
Th'imperious yoke of Sathan; whoſe chaſt eare
No wanton Songs of Syrens can ſurprize
With falſe delight; whoſe more than Eagle-eyes
Can view the glorious flames of Gold, and gaze
On glittring beames of Honour, and not daze,
Whoſe ſoules can ſpurne at pleaſure, and deny
The looſe Suggeſtions of the Fleſh; draw nigh:
And you, whoſe am'rous, whoſe ſelect deſires
Would feele the warmth of thoſe tranſcendent fires,
Which (like the riſing Sun) put out the light
Of *Venus* ſtarre, and turne her day to night;
You that would love, and have your paſſions crown'd
With greater happineſſe than can be found
In your own wiſhes; you, that would affect
Where neither ſcorne, nor guile, nor diſreſpect
Shall wound your tortur'd Soules; that would enjoy,
Where neither want can pinch, nor fulneſſe cloy;
Nor double doubt afflicts, nor baſer Feare
Vnflames your courage in purſuit; draw neare:

Shake

Shake hands with earth, and let your ſoule reſpect
Her Ioyes no further than her Ioyes reflect
Vpon her Makers Glory, if thou ſwim
In wealth, See him in all; See all in Him:
Sink'ſt thou in want, and is thy ſmall Cruiſe ſpent?
See Him in want; Enjoy Him in Content:
Conceiv'ſt Him lodg'd in Croſſe, or loſt in paine?
In Pray'r and Patience find Him out againe:
Make Heav'n thy Miſtreſſe, Let no Change remove
Thy loyall heart: Be fond; be ſick of Love:
What if he ſtop his eare, or knit his Brow?
At length hee'l be as fond, as ſick as thou:
Dart up thy Soule in Groanes: Thy ſecret Grone
Shall pierce his Eare, ſhall pierce his Eare, alone:
Dart up thy Soule in vowes; Thy ſacred Vow
Shall find him out, where heav'n alone ſhall know:
Dart up thy ſoule in ſighs: Thy whiſpring ſigh
Shall rouze his eares, and feare no liſtner nigh:
Send up thy Grones, thy Sighs, thy cloſet Vow;
There's none, there's none ſhall know but Heav'n and thou:
Grones freſht with vowes, and vowes made ſalt with teares,
Vnſcale his eyes, and ſcale his conquer'd eares:
Shoot up the boſome Shafts of thy deſire,
Feather'd with Faith, and double forkt with Fire,
And they will hit; Feare not, where heav'n bids Come:
Heav'ns never deafe, but when mans heart is dumb.

BRITISH
MUSEUM

I.

My Soul hath desired Thee in ye Night.
W. Simpson Sc. Esay. 26

I.

ESAY XXIX. VI.

My ſoule hath deſired thee in the night.

GOod God! what horrid darkneſſe do's ſurround
My groping ſoule! How are my Senſes bound
In utter ſhades; and, muffled from the light,
Lusk in the boſome of eternall night!
The bold-fac'd Lamp of heav'n can ſet and riſe;
And, with his morning glory, fill the eyes
Of gazing Mortals; his victorious Ray
Can chaſe the ſhadowes, and reſtore the day:
Nights baſhfull Empreſſe, though ſhe often wayne,
As oft repents her darkneſſe; primes againe;
And with her circling Hornes does re-embrace
Her brothers wealth, and orbs her ſilver face:
But, ah, my Sun, deep ſwallow'd in his Fall,
Is ſet, and cannot ſhine, not riſe at all:
My bankerupt Waine can beg nor borrow light:
Alas, my darkneſſe is perpetuall night:
Fals have their Riſings; Wainings have their Primes,
And deſp'rate ſorrowes wait their better times;
Ebbs have their Floods, and Autumnes have their Springs;
All States have Changes hurried with the ſwings
Of Chance, and Time, ſtill tiding to and fro:
Terreſtriall Bodies and Celeſtiall too;

How

How often have I vainly grop'd about,
With lengthned Armes, to find a paſſage out,
That I might catch thoſe Beames mine eye deſites,
And bathe my ſoule in thoſe Celeſtiall fires:
Like as the Hagard, cloyſter'd in her Mue,
To ſcowre her downy Robes, and to renew
Her broken Flags, preparing t'overlooke
The tim'rous Malard at the ſliding Brooke,
Iets oft from Perch to Perch; from Stock to ground;
From ground to Window, thus ſurveying round
Her dove-befeatherd Priſon, till, at length,
(Calling her noble Birth to mind, and ſtrength
Whereto her wing was borne) her ragged Beake
Nips off her dangling Ieſſes, ſtrives to breake
Her gingling Fetters, and begins to bate
At ev'ry glimpſe, and darts at ev'ry grate:
Ev'n ſo my wearie ſoule, that long has bin
An Inmate in this Tenement of Sin,
Lockt up by Cloud-brow'd Error, which invites
My cloyſtred Thoughts to feed on black delights,
Now ſcornes her ſhadowes, and begins to dart
Her wing'd deſires at Thee, that onely art
The Sun ſhe ſeeks, whoſe riſing beames can fright
Theſe duskie Clouds that make ſo dark a night:
Shine forth, great Glory, ſhine; that I may ſee
Both how to loath my ſelfe, and honour Thee:
But if my weakneſſe force Thee to deny
Thy Flames, yet lend the Twilight of thine Eye:
If I muſt want thoſe Beames I wiſh, yet grant,
That I, at leaſt, may wiſh thoſe Beames I want.

S. Auguſt.

S. Augustr. Soliloq cap. 33.

There was a great and darke cloud of vanity before mine eyes, so that I could not see the Sun of Iustice, and the light of Truth: I being the Son of darknesse, was involved in darknesse: I loved my darknesse, because I knew not thy Light: I was blind, and loued my blindnesse, and did walke from darkenesse to darkenesse: But Lord, thou art my God, who hast led me from darknesse, and the shadow of death, hast called me into this glorious light, and behold, I see.

Epig. 1.

My soule, cheare up: What if the night be long?
Heav'n finds an eare, when sinners find a tongue:
Thy teares are Morning show'rs: Heav'n bids me say,
When *Peters* Cock begins to crow, 'tis Day.

II.

O Lord Thou knowest my Foolishnesse.
& my Sins are not hid fro Thee Ps:
W. Simpson Sc. Co. 5.

II.

PSAL. LXIX. III.

O Lord, thou knoweſt my fooliſhneſſe, and my ſinnes are not hid from thee.

SEeſt thou this fulſome Ideot? In what meaſure
He ſeemes tranſported with the antick pleaſure
Of childiſh Baubles? Canſt thou but admire
The empty fulneſſe of his vaine deſire?
Canſt thou conceive ſuch poore delights as theſe
Can fill th'inſatiate ſoule of Man, or pleaſe
The fond Aſpect of his deluded eye?
Reader, ſuch very fooles are thou and I:
Falſe puffs of Honour; the deceitfull ſtreames
Of wealth; the idle, vaine, and empty dreames
Of pleaſure, are our Traffick, and enſnare
Our ſoules; the threefold ſubject of our Care:
We toyle for Traſh, we barter ſolid Ioyes
For ayry Trifles; ſell our Heav'n for Toyes:
We ſnatch at Barly graines, whilſt Pearles ſtand by
Deſpis'd; Such very Fooles are Thou and I:
Aym'ſt thou at Honour? Does not th'Ideot ſhake it
In his left hand? Fond man, ſtep forth and take it:
Or wouldſt thou Wealth? See how the foole preſents thee
With a full Basket, if ſuch Wealth contents thee:
Wouldſt thou take pleaſure? If the Foole unſtride
His prauncing Stallion, thou mayſt up, and ride:

Fond

Fond man: Such is the Pleaſure, Wealth, and Honour
That earth affords ſuch Fooles as dote upon her;
Such is the Game whereat earths Ideots flie;
Such Ideots, ah, ſuch Fooles are thou and I:
Had rebell-mans Foole-hardineſſe extended
No further than himſelfe, and there, had ended,
It had been Iuſt; but, thus, enrag'd to flie
Vpon th'eternall eyes of Majeſty,
And drag the Son of Glory, from the breſt
Of his indulgent Father; to arreſt
His great and ſacred Perſon; in diſgrace,
To ſpit and ſpaule upon his Sun-bright face;
To taunt him with baſe termes; and, being bound,
To ſcourge his ſoft, his trembling ſides; to wound
His head with Thornes; his heart, with humane feares;
His hands, with nayles; and his pale Flanck with ſpeares;
And, then, to paddle in the purer ſtreame
Of his ſpilt Blood, is more than moſt extreame:
Great Builder of mankind, canſt thou propound
All this to thy bright eyes, and not confound
Thy handy-work? O, canſt Thou chooſe but ſee,
That mad'ſt the Eye? Can ought be hid from Thee?
Thou ſeeſt our perſons, LORD, and not our Guilt;
Thou ſeeſt not what thou maiſt; but what thou wilt:
The Hand, that form'd us, is enforc'd to be
A Screene ſet up betwixt thy Work and Thee:
Looke, looke upon that Hand, and thou ſhalt ſpy
An open wound, a Throughfare for thine Eye;
Or if that wound be clos'd, that paſſage be
Deny'd betweene Thy gracious eyes, and me,
Yet view the Scarre; That Scarre will countermand
Thy Wrath: O read my Fortune in thy Hand.

S. CHRY.

S. CHRYS. Hom. 4. Ioan.

Fooles seeme to abound in wealth, when they want all things; they seeme to enjoy happinesse, when indeed they are onely most miserable; neither do they understand that they are deluded by their fancy, till they be delivered from their folly.

S. GREG. in mo.

By so much the more are we inwardly foolish, by how much we strive to seeme outwardly wise.

EPIG. 2.

Rebellious foole, what has thy Folly done?
Controld thy GOD, and crucified His Son:
How sweetly has the LORD of life deceiv'd thee?
Thou shedst His Blood, and that shed Blood has sav'd thee.

III.

Haue mercy on me o Lᵈ for I am weake
o Lᵈ heale me for my bones are vexed
Psᵐ: 6. 2.

III.

PSAL. VI. II.

Have mercy, Lord, upon me, for I am weak;
O Lord heale me, for my bones
are vexed.

Soule. *Ieſus.*

Soul. AH, Son of David, help: *Ieſ.* What ſinfull crie
Implores the Son of David? *Soul.* It is I:
Ieſ. Who art thou? *Soul.* Oh, a deeply wounded breſt
That's heavy laden, and would faine have reſt.
Ieſ. I have no ſcraps, and dogs muſt not be fed
Like houſhold Children, with the childrens bread:
Soul True Lord; yet tolerate a hungry whelp
To lick their crums: O, Son of David, help.
Ieſ. Poore Soule, what ail'ſt thou? *Soul.* O I burne, I fry;
I cannot reſt; I know not where to fly
To find ſome eaſe; I turne my blubber'd face
From man to man; I roule from place to place,
T'avoid my tortures, to obtaine reliefe,
But ſtill am dogg'd and haunted with my griefe:
My midnight torments call the ſluggiſh light,
And when the morning's come, they woo the night.
Ieſ. Surceaſe thy teares, and ſpeake thy free deſires;
Soul. Quench, quench my flames, & ſwage theſe ſcorching fires.

Ies. Canſt thou believe my hand can cure thy griefe:
Soul. Lord, I believe; Lord, help my unbeliefe:
Ies. Hold forth thy Arme, and let my fingers try
Thy Pulſe; where (chiefly) does thy torment lie?
Soul. From head to foot; it raignes in ev'ry part,
But playes the ſelfe-law'd Tyrant in my heart.
Ies. Canſt thou digeſt? canſt reliſh wholſome food?
How ſtands thy taſt? *Soul.* To nothing that is good:
All ſinfull traſh, and earths unſav'ry ſtuffe
I can digeſt, and reliſh well enough:
Ies. Is not thy bloud as cold as hot, by turnes?
Soul. Cold to what's good; to what is bad, it burnes:
Ies. How old's thy griefe? *Soul.* I tooke it at the Fall
With eating Fruit. *Ies.* 'Tis Epidemicall;
Thy blood's infected, and th'Infection ſprung
From a bad Liver: 'Tis a Fever ſtrong,
And full of death, unleſſe, with preſent ſpeed,
A veine be op'ned; Thou muſt die, or bleed.
Soul. O I am faint, and ſpent: That Launce that ſhall
Let forth my bloud, lets forth my life withall;
My ſoule wants Cordialls, and has greater need
Of blood, than (being ſpent ſo farre) to bleed:
I faint already: If I bleed, I die:
Ies. 'Tis either thou muſt bleed, ſicke ſoule, or I:
My blood's a cordiall: He that ſuckes my veines,
Shall cleanſe his owne, and conquer greater paines
Than theſe: Cheere up: this precious Blood of mine
Shall cure thy Griefe; my heart ſhall bleed for thine:
Believe, and view me with a faithfull eye;
Thy ſoule ſhall neither languiſh, bleed, nor die.

S. AVGVST.

S. AVGVST. lib. 10. Confeſſ.

Lord, Be merciſull unto me: Ab me: Behold, I hide not my wounds: Thou art a Phyſitian, and I am ſicke; Thou art merciſull, and I am miſerable.

S. GREG. in Paſtoral.

O Wiſdome, with how ſweet an art does thy wine and oyle reſtore health to my healthleſſe ſoule! How powerfully merciſull, how merciſully powerfull art thou! Powerfull, for me, Merciſull, to me!

EPIG. 3.

Canſt thou be ſick, and ſuch a Doctor by?
Thou canſt not live, unleſſe thy Doctor die!
Strange kind of griefe, that finds no med'cine good
To ſwage her paines, but the Phyſitians Blood!

Looke Vpon my Affliction & Mi
sery & Forgiue Mee all my Sinne
W. F. Sc.

IV.

PSAL. XXV. XVIII.

Looke upon my affliction and my paine, and forgive all my ſinnes.

BOth worke, and ſtroakes? Both laſh, and labour too?
What more could Edom, or proud Aſhur doe?
Stripes after ſtripes? and blowes ſucceeding blowes?
Lord, has thy ſcourge no mercy, and my woes
No end? My paines no eaſe? No intermiſſion?
Is this the ſtate? Is this the ſad condition
Of thoſe that truſt thee? Will thy goodneſſe pleaſe
T'allow no other favours? None but theſe?
Will not the Rethrick of my torments move?
Are theſe the ſymptoms? theſe the ſignes of love?
Is't not enough, enough that I fulfill
The toylſome task of thy laborious Mill?
May not this labour expiate, and purge
My ſinne, without th'addition of thy ſcourge?
Looke on my cloudy brow, how faſt it raines
Sad ſhowers of ſweat, the fruits of fruitleſſe paines:
Behold theſe ridges; ſee what purple furrowes
Thy plow has made; O think upon thoſe ſorrowes,
That once were thine; wilt, wilt thou not be woo'd
To mercy, by the charmes of ſweat and blood?
Canſt thou forget that drowſie Mount, wherein
Thy dull Diſciples ſlept? Was not my ſinne

There, puniſh'd in thy ſoule? Did not this brow
Then ſweat in thine? Were not thoſe drops enow?
Remember Golgotha, where that ſpring-tide
Oreflow'd thy ſov'raigne Sacramentall ſide;
There was no ſinne; there was no guilt in Thee,
That cal'd thoſe paines; Thou ſweatſt; thou bledſt for me.
Was there not blood enough, when one ſmall drop
Had pow'r to ranſome thouſand worlds, and ſtop
The mouth of Iuſtice? Lord, I bled before,
In thy deepe wounds: Can Iuſtice challenge more?
Or doeſt thou vainly labour to hedge in
Thy loſſes from my ſides? My blood is thin;
And thy free bounty ſcornes ſuch eaſie thrift;
No, no, thy blood came not as lone, but gift:
But muſt I ever grinde? And muſt I earne
Nothing but ſtripes? O, wilt thou diſalterne
The reſt thou gav'ſt? Haſt thou perus'd the curſe
Thou laidſt on Adams fall, and made it worſe?
Canſt thou repent of mercy? Heav'n thought good
Loſt man ſhould feed in ſweat; not work in blood:
Why doſt thou wound th'already wounded breſt?
Ah me; my life is but a paine at beſt?
I am but dying duſt: my dayes, a ſpan;
What pleaſure tak'ſt thou in the blood of man?
Spare, ſpare thy ſcourge, and be not ſo auſtere;
Send fewer ſtroakes, or lend more ſtrength to beare.

S. BERN.

S. BERN. Hom. 81 in Cant.

Miſerable man! Who ſhall deliver me from the reproach of this ſhamefull bondage? I am a miſerable man; but a free man; free, becauſe a man; Miſerable, becauſe a ſervant: In regard of my bondage, miſerable; In regard of my will, inexcuſable: For my will, that was free, beſtaved it ſelfe to ſinne, by aſſenting to ſinne; for he that commits ſin, is the ſervant to ſinne.

EPIG. 4.

Taxe not thy God: Thine owne defaults did urge
This twofold puniſhment; the Mill, the Scourge:
Thy ſin's the Author of thy ſelfe-tormenting:
Thou grind'ſt for ſinning; ſcourg'd for not repenting.

Remember I beseech thee, that thou hast made me as the clay, & wilt thou bring me into dust againe.' Iob. 10. 9. will: simp: seu:

V.

IOB X. IX.

Remember, I beſeech thee, that thou haſt made me as the clay, and wilt thou bring me to duſt againe?

THus from the boſome of the new-made earth,
Poore man was delv'd, and had his unborne birth:
The ſame the ſtuffe; the ſelfe-ſame hand does trim
The Plant that fades; the Beaſt that dies; and Him:
One was their Syre; one was their common mother;
Plants are his ſiſters; and the Beaſt; his brother,
The elder too, Beaſts draw the ſelfe-ſame breath,
Waxe old alike, and die the ſelfe ſame-death:
Plants grow as he, with fairer robes arraid;
Alike they flouriſh, and alike they fade:
The beaſt, in ſenſe, exceeds him; and, in growth,
The three-ag'd Oake doth thrice exceed them both:
Why look'ſt thou then ſo big, thou little ſpan
Of earth? What art thou more, in being man?
I; but my great Creator did inſpire
My choſen earth with that diviner fire
Of Reaſon; gave me Iudgement, and a Will;
That, to know good; this, to chuſe good from ill:
He put the raines of pow'r in my free hand,
And juriſdiction over ſea and land:

He gave me art, to lengthen out my ſpan
Of life, and made me all, in being man:
I; but thy Paſſion has commitred treaſon
Againſt the ſacred perſon of thy Reaſon;
Thy Iudgement is corrupt; perverſe thy Will;
That knowes no good; and this makes choice of ill:
The greater height ſends downe the deeper fall,
And good, declin'd, turnes bad; turnes worſt of all.
Say then, proud inch of living earth, what can
Thy greatneſſe claime the more in being man?
O, but my ſoule tranſcends the pitch of nature,
Borne up by th'Image of her high Creator;
Out-braves the life of reaſon, and beats downe
Her waxen wings, kicks off her brazen Crowne;
My earth's a living Temple t'entertaine
The King of Glory, and his glorious traine:
How can I mend my Title then? where can
Ambition find a higher ſtile than man?
Ah, but that Image is defac'd and ſoil'd;
Her Temple's raz'd, her altars all defil'd;
Her veſſels are polluted, and diſtain'd
With loathed luſt; her ornaments prophan'd;
Her oyle-forſaken lamps, and hallow'd Tapours
Put out; her incenſe breaths unſav'ry vapours:
Why ſwel'ſt thou then ſo big, thou little ſpan
Of earth? What art thou more in being man?
Eternall Potter, whoſe bleſt hands did lay
My courſe foundation from a ſod of clay,
Thou know'ſt my ſlender veſſell's apt to leake;
Thou know'ſt my brittle Temper's prone to breake;
Are my Bones Brazzill, or my Fleſh of Oake?
O, mend what thou haſt made, what I have broke:
Looke, looke with gentle eyes, and in thy day
Of vengeance, Lord, remember I am clay.

S. AVGVST.

S. AVGVST. Soliloq. 32.

Shall I ask, who made me? It was thou that madeſt me, without whom nothing was made: Thou art my Maker, and I thy worke: I thanke thee my Lord God, by whom I live, and by whom all things ſubſiſt, becauſe thou madeſt me: I thanke thee ô my Potter, becauſe thy hands have made me, becauſe thy hands have formed me.

EPIG. 5.

Why ſwell'ſt thou, Man, puft up with Fame, and Purſe?
Th'art better earth, but borne to dig the worſe:
Thou cam'ſt from earth, to earth thou muſt returne;
And art but earth, caſt from the wombe, to th'urne.

What shall I do vnto thee, O thou preserver of men: why hast thou set mee as a marke against thee. Iob. 7. 20

W. Marshall. Sculpsit.

VI.

IOB VII. XX.

I have sinned: What shall I do unto thee, O thou preserver of men; why hast thou set me as a marke against thee?

LOrd I have done: and Lord, I have misdone;
'Tis folly to contest, to strive with one,
That is too strong; 'tis folly to assaile
Or prove an Arme, that will, that must prevaile?
Iv'e done, I've done; these trembling hands have throwne
Their daring weapons downe; The day's thine owne:
Forbeare to strike, where thou hast won the field;
The palme, the palme is thine: I yeeld, I yeeld.
These treach'rous hands, that were so vainly bold
To try a thriveless combat, and to hold
Selfe-wounding weapons up, are now extended
For mercy from thy hand; that knee that bended
Vpon her guardless guard, does now repent
Vpon this naked floore; See, both are bent,
And sue for pitie; O, my ragged wound
Is deep and desp'rate; it is drench'd and drown'd
In blood, and briny teares: It does begin
To stink without, and putrifie within:
Let that victorious hand, that now appeares
Iust in my blood, prove gracious to my teares:

Thou

Thou great Preſerver of preſumptuous man,
What ſhall I do? What ſatisfaction can
Poore duſt and aſhes make? O, if that blood
That yet remaines unſhed, were halfe as good
As blood of Oxen; if my death might be
An offring to attone my God and me,
I would diſdaine injurious life, and ſtand
A ſuiter, to be wounded from thy hand:
But may thy wrongs be meaſur'd by the ſpan
Of life? or balanc'd with the blood of man?
No, no, eternall ſin expects, for guardon,
Eternall penance, or eternall pardon:
Lay downe thy weapons; turne thy wrath away;
And pardon him that hath no price to pay;
Enlarge that ſoule, which baſe preſumption binds;
Thy juſtice cannot looſe what mercy finds:
O thou that wilt not bruiſe the broken reed,
Rub not my ſores, nor prick the wounds that bleed:
Lord, if the peeviſh Infant fights, and flies,
With unpar'd weapons, at his mothers eyes,
Her frownes (halfe mixt with ſmiles) may chance to ſhow
An angry love-trick on his arme, or ſo;
Where, if the babe but make a lip, and cry,
Her heart begins to melt; and, by and by,
She coakes his deawy cheeks; her babe ſhe bliſſes,
And choaks her language with a thouſand kiſſes:
I am that child; loe, here I proſtrate lie,
Pleading for mercy: I repent, and cry
For gracious pardon: let thy gentle eares
Heare that in words, what mothers judge in teares:
See not my frailties, Lord, but through my feare,
And looke on ev'ry treſpaſſe through a teare:
Then calme thy anger, and appeare more mild:
Remember, th'art a Father; I, a child.

S. BERN.

S. BERN. Ser. 21 in Cant.

Miserable man! Who shall deliver me from the reproach of this ameſull bondage? I am a miſerable man, but a free man: Free, cauſe like to God, miſerable, becauſe againſt God: O keeper mankind, why haſt thou ſet me as a marke againſt thee? Thou ſt ſet me, becauſe thou haſt not hindred me: It is juſt that thy emy ſhould be my enemy, and that he who repugnes thee, ſhould pugne me: I who am againſt thee, am againſt my ſelſe.

EPIG. 6.

ut form'd, and fight? But borne, and then rebell?
ow ſmall a blaſt will make a bubble ſwell?
t dare the floore affront the hand that laid it?
apt is duſt to fly in's face that made it.

Wherefore hidest thou thy face, & holdest mee for thine Enemy. Iob: 13.24

W.S. sc:

VII.

IOB XIII. XXIV.

Wherefore hideſt thou thy face, and holdeſt me for thy enemie?

WHy doſt thou ſhade thy lovely face? O why
Does that ecclipſing hand, ſo long, deny
The Sun-ſhine of thy ſoule-enliv'ning eye?

Without that *Light*, what light remaines in me?
Thou art my *Life*, my *Way*, my *Light*; in Thee
I live, I move, and by thy beames I ſee:

Thou art my *Life*: If thou but turne away,
My life's a thouſand deaths: thou art my *Way*;
Without thee, Lord, I travell not, but ſtray.

My Light thou art; without thy glorious ſight,
Mine eyes are darkned with perpetuall night.
My God, thou art my *Way*, my *Life*, my *Light*.

Thou art my *Way*; I wander, if thou flie:
Thou art my *Light*; If hid, how blind am I?
Thou art my *Life*; If thou withdraw, I die:

Mine eyes are blind and darke; I cannot ſee;
To whom, or whether ſhould my darkneſſe flee,
But to the *Light*? And who's that *Light* but Thee?

My path is loſt; my wandring ſteps do ſtray;
I cannot ſafely go, nor ſafely ſtay;
Whom ſhould I ſeek but Thee, my *Path*, my *Way*?

O, I am dead: To whom ſhall I, poore I
Repaire? To whom ſhall my ſad Aſhes fly
But *Life*? And where is *Life* but in thine eye?

And yet thou turn'ſt away thy face, and fly'ſt me;
And yet I ſue for Grace, and thou deny'ſt me;
Speake, art thou angry, Lord, or onely try'ſt me?

Vnskreene thoſe heav'nly lamps, or tell me why
Thou ſhad'ſt thy face; Perhaps, thou think'ſt, no eye
Can view thoſe flames, and not drop downe and die:

If that be all; ſhine forth, and draw thee nigher;
Let me behold and die; for my deſire
Is *Phœnix*-like to periſh in that Fire.

Death-conquer'd *Laz'rus* was redeem'd by Thee;
If I am dead, Lord ſet deaths priſner free;
Am I more ſpent, or ſtink I worſe than he?

If my pufft light be out, give leave to tine
My flameleſſe ſnuffe at that bright *Lamp* of thine;
O what's thy *Light* the leſſe for lighting mine?

If I have loſt my Path, great Shepheard, ſay,
Shall I ſtill wander in a doubtfull way?
Lord, ſhall a Lamb of *Iſr'els* ſheepfold ſtray?

Thou art the Pilgrims *Path*; the blind mans *Eye*;
The dead mans *Life*; on thee my hopes rely;
If thou remove, I erre; I grope; I die:

Diſcloſe thy Sun-beames; cloſe thy wings, and ſtay;
See ſee, how I am blind, and dead, and ſtray,
O thou, that art my *Light*, my *Life*, my *Way*.

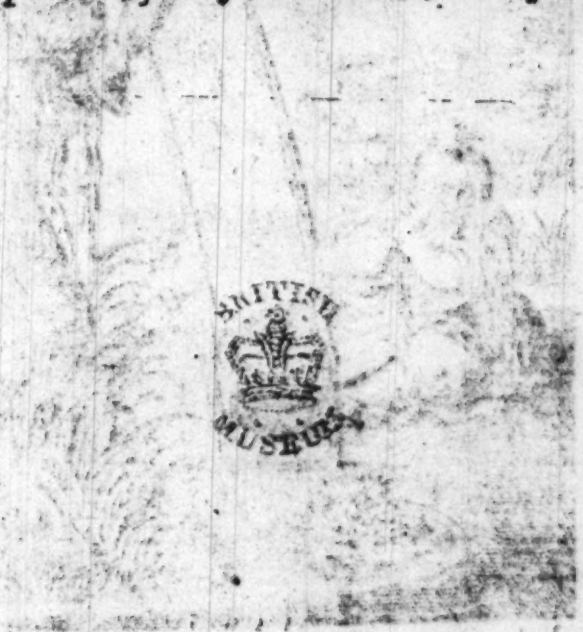
S. Avgvst.

S. Avgvst. Soliloq. Cap. 1.

Why doſt thou hide thy face? Happily thou wilt ſay, none can ſee thy face and live: Ah Lord, let me die, that I may ſee thee; let me ſee thee, that I may die: I would not live, but die; That I may ſee Chriſt, I deſire death; that I may live with Chriſt, I deſpiſe life.

Anselm. Med. Cap. 5.

O excellent hiding, which is become my perfection! My God, thou hideſt thy treaſure, to kindle my deſire; Thou hideſt thy pearle, to inflame the ſeeker; thou delay'ſt to give, that thou maiſt teach me to importune; ſeem'ſt not to heare, to make me perſever.


BRITISH MUSEUM

Epig. 7.

If heav'ns all-quickning Eyes vouchſafe to ſhine
Vpon our ſoules, we ſlight; If not, we whine:
Our Equinoctiall hearts can never lie
Secure, beneath the Tropicks of that eye.

My path is loſt; my wandring ſteps do ſtray;
I cannot ſafely go, nor ſafely ſtay;
Whom ſhould I ſeek but Thee, my *Path*, my *Way*?

O, I am dead: To whom ſhall I, poore I
Repaire? To whom ſhall my ſad Aſhes fly
But *Life*? And where is *Life* but in thine eye?

And yet thou turn'ſt away thy face, and fly'ſt me;
And yet I ſue for Grace, and thou deny'ſt me;
Speake, art thou angry, Lord, or onely try'ſt me?

Vnskreene thoſe heav'nly lamps, or tell me why
Thou ſhad'ſt thy face; Perhaps, thou think'ſt, no eye
Can view thoſe flames, and not drop downe and die:

If that be all; ſhine forth, and draw thee nigher;
Let me behold and die; for my deſire
Is *Phœnix*-like to periſh in that Fire.

Death-conquer'd *Laz'rus* was redeem'd by Thee;
If I am dead, Lord ſet deaths priſner free;
Am I more ſpent, or ſtink I worſe than he?

If my puſſt light be out, give leave to tine
My flameleſſe ſnuffe at that bright *Lamp* of thine;
O what's thy *Light* the leſſe for lighting mine?

If I have loſt my Path, great Shepheard, ſay,
Shall I ſtill wander in a doubtfull way?
Lord, ſhall a Lamb of *Iſr'els* ſheepfold ſtray?

Thou art the Pilgrims *Path*; the blind mans *Eye*;
The dead mans *Life*; on thee my hopes rely;
If thou remove, I erre; I grope; I die:

Diſcloſe thy Sun-beames; cloſe thy wings, and ſtay;
See ſee, how I am blind, and dead, and ſtray,
O thou, that art my *Light*, my *Life*, my *Way*.

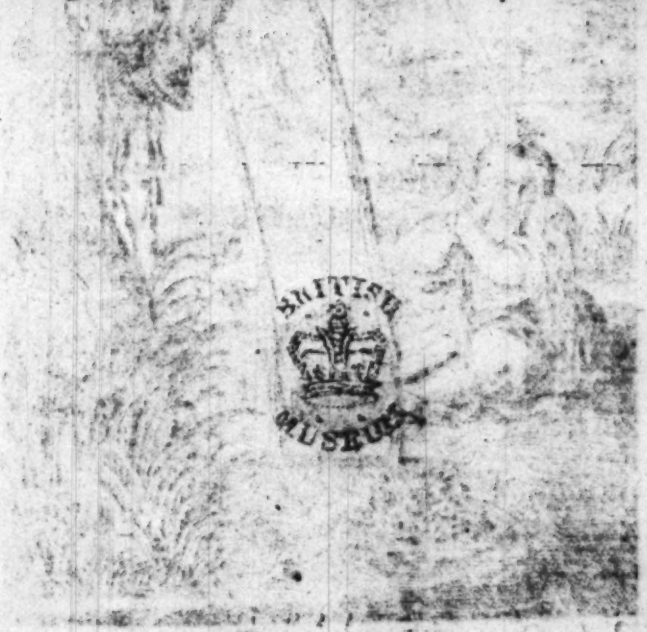
S. AVGVST.

S. AVGVST. Soliloq. Cap. 1.

Why doſt thou hide thy face? Happily thou wilt ſay, none can ſee thy face and live: Ah Lord, let me die, that I may ſee thee; let me ſee thee, that I may die: I would not live, but die; That I may ſee Chriſt, I deſire death; that I may live with Chriſt, I deſpiſe life.

ANSELM. Med. Cap. 5.

O excellent hiding, which is become my perfection! My God, thou hideſt thy treaſure, to kindle my deſire; Thou hideſt thy pearle, to inflame the ſeeker; thou delay'ſt to give, that thou maiſt teach me to importune; ſeem'ſt not to heare, to make me perſever.



EPIG. 7.

If heav'ns all-quickning Eyes vouchſafe to ſhine
Vpon our ſoules, we ſlight; If not, we whine;
Our Equinoctiall hearts can never lie
Secure, beneath the Tropicks of that eye.

O that my Head were waters, and mine eyes a fountaine of teares!

Ier: 9.1.

Will: Marshall sculpsit.

VIII.

JER. IX. I.

O that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountaine of teares, that I might weepe day and night.

O That mine eyes were ſprings, and could transforme
Their drops to ſeas! My ſighs, into a ſtorme
Of Zeale, and ſacred Violence, wherein
This lab'ring veſſell, laden with her ſin,
Might ſuffer ſodaine ſhipwracke, and be ſplit
Vpon that Rock, where my drench'd ſoule may ſit
Orewhelm'd with plenteous paſſion; O, and there
Drop, drop into an everlaſting teare!
Ah me! that ev'ry liding veine that wanders
Through this vaſt Iſle, did worke her wild Meanders
In brackiſh teares, inſtead of blood, and ſwell
This fleſh with holy Dropſies, from whoſe Well,
Made warme with ſighs, may fume my waſting breath,
Whilſt I diſſolve in ſteames, and reeke to death!
Theſe narrow ſluces of my dribling eyes
Are much too ſtreight for thoſe quick ſprings that riſe,
And hourely fill my Temples to the top;
I cannot ſhed for ev'ry ſin a drop:
Great builder of mankind, why haſt thou ſent
Such ſwelling floods, and made ſo ſmall a vent?

O that this fleſh had been compos'd of ſnow,
Inſtead of earth; and bones of Ice, that ſo,
Feeling the Fervor of my ſin; and lothing
The fire I feele, I might be thaw'd to nothing!
O thou, that didſt, with hopefull joy, entombe
Me thrice three Moones in thy laborious wombe,
And then, with joyfull paine, broughtſt forth a Son,
What worth thy labour, has thy labour done?
What was there? Ah! what was there in my birth
That could deſerve the eaſieſt ſmile of mirth?
A man was borne: Alas, and what's a man?
A ſcuttle full of duſt, a meaſur'd ſpan
Of flitting Time; a furniſh'd Pack, whoſe wares
Are ſullen Griefs, and ſoule-tormenting Cares:
A vale of teares; a veſſell tunn'd with breath,
By ſickneſſe broacht, to be drawne out by death:
A hapleſſe, helpleſſe thing; that, borne, does cry
To feed; that feeds to live; that lives to die.
Great God and Man, whoſe eyes ſpent drops ſo often
For me, that cannot weepe enough; O ſoften
Theſe marble braines, and ſtrike this flinty rock;
Or if the muſick of thy *Peters* Cock
Will more prevaile, fill, fill my hearkning eares
With that ſweet ſound, that I may melt in teares:
I cannot weepe, untill thou broach mine eye;
Or give me vent, or els I burſt, and die.

S. Ambros.

S. AMBROS. in Pſal. 118.

He that commits ſinnes to be wept for, cannot weepe for ſinnes committed: And being himſelfe moſt lamentable, hath no teares to lament his offences.

NAZIANZ. Orat. 3.

Teares are the deluge of ſinne, and the worlds ſacrifice.

S. HIEROM. in Eſaiam.

Prayer appeaſes God, but a teare compels him: That moves him but this conſtraines him

EPIG. 8.

Earth is an Iſland ported round with Feares;
The way to Heav'n is through the Sea of teares:
It is a ſtormy paſſage, where is found
The wracke of many a ſhip, but no man drown'd.

The sorroues of hell haue encompas sed me the snares of death haue o uertaken me. psal. 17. Will Simpson.

IX.

PSAL. XVIII. V.

The ſorrowes of hell compaſſed me about, and the ſnares of death prevented me.

IS not this Type well cut? In ev'ry part
Full of rich cunning? fil'd with Zeuxian Art?
Are not the Hunters, and their Stygean Hounds
Limm'd full to th' life? Didſt ever heare the ſounds,
The muſicke, and the lip-divided breaths — — —
Of the ſtrong-winded Horne, Recheats, and deaths
Done more exact? Th'infernall Nimrods hollow?
The lawleſſe Purliews? and the Game they follow?
The hidden Engines? and the ſnares that lie
So undiſcover'd, ſo obſcure to th' eye?
The new-drawne net? and her entangled Pray?
And him that cloſes it? Beholder, ſay,
Is't not well done? ſeemes not an em'lous ſtrife
Betwixt the rare cut picture, and the life?
Theſe Purlieu-men are Devils; And the Hounds,
(Thoſe quick-nos'd Canibals that ſcoure the grounds)
Temptations; and the Game theſe Fiends purſue,
Are humane ſoules, which ſtill they have in view;
Whoſe Fury if they chance to ſcape, by flying,
The skilfull Hunter plants his net, cloſe lying

On

On th'unſuſpected earth, baited with treaſure,
Ambitious honour, and ſelfe-waſting pleaſure;
Where if the ſoule but ſtoope, death ſtands prepar'd
To draw the net, and drawne, the ſoule's enſnar'd.
Poore ſoule! how art thou hurried to and fro?
Where canſt thou ſafely ſtay? where ſafely go?
If ſtay; theſe hot-mouth'd Hounds are apt to teare thee,
If goe; the ſnares encloſe, the nets enſnare thee:
What good in this bad world has pow'r t'invite thee
A willing Gueſt? wherein can earth delight thee?
Her pleaſures are but Itch; Her wealth, but Cares;
A world of dangers, and a world of ſnares:
The cloſe Purſuers buſie hands do plant
Snares in thy ſubſtance; Snares attend thy want;
Snares in thy credit; Snares in thy diſgrace;
Snares in thy high eſtate; Snares in thy baſe;
Snares tuck thy bed; and Snares arround thy boord;
Snares watch thy thoughts; and Snares attache thy word;
Snares in thy quiet; Snares in thy commotion;
Snares in thy diet; Snares in thy devotion;
Snares lurk in thy reſolves; Snares, in thy doubt;
Snares lie within thy heart, and Snares, without;
Snares are above thy head, and Snares, beneath;
Snares in thy ſickneſſe; Snares are in thy death:
O, if theſe Purlieus be ſo full of danger,
Great God of Harts, the worlds ſole ſov'raigne Ranger,
Preſerve thy Deere, and let my ſoule be bleſt
In thy ſafe Forreſt, where I ſeeke for reſt:
Then let the Hell-hounds roare; I feare no ill;
Rouze me they may, but have no pow'r to kill.

S. Ambros.

S. Ambros. Lib. 4 in Cap. 4 Lucæ.

The reward of honours, the height of power, the delicacie of diet, and the beauty of a harlot are the ſnares of the Devill.

S. Ambros. de bono mortis.

Whileſt thou ſeekeſt pleaſures, thou runneſt into ſnares, for the eye of the harlot is the ſnare of the Adulterer.

Savanar.

In eating, he ſets before us Gluttony; In generation, luxury; In labour, ſluggiſhneſſe; In converſing, envy; in governing, covetouſneſſe; In correcting, anger; In honour, pride; In the heart, he ſets evill thoughts; In the mouth, evill words; in actions evill workes; when awake, he moves us to evill actions; when aſleepe, to filthy dreames.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Epig. 9.

Be ſad, my Heart, Deep dangers wait thy mirth;
Thy ſoule's way-laid by ſea; by Hell; by earth;
Hell has her hounds; Earth, ſnares; the Sea, a ſhelfe;
But moſt of all, my heart, beware thy ſelfe.

Enter not into iudgment with thy seruant for no man liuing shall be iustified in thy sight Will ſmy ſon

X.

PSAL. CXLIII. II.

Enter not into judgement with thy ſervant, for in thy ſight ſhall no man living bee juſtified.

Ieſus. *Iuſtice.* *Sinner.*

Ie. BRing forth the priſner, Iuſtice. *Iuſt.* Thy commands
Are done, juſt Iudge; See, here the priſner ſtands.
Ieſ. What has the priſner done? Say; what's the cauſe
Of his committment? *Iuſt.* He has broke the lawes
Of his too gracious God; conſpir'd the death
Of that great Majeſty that gave him breath;
And heapes tranſgreſſions, Lord, upon tranſgreſſion:
Ieſ. How know'ſt thou this? *Iuſt.* Ev'n by his own confeſſion:
His ſinnes are crying; and they cry'd aloud;
They cry'd to heav'n; they cry'd to heav'n for blood:
Ieſ. What layſt thou ſinner? Haſt thou ought to plead,
That ſentence ſhould not paſſe? Hold up thy head,
And ſhew thy brazen, thy rebellious face.
Sin. Ah me! I dare not: I'm too vile, and baſe,
To tread upon thy earth, much more, to lift
Mine eyes to heav'n; I need no other ſhrift
Than mine owne conſcience; Lord, I muſt confeſſe,
I am no more than duſt, and no whit leſſe

Than

Enter not into iudgment with thy seruant for no man liuing shall be iustified in thy sight Will. Simpson

X.

PSALM. CXLIII. II.

Enter not into judgement with thy servant, for in thy sight shall no man living be justified.

Iesus. *Justice.* *Sinner.*

Ie. BRing forth the prisner, Iustice. *Iust.* Thy commands
Are done, just Iudge; See, here the prisner stands.
Ies. What has the prisner done? Say; what's the cause
Of his committment? *Iust.* He has broke the lawes
Of his too gracious God; conspir'd the death;
Of that great Majesty that gave him breath;
And heapes transgression, Lord, upon transgression:
Ies. How know'st thou this, Just? Ev'n by his own confessions:
His sinnes are crying; and they cry'd aloud;
They cry'd to heav'n; they cry'd so heav'n for blood:
Ies. What layst thou sinner? Hast thou ought to plead,
That sentence should not passe? Hold up thy head,
And shew thy brazen, thy rebellious face.
Sin. Ah me! I dare not: I'm too vile, and base,
To tread upon thy earth, much more, to lift
Mine eyes to heav'n; I need no other shrift
Than mine owne conscience; Lord, I must confesse,
I am no more than dust, and no whit lesse

Than

Than my Inditement ſtiles me; Ah, if thou
Search too ſevere, with too ſevere a Brow,
What Fleſh can ſtand? I have tranſgreſt thy lawes;
My merits plead thy vengeance; not my cauſe.
Iuſt. Lord ſhall I ſtrike the blow? *Ieſ* Hold, Iuſtice, ſtay,
Sinner, ſpeake on; what haſt thou more to ſay?
Sin. Vile as I am, and of my ſelfe abhor'd,
I am thy handy-worke, thy creature, Lord,
Stampt with thy glorious Image, and at firſt,
Moſt like to thee, though now a poore accurſt
Convicted Caitiffe, and degen'rous creature,
Here trembling at thy Bar. *Iuſt.* Thy fault's the greater;
Lord ſhall I ſtrike the blow? *Ieſ.* Hold, Iuſtice, ſtay,
Speake, ſinner; haſt thou nothing more to ſay?
Sin. Nothing but *Mercy, Mercy*; Lord, my ſtate
Is miſerably poore, and deſperate;
I quite renounce my ſelfe, the world, and flee
From Lord to *Ieſus*; from thy ſelfe, to Thee,
Iuſt. Ceaſe thy vaine hopes; my angry God has vow'd:
Abuſed mercy muſt have blood for blood:
Shall I yet ſtrike the blow? *Ieſ.* Stay, Iuſtice, hold;
My bowels yearne, my fainting blood growes cold,
To view the trembling wretch; Me thinks, I ſpye
My fathers Image in the priſners eye:
Iuſt. I cannot hold. *Ieſ.* Then turne thy thirſty blade
Into my ſides: let there the wound be made:
Cheare up, deare ſoule; Redeeme thy life with mine:
My ſoule ſhall ſmart; My heart ſhall bleed for thine.
Sin. O ground-leſſe deepes! O love beyond degree!
Th'offended dies, to ſet th'offender free.

S. AVGVST.

Lord, if I have done that, for which thou mayest damne me; thou hast not lost that, whereby thou mayest save me: Remember not, sweet Iesus, thy Iustice against the sinner, but thy benignity towards thy Creature: Remember not to proceed against a guilty soule, but remember thy mercy towards a miserable wretch: Forget the insolence of the provoker, and behold the misery of the invoker; for what is Iesus but a Saviour?

ANSELM.

Have respect to what thy Sonne hath done for me, and forget what my sinnes have done against thee: My flesh hath provoked thee to vengeance; let the flesh of Christ move thee to mercy: It is much that my rebellions have deserved; but it is more that my Redeemer hath merited.

EPIG. 10.

Mercy of mercies! He that was my drudge
Is now my Advocate, is now my Iudge:
He suffers, pleads, and sentences, alone;
Three I adore, and yet adore but One.

Let not the water-flood ouerflow me,
neither let the deepe swallow me vp:
Ps: 69. 15. Will: Simpson Sculpsit

XI.

PSAL. LXIX. XV.

Let not the water-flood over-flow me; neither let the deepes swallow me up.

THe world's a Sea; my flesh, a ship, that's man'd
With lab'ring Thoughts; and steer'd by Reasons hand:
My heart's the Sea-mans Card, whereby she sailes;
My loose Affections are the greater Sailes:
The Top-saile is my Fancy; and the Gusts
That fill these wanton Sheets, are worldly Lusts.
Pray'r is the Cable, at whose end appeares
The Anchor Hope, ne're slipt but in our feares:
My Will's th'unconstant Pilot, that commands
The staggring Keele; my Sinnes are like the Sands:
Repentance is the Bucket; and mine Eye
The Pumpe, unus'd (but in extreames) and dry:
My conscience is the Plummet, that does greete
The deepes, but seldome cryes, A fathom lesse:
Smooth Calm's security; The Gulph, despaire;
My Freight's Corruption, and this Life's my Fare:
My soule's the Passenger, confus'dly driven
From feare to fright; her landing Port, is Heaven.
My seas are stormy, and my Ship does leake;
My Saylers rude: My Steersman faint and weake:

My Canvace torne, it flaps from side to side ;
My Cable's crackt ; my Anchor's slightly ty'd ;
My Pilot's craz'd ; my shipwrack sands are cloak'd ;
My Bucket's broken, and my Pump is choak'd ;
My Calm's deceitfull ; and my Gulph too neare ;
My wares are slubber'd ; and my Fare's too deare :
My Plummet's light, it cannot sink nor sound ;
O shall my Rock-bethreatned Soule be drown'd ?
Lord still the seas, and shield my ship from harme ;
Instruct my saylours ; guide my Steersmans Arme ;
Touch thou my Compasse, and renew my Sailes ;
Send stiffer courage, or send milder gales ;
Make strong my Cable ; bind my Anchor faster ;
Direct my Pilot, and be thou his Master ;
Object the Sands to my more serious view,
Make sound my Bucket ; bore my Pump anew ;
New cast my Plummet, make it apt to try
Where the Rocks lurke, and where the Quicksands lie ;
Guard thou the Gulph, with love ; my Calmes, with Care ;
Cleanse thou my Freight ; accept my slender Fare ;
Refresh the sea-sick passenger ; cut short
His Voyage ; land him in his wished Port :
Thou, thou, whom winds and stormy seas obay,
That, through the deeps, gav'st grumbling Isr'ell way,
Say to my soule, be safe ; and then mine eye
Shall scorne grim death, although grim death stand by ;
O thou whose strength-reviving Arme did cherish
Thy sinking *Peter*, at the point to perish,
Reach forth thy hand, or bid me tread the Wave,
Ile come, Ile come, The voice that cals will save.

S. Ambros.

S. Ambros. Apol. poſt. pro David. Cap. 3.

The confluence of luſts make a great Tempeſt, which in this ſea diſturbes the ſea-faring ſoule, that reaſon cannot governe it.

S. Avgvst. Soliloq. Cap. 35.

We labour in a boyſterous ſea: Thou ſtandeſt upon the ſhore and ſeeſt our dangers: Giue us grace to hold a middle courſe, betwixt Scylla and Charybdis, that both dangers eſcaped, we may arrive at our Port, ſecure.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Epig. 11.

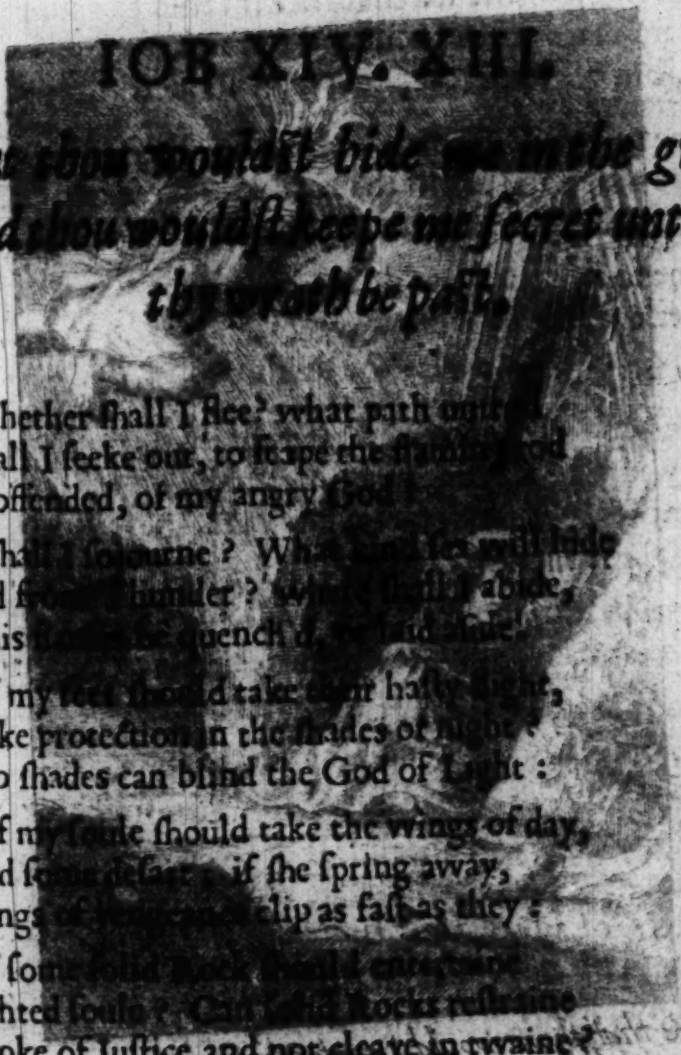
My ſoule; the ſeas are rough; and thou a ſtranger
In theſe falſe coaſts; O keep aloofe; there's danger:
Caſt forth thy Plummet; ſee a rock appeares;
Thy ſhip wants ſea-roome; Make it with thy teares.

O that thou wouldst protect me in the graue,
and hide me untill thy furie be past:
Iob 14 Will: Simpson Sculp:

XII.

IOB XIV. XIII.

O that thou wouldst hide me in the grave, and thou wouldst keepe me secret untill thy wrath be past.



O Whether shall I flee? what path out
Shall I seeke out, to scape the flaming rod
Of my offended, of my angry God?

Where shall I sojourne? Where
My head
Vntill his

What if my
And seeke
Alas, no

What, if my
And find
The wings

What if
My frighted
The stroke of Iustice, and not cleave in twaine?

Nor Sea, nor Shade, nor Shield, nor Rock, nor Cave,
Nor silent desarts, nor the sullen grave,
Where flame-ey'd fury meanes to smite, can save.

The Seas will part; graves open; Rocks will ſplit;
The ſhield will cleave; the frighted ſhadowes flit;
Where Iuſtice aimes, her fiery darts muſt hit.

No, no, if ſterne-brow'd vengeance meanes to thunder,
There is no place above, beneath, nor under,
So cloſe, but will unlocke, or rive in ſunder.

'Tis vaine to flee; 'Tis neither here nor there
Can ſcape that hand untill that hand forbeare;
Ah me! where is he not, that's every where?

'Tis vaine to flee; till gentle mercy ſhow
Her better eye, the farther off we go,
The ſwing of Iuſtice deales the mightier blow:

Th'ingenious child, corrected, does not flie
His angry mothers hand, but clings more nigh,
And quenches, with his teares, her flaming eye.

Shadowes are faithleſſe, and the rockes are falſe;
No truſt in braſſe; no truſt in marble wals;
Poore Cotts are ev'n as ſafe as Princes Hals:

Great God, there is no ſafety here below;
Thou art my Fortreſſe, though thou ſeem'ſt my foe,
'Tis thou, that ſtrik'ſt the ſtroke, muſt guard the blow.

Thou art my God; by thee I fall or ſtand;
Thy Grace hath giv'n me courage to withſtand
All tortures, but my Conſcience, and thy Hand.

I know thy Iuſtice is thy ſelfe; I know,
Iuſt God, thy very ſelfe is mercy too;
If not to thee, where? whether ſhould I go?

Then work thy will; If paſſion bid me flee,
My Reaſon ſhall obey; my wings ſhall be
Stretcht out no further than from Thee to Thee.

S. AVGVST.

S. AVGVST. in Psal. 30.

Whether flie I? To what place can I safely flie? To what mountaine? To what den? To what strong house? What Castle shall I hold? What walls shall hold me? Whethersoever I go, myselfe followes me: For whatsoever thou flyest, ô man, thou mayst, but thy owne Conscience: whereseoever O Lord I go, I find thee, if angry, a Reverger; if appeas'd, a Redeemer: What way have I, but to flee from thee, to thee: That thou maist avoid thy God, addresse thee to thy Lord.

BRITISH MUSEUM

EPIG. 12.

Hath vengeance found thee? Can thy feares command
No Rocks to shield thee from her thundring hand?
Know'st thou not where to scape? Ile tell thee where;
My soule make cleane thy Conscience; Hide thee there.

Are not my dayes few? Ceaſe then, and let me alone that I may bewayle me a little.

Iob. 10. 20.

will: Simpſon. ſculpſit

XIII.

IOB X. XX.

Are not my dayes few? Ceaſe then, and let me alone, that I may bewaile my ſelfe a little.

MY Glaſſe is halfe unſpent: Forbeare t'arreſt
My thriftleſſe day too ſoone: My poore requeſt
Is that my glaſſe may run but out the reſt.

My time-devoured minuts wilbe done
Without thy help; See, ſee how ſwift they run;
Cut not my thred before my thred be ſpun:

The gaine's not great I purchaſe by this ſtay;
What loſſe ſuſtain'ſt thou by ſo ſmall delay,
To whom ten thouſand yeares are but a day.

My following eye can hardly make a ſhift
To count my winged houres; they flie ſo ſwift,
They ſcarce deſerve the bounteous name of gift.

The ſecret wheeles of hurrying Time do give
So ſhort a warning, and ſo faſt they drive,
That I am dead before I ſeeme to live:

And what's a life? A weary Pilgrimage,
Whoſe glory, in one day, doth fill the ſtage
With Childhood, Manhood, and decrepit Age.

And what's a Life; the flouriſhing Array
Of the proud Summer meadow, which to day
Weares her greene Pluſh; and is, to morrow, Hay.

And what's a Life? A blaſt ſuſtain'd with clothing,
Maintain'd with food; retain'd with vile ſelfe-loathing,
Then weary of it ſelfe, again'd to nothing.

Read on this diall, how the ſhades devoure
My ſhort-liv'd winters day; How't eats up howre;
Alas, the total's but from eight to foure.

Behold theſe Lillies (which thy hands have made
Faire copies of my life, and open laid
To view) how ſoone they droop, how ſoone they fade!

Shade not that diall night will blind too ſoone;
My nonag'd day already points to noone;
How ſimple is my ſuit! How ſmall my Boone!

Nor do I beg this ſlender inch, to while
The time away, or falſly to beguile
My thoughts with joy; Here's nothing worth a ſmile.

No, no: 'Tis not to pleaſe my wanton eares
With frantick mirth; I beg but howres; not yeares:
And what thou giv'ſt me, I will give to teares.

Draw not that ſoule which would be rather led;
That *Seed* has yet not broke my Serpents head;
O ſhall I die before my ſinnes are dead?

Behold theſe Rags; Am I a fitting Gueſt
To taſt the dainties of thy royall feaſt,
With hands and face unwaſh'd, ungirt, unbleſt?

Firſt, let the Iordan ſtreames (that find ſupplies
From the deepe fountaine of my heart) ariſe,
And cleanſe my ſpots, and cleare my leprous eyes:

I have a world of ſinnes to be lamented;
I have a ſea of teares that muſt be vented;
O ſpare till then; and then I die, contented.

S. AVGVST.

S. AVGVST. lib. 7 de Civit. Dei cap. 10.

The time wherein we live is taken from the ſpace of our life; and what remaines is daily made leſſe and leſſe, inſomuch that the time of our life is nothing but a paſſage to death.

S. GREG. lib. 9 mor. cap. 44 in Cap. 10 Iob.

As moderate afflictions bring teares; ſo immoderate take away teares; Inſomuch that ſorrow becomes no ſorrow which ſwallowing up the mind of the afflicted, takes away the ſenſe of the affliction.

BRITISH MUSEUM

EPIG. 13.

Fear'ſt thou to go, when ſuch an Arme invites thee?
Dread'ſt thou thy loads of ſin? or what affrights thee?
If thou begin to feare, thy feare begins;
Foole, can he beare thee hence, and not thy ſins?

Oh that they were wiſe, then they would vnderſtand this; they would conſider their latter end. Deeteron: 32. · I Payne ſcul.

XIV.

DEUT. XXXII. XXIX.

O that men men were wise, and that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end.

Flesh. *Spirit.*

Fl. WHat meanes my sisters eyes so oft to passe
Through the long entry of that Optick glasse?
Tell me; what secret virtue does invite
Thy wrinckled eye to such unknowne delight?
Sp. It helps the sight; makes things remote appeare
In perfect view; It drawes the object neare.
Fl. What sense-delighting objects doest thou spie?
What does that Glasse present before thine eye?
Sp. I see thy foe, my reconciled friend,
Grim death, even standing at the Glasses end;
His left hand holds a branch of Palme; his right
Holds forth a two-edg'd sword. *Fl.* A proper sight!
And is this all? does thy Prospective please
Th'abused fancy with no shapes but these?
Sp. Yes, I behold the dark'ned Sun bereav'n
Of all his light, the battlements of heav'n
Sweltring in Flames; the Angell-guarded Sonne
Of glory on his high Tribunall Throne;

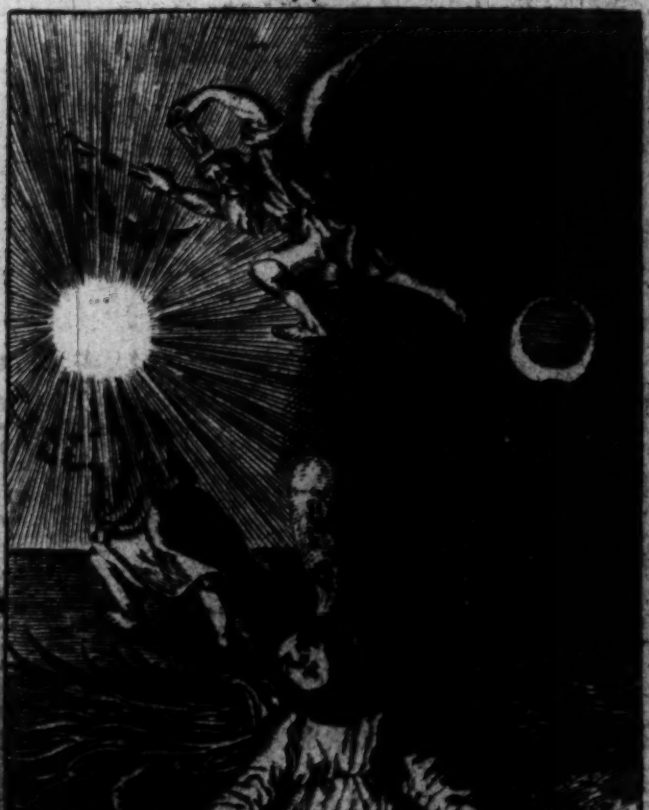
I ſee a Brimſtone Sea of boyling Fire,
And Fiends, with knotted whips of flaming Wyre,
Tort'ring poore ſoules, that gnaſh their teeth, in vaine,
And gnaw their flame-tormented tongues, for paine;
Looke ſiſter, how the queazie-ſtomack'd Graves
Vomit their dead, and how the purple waves
Scal'd their conſumeleſſe bodies, ſtrongly curſing
All wombes for bearing, and all paps for nurſing:
Fl. Can thy diſtemper'd fancie take delight
In view of Tortures? Theſe are ſhowes t'affright:
Looke in this glaſſe-Triangular; looke here,
Here's that will raviſh eyes. *Sp.* What ſeeſt thou there?
Fl. The world in colours; colours that diſtaine
The cheeks of *Proteus*, or the ſilken Traine
Of *Floras* Nymphs; ſuch various ſorts of hiew,
As Sun-confronting *Iris* never knew:
Here, if thou pleaſe to beautifie a Towne,
Thou maiſt; or, with a hand, turn't upſide downe;
Here, maiſt thou ſcant or widen by the meaſure
Of thine owne will; make ſhort or long, at pleaſure:
Here maiſt thou tyre thy fancie, and advize
With ſhowes more apt to pleaſe more curious eyes;
Sp. Ah foole! that dot'ſt on vaine, on preſent toyes,
And diſreſpects thoſe true, thoſe future joyes!
How ſtrongly are thy thoughts befool'd, Alas,
To dote on goods that periſh with thy Glaſſe!
Nay, vaniſh with the turning of a hand!
Were they but painted colours, it might ſtand
With painted reaſon, that they might devote thee;
But things that have no being, to beſot thee?
Foreſight of futu re torment is the way
To baulk thoſe ills which preſent joyes bewray;
As thou haſt fool'd thy ſelfe, ſo now come hither,
Break that fond glaſſe, and let's be wiſe together.

BONAVENT. de contemptu ſeculi.

O that men would be wiſe, underſtand, and foreſee: Be wiſe, know three things: The multitude of thoſe that are to be damned; the few number of thoſe that are to be ſaved; and the vanity of tranſitory things: Underſtand three things; the multitude ſinnes, the omiſſion of good things, and the loſſe of time: Foreſee three things, the danger of death, the laſt judgement, and eternall puniſhment.

EPIG. 14.

What ſoule, no farther yet? what nev'r commence
Maſter in Faith? Still Batchelour of Senſe?
Is't inſufficiency? Or what has made thee
Oreſlip thy loſt degree? Thy luſts have ſtaid thee



My life is spent with grief, & my yeeres with Sighing. Ps: 30: 10. WM. sculp:

XV.

PSAL. XXX. X.

My life is ſpent with griefe, and my yeares with ſighing.

WHat ſullen Starre rul'd my untimely birth,
That would not lend my dayes one houre of mirth?
How oft have theſe bare knees been bent, to gaine
The ſlender Almes of one poore ſmile, in vaine!
How often, tir'd with the ſalutious light,
Have my faint lips implor'd the ſhades of night?
How often have my nightly Torments praid
For lingring twilight, ghaſted with the ſhade!
Day, worſe than night; night, worſe than day, appeares;
In feares I ſpend my nights; my dayes, in teares:
I moane, unpitti'd; groane without reliefe,
There is nor end, nor meaſure of my griefe;
The ſmiling flow'r ſalutes the day; it growes
Vntouch'd with care; It neither ſpins, nor ſowes;
O that my tedious life were, like this flow'r,
Or freed from griefe; or finiſh'd with an houre:
Why was I borne? Why was I borne a man?
And why proportion'd by ſo large a Span?
Or why ſuſpended from the common lot,
And being borne to die, why die I not?
Ah me! why is my ſorrow-waſted breath
Deny'd the eaſie priviledge of death?

The branded Slave, that tugs the weary Oare,
Obtaines the Sabbath of a welcome Shore;
His ranſom'd ſtripes are heal'd; His native ſoile
Sweetens the mem'ry of his forreigne toyle:
But ah! my ſorrowes are not halfe ſo bleſt;
My labour finds no point; my paines, no reſt:
I barter ſighs for teares; and teares for Grones,
Still vainly rolling Syſiphæan ſtones:
Thou juſt Obſerver of our flying houres,
That, with thy Adamantine fangs, devoures
The brazen Monuments of renowned Kings,
Does thy glaſſe ſtand? Or be thy moulting wings
Vnapt to flie? If not, why doſt thou ſpare
A willing breſt; a breſt, that ſtands ſo faire?
A dying breſt, that has but onely breath
To beg a wound; and ſtrength, to crave a death:
O, that the pleaſed Heav'ns would once diſſolve
Theſe fleſhly fetters, that ſo faſt involve
My hampred ſoule; then ſhould my ſoule be bleſt
From all theſe ills, and wrap her thoughts in reſt:
Till then, my dayes are moneths, my moneths are yeares;
My yeares are ages, to be ſpent in teares:
My Grief's entayl'd upon my waſtfull breath,
Which no Recov'ry can cut off, but death;
Breath drawne in Cottages, pufft out in Thrones,
Begins, continues, and concludes in Grones.

INNOCEN

INNOCENT. de vilitate condit. humanæ.

O who will give mine eyes a fountaine of teares, that I may bewaile the miserable ingresse of mans condition; the sinfull progresse of mans conversation, the damnable egresse in mans dissolution? I will consider with teares, whereof man was made, what man does, and what man is to do: Alas, he is formed of earth, conceived in sinne, borne to punishment; He does evill things, which are not lawfull; He does filthy things, which are not decent; He does vaine things, which are not expedient.

EPIG. 15.

My heart, Thy life's a debt by Bond, which beares
A secret date; The use, is Grones and teares:
Plead not; Vsurious Nature will have all,
As well the Int'rest, as the Principall.

My soule hath coueted to desire thy iudgements. psal. 119. Will Simpson

THE FOVRTH BOOKE.

I.

ROM. VII. XXIII.

I see another Law in my members warring against the Law of my mind, & bringing me into captivitie to the Law of sin.

1

O How my will is hurried to and fro,
And how my unresolv'd resolves do varie!
I know not where to fix; sometimes I goe
This way; then that; and then the quite contrary:
I like, dislike; lament for what I could not;
I doe; undoe; yet still do what I should not;
And at the selfe same instant; will the Thing I would not.

2

Thus are my weather-beaten Thoughts oppresst
With th'earth-bred winds of my prodigious will;
Thus am I hourely tost from East to West
Vpon the rouling streames of Good and Ill:
Thus am I driv'n upon these slippry Sudds,
From reall Ills to false apparent Goods;
My life's a troubled sea, compos'd of Ebbs and Floods.

3

The curious Penman, having trim'd his Page
With the dead language of his dabled Quill,
Lets fall a heedleſſe drop, then, in a Rage,
Caſhieres the fruits of his unlucky skill;
Ev'n ſo my pregnant ſoule in th'infant bud
Of her beſt thoughts, ſhowres down a Cole-black flood
Of unadviſed Ills, and cancels all her Good.

4

Sometimes a ſudden flaſh of ſacred heat
Warmes my chill ſoule, and ſets my thoughts in frame:
But ſoone that fire is ſhouldred from her ſeat
By luſtfull *Cupids* much inferiour flame;
I feele two flames, and yet no flame, entire:
Thus are the Mungrill thoughts of mixt deſire
Conſum'd between that heav'nly and this earthly fire.

5

Sometimes my traſh-diſdaining thoughts out-paſſe
The common Period of terrene conceit;
O then, me thinks I ſcorne the Thing I was,
Whilſt I ſtand raviſht at my new Eſtate:
But when th'Icarian wings of my deſire
Feele but the warmth of their owne native fire,
O then they melt and plunge within their wonted mire.

6

I know the nature of my wav'ring mind;
I know the frailty of my fleſhly will:
My Paſſion's Eagle-ey'd; my Iudgement, blind;
I know what's good, but yet make choice of ill;
When th'Oſtrich wings of my deſires ſhalbe
So dull, they cannot mount the leaſt degree,
Yet grant my ſoule deſire but of deſiring Thee.

S. Ben.

S. Bern. Med. 9.

My heart is a vaine heart, a vagabond, and inſtable heart; while it is led by its owne judgement, and wanting divine counſell, cannot ſubſiſt in it ſelfe, and whilſt it divers wayes ſeekes reſt, finds none, but remaines miſerable through labour, and void of peace: It agrees not with it ſelfe; it diſſents from it ſelfe; it alters reſolutions, changes the judgement, frames new thoughts, puls downe the old, and builds them up againe: It wils and wils not, and never remaines in the ſame ſtate.

S. Avgvst. de Verb. Apoſt.

When it would it cannot, becauſe when it might, it would not: Therefore, by an evill will man loſt his good power.

Epig. 1.

My ſoule, how are thy thoughts diſturb'd! confin'd,
Enlarg'd betwixt thy Members, and thy Mind!
Fix here, or there; Thy doubt-depending cauſe
Can nev'r expect one verdict, 'twixt two Lawes.

Oh that my wayes were Directed to keepe thy Statutes. Ps. 119. 5.

W. Simpson Sculp:

II.

PSAL. CXIX. V.

O that my waies were directed to keep thy statutes.

1

THus I, the object of the worlds disdaine,
With Pilgrim-pace, surround the weary earth;
I onely relish what the world counts vaine;
Her mirth's my griefe; her fullen Griefe, my mirth;
Her light, my darknesse; and her Truth, my Error;
Her freedome is my Iayle; and her delight my Terror:

2

Fond earth! Propound not my seeming love
To my long stay; let not thy thoughts deceive thee;
Thou art my Prison, and my Home's above;
My life's a Preparation but to leave thee:
Like one that seeks a doore, I walke about thee,
With thee I cannot live; I cannot live without thee.

3

The world's a Lab'rinth, whose anfractious wayes
Are all compos'd of Rubs, and crook'd Meanders;
Noresting here; Hee's hurried back that stayes
A thought; And he that goes unguided, wanders:
Her way is dark; her path untrod, unev'n;
So hard's the way from earth; so hard's the way to Heav'n.

This

4

This gyring Lab'rinth is betrench'd about
On either hand, with ſtreams of fulphrous fire,
Streames cloſely ſliding, erring in and out,
But ſeeming pleaſant to the fond deſcrier;
Where if his footſteps truſt their owne Invention,
He fals without redreſſe, and ſinks beyond Demenſion.

5

Where ſhall I ſeek a Guide? Where ſhall I meet
Some lucky hand to lead my trembling paces?
What truſty Lanterne will direct my feet
To ſcape the danger of theſe dang'rous places?
What hopes have I to paſſe without a Guide?
Where one gets ſafely through, a thouſand fall beſide.

6

An unrequeſted Starre did gently ſlide
Before the Wiſemen, to a greater Light;
Back-ſliding Iſr'el found a double Guide;
A Pillar, and a Cloud; by day, by night:
Yet, in my deſp'rate dangers, which be farre
More great than theirs, I have nor Pillar, Cloud, nor Starre.

7

O, that the pineons of a clipping Dove
Would cut my paſſage, through the empty Ayre;
Mine eyes being ſeeld, how would I mount above
The reach of danger, and forgotten Care!
My backward eyes ſhould nev'r commit that fault,
Whoſe laſting Guilt ſhould build a Monument of *Salt*.

8

Great God, that art the flowing Spring of Light,
Enrich mine eyes with thy refulgent Ray:
Thou art my Path; direct my ſteps aright;
I have no other Light, no other Way:
Ile truſt my God, and him alone purſue;
His Law ſhalbe my Path; his heav'nly Light my Clue.

S. AVGVST. Soliloq. Cap. 4.

O Lord, who art the Light, the Way, the Truth, the Life; in whom there is no darkneſſe, error, vanity, nor death: The light, without which there is darkneſſe, The way without which there is wandring, The Truth, without which there is errour; Life, without which there is death: Say Lord, let there be light, and I ſhall ſee light, and eſchue darkneſſe; I ſhall ſee the way, and avoid wandring; I ſhall ſee the truth, and ſhun errour; I ſhall ſee life, and eſcape death; Illuminate, O illuminate my blind ſoule, which ſits in darkneſſe and the ſhadow of death, and direct my feet in the way of peace.

BRITISH MUSEUM

EPIG. 2.

Pilgrim trudge on: What makes thy ſoule complaine,
Crownes thy complaint: The way to reſt is plaine:
The Road to Reſolution lies by doubt:
The next way Home's the fartheſt way about.

Stay my stepps in thy Pathes that my feet do not slide. Ps. 17. 5.

W. M. Sc.

III.

PSAL. XVII. V.

Stay my steps in thy paths, that my feet do not slide.

1

WHen ere the Old Exchange of Profit rings
Her silver Saints-bell of uncertaine gaines,
My merchant soule can stretch both legs and wings:
How I can run, and take unwearied paines!
The Charmes of Profit are so strong, that I
Who wanted legs to go, find wings to fly:

2

If time-beguiling Pleasure but advance
Her lustfull Trump, and blow her bold Alarms,
O, how my sportfull soule can frisk and daunce,
And hug that Syren in her twined Armes!
The sprightly voice of sinew-strengthning Pleasure
Can lend my bedrid soule both legs and leisure.

3

If blazing Honour chance to fill my veines
With flattring warmth, and flash of Courtly fire,
My soule can take a pleasure in her paines;
My loftie strutting steps disdaine to tire:
My antick knees can turne upon the hinges
Of Complement, and skrue a thousand Cringes.

But

4

But when I come to Thee, my God, that art
The royall Mine of everlasting Treasure,
The reall Honour of my better part,
And living Fountaine of eternall pleasure,
How nervelesse are my limbs! how faint, and slow!
I have nor wings to flie, nor legs to go.

5

So when the streames of swift-foot Rhene convay
Her upland Riches to the Belgick shore;
The idle vessell slides the watry lay,
Without the blast, or tug, of wind, or Oare;
Her slippry keele divides the silver foame
With ease; So facile is the way from home.

6

But when the home-bound vessell turnes her sailes
Against the brest of the resisting streame,
O then she slugs; nor Saile, nor Oare prevailes;
The Streame is sturdy, and her Tides extreme:
Each stroke is losse, and ev'ry Tug is vaine;
A Boat-lengths purchase is a League of paine.

7

Great All in All, that art my Rest, my Home,
My way is tedious, and my steps are slow:
Reach forth thy helpfull hand, or bid me come;
I am thy child; O teach thy Child to go:
Conjoyne thy sweet commands to my desire,
And I will venture, though I fall or tire.

S. Avgvst.

S. AVGVST. Ser. 15 de Verb. Apoſt.

Be alwayes diſpleaſed at what thou art, if thou deſireſt to attaine to what thou art not: For where thou haſt pleas'd thy ſelfe, there thou abideſt: But if thou ſayeſt, I have enough, thou periſheſt: Alwayes add, alwayes walke, alwayes proceed; neither ſtand ſtill, nor go backe, nor deviate: He that ſtands ſtill, proceeds not; He goes back, that continues not; He deviates, that revolts: He goes better that creepes, in his way, than he that runs, out of his way.

EPIG. 3.

Feare not, my ſoule, to loſe for want of cunning;
Weepe not; heav'n is not alwayes got by running:
Thy thoughts are ſwift, although thy legs be ſlow;
True love will creepe, not having ſtrength to go.

My flesh trembleth for feare of thee: & I am afraide of thy Iudgments. Ps: 119. 120.

W.M. Sculp:

IV.

PSAL. CXIX. CXX.

My flesh trembleth for feare of thee, and I am afraid of thy judgements.

Yet others boast of Luck: and go their wayes
With their faire Game; Know, vengeance seldome playes,
To be too forward; but does wisely frame
Her backward Tables, for an After-Game:
She gives thee leave to venture many a blot;
And, for her owne advantage, hits thee not;
But when her pointed Tables are made faire,
That she be ready for thee, then beware;
Then, if a necessary blot be set,
She hits thee; wins the Game; perchance the Set:
If prosprous Chances make thy Casting high,
Be wisely temp'rate; cast a serious eye
On after-dangers, and keep back thy Game;
Too forward seed-times make thy Harvest lame:
If left-hand Fortune give thee left-hand chances,
Be wisely patient; let no envious glances
Repine to view thy Gamesters heape so faire;
The hindmost Hound takes oft the doubling Hare:
The worlds great Dice are false; sometimes they goe
Extremely high; sometimes, extremely low:
Of all her Gamesters, he that playes the least,
Lives most at ease; playes most secure, and best:

The way to win, is to play faire, and ſweare
Thy ſelfe a ſervant to the Crowne of Feare:
Feare is the Primmer of a Gamſters skill;
Who feares not Bad, ſtands moſt unarm'd to Ill:
The Ill that's wiſely fear'd, is halfe withſtood;
And feare of Bad is the beſt foyle to Good:
True Feare's th' *Elixar*, which, in dayes of old,
Turn'd leaden Croſſes into Crownes of Gold:
The World's the Tables; Stakes, Eternall life;
The Gameſters, Heav'n and I; Vnequall ſtrife!
My Fortunes are my Dice, whereby I frame
My indiſpoſed Life: This Life's the Game;
My ſins are ſev'rall Blots, the Lookers on
Are Angels; and in death, the Game is done:
Lord; I'm a Bungler, and my Game does grow
Still more and more unſhap'd; my Dice run low:
The Stakes are great; my careleſſe Blots are many;
And yet, thou paſſeſt by, and hitſt not any:
Thou art too ſtrong; And I have none to guide me
With the leaſt logge; The lookers on deride me;
It is a Conqueſt, undeſerving Thee,
To win a Stake from ſuch a Worme as mee:
I have no more to loſe; If we perſever,
'Tis loſt; and, that, once loſt, I'm loſt for ever.
Lord, wink at faults, and be not too ſevere,
And I will play my Game with greater feare;
O give me Feare, ere Feare has paſt her date:
Whoſe blot being hit, then feares; feare's then, too late.

S. B.

S. BERN. Ser. 54 in Cant.

There is nothing so effectuall to obtaine Grace, to retaine Grace, and to regaine grace, as alwayes to be found before God not over-wise, but to feare: Happy art thou if thy heart be repleniſhed with three feares, a feare for received grace, a greater feare for loſt Grace, a greateſt feare to recover Grace.

S. AVGVST. ſuper Pſalm.

Preſent feare begets eternall ſecurity: Feare God, which is above all, and no need to feare man at all.

BRITISH MUSEUM

FIG. 4.

Lord ſhall we grumble, when thy flames do ſcourge us?
Our ſinnes breath fire; that fire returnes to purge us:
Lord, what an Alchymiſt art thou, whoſe skill
Tranſmutes to perfect good, from perfect ill!

V.

Turne a way myne eyes least thay behold wanite - psal. 118 - ws

V.

PSAL. CXIX. XXXVII.

Turne away mine eyes from regarding vanitie.

1

How like to threds of Flaxe
That touch the flame, are my inflam'd desires!
How like to yeelding Waxe,
My soule dissolves before these wanton fires!
The fire, but touch'd; the flame, but felt,
Like Flaxe, I burne; like Waxe, I melt.

2

O how this flesh does draw
My fetter'd soule to that deceitfull fire!
And how th'eternall Law
Is baffled by the law of my desire!
How truly bad, how seeming good
Are all the Lawes of Flesh and Blood!

3

O wretched state of Men,
The height of whose Ambition is to borrow
What must be paid agen,
With griping Int'rest of the next dayes sorrow!
How wild his Thoughts! How apt to range!
How apt to varie! Apt to change!

4

How intricate, and nice
Is mans perplexed way to mans desire!
Sometimes upon the Ice
He slips, and sometimes fals into the fire;
His progresse is extreme and bold,
Or very hot, or very cold.

5

The common food, he doth
Sustaine his soule-tormenting thoughts withall,
Is honey, in his mouth,
To night; and in his heart, to morrow, Gall;
'Tis oftentimes, within an houre,
Both very sweet, and very sowre.

6

If sweet *Corinna* smile,
A heav'n of Ioy breaks downe into his heart:
Corinna frownes a while?
Hels Torments are but Copies of his smart:
Within a lustfull heart does dwell
A seeming Heav'n; a very Hell.

7

Thus worthlesse, vaine and void
Of comfort, are the fruits of earths imployment;
Which, ere they be enjoyd,
Distract us; and destroy us in th'enjoyment;
These be the pleasures that are priz'd,
When heav'ns cheape pen'worth stands despis'd.

8

Lord, quench these hasty flashes,
Which dart as lightning from the thundring skies;
And, ev'ry minut, dashes
Against the wanton windowes of mine eyes:
Lord, close the Casement, whilst I stand
Behind the curtaine of thy Hand.

S. AVGVST. Soliloq. Cap. 4.

O thou Sonne that illuminates both Heaven and Earth; Woe be unto those eyes which do not behold thee: Woe be unto those blind eyes which cannot behold thee: Woe be unto those which turne away their eyes that they will not behold thee: Woe be unto those that turne not away their eyes that they may behold vanity.

S. CHRYS. sup. Matth. 19.

What is an evill woman but the enemy of friendship, an unavoidable paine, a necessary mischiefe, a naturall tentation, a desiderable calamity, a domestick danger, a delectable inconvenience, and the nature of evill painted over with the colour of good!

EPIG. 5.

'Tis vaine, great God, to close mine eyes from ill,
When I resolve to keep the old man still:
My rambling heart must cov'nant first with Thee,
Or none can passe betwixt mine eyes and me.

VI.

If I haue found fauour in thy ſight, let my life be giuen me at my petition.
Eſter. 7. 3. Will: Simpſon Sculpsit

VI.

ESTER VII. III.

If I have found favour in thy sight, and if it please the King, let my life be given me at my petition.

THou art the great *Assuerus*, whose command
Doth stretch from Pole to Pole; The World's thy land;
Rebellious *Vashti*'s the corrupted Will,
Which being cal'd, refuses to fulfill
Thy just command: *Hester*, whose teares condole
The razed City's the Regen'rate Soule;
A captive maid, whom thou wilt please to grace
With nuptiall Honour in stout *Vashti's* place:
Her kinsman, whose unbended knee did thwart
Proud *Haman's* glory, is the Fleshly part:
The sober *Eunuch*, that recal'd to mind
The new-built Gibbet (*Haman* had divin'd
For his owne ruine) fifty Cubits high,
Is lustfull thought-controlling Chastity;
Insulting *Haman* is that fleshly lust
Whose red-hot fury, for a season, must
Triumph in Pride, and study how to tread
On *Mordecay*, till royall *Hester* plead.
Great King, my sent-for *Vashti* will not come;
O let the oyle o'th blessed Virgins wombe

Cleanse

Cleanſe my poore *Heſter*; look, O looke upon her
With gracious eyes; and let thy Beames of honour
So ſcoure her captive ſtaines, that ſhe may prove
A holy Object of thy heav'nly love:
Annoint her with the Spicknard of thy graces,
Then try the ſweetneſſe of her chaſt embraces;
Make her the partner of thy nuptiall Bed,
And ſet thy royall Crowne upon her head:
If then, ambitious *Haman* chance to ſpend
His ſpleene on *Mordecay*, that ſcornes to bend
The wilfull ſtiffeneſſe of his ſtubborne knee,
Or baſely crouch to any Lord but Thee;
If weeping *Heſter* ſhould preferre a Grone
Before the high Tribunall of thy Throne,
Hold forth thy golden Scepter, and afford
The gentle Audience of a gracious Lord:
And let thy royall *Heſter* be poſſeſt
Of halfe thy kingdome, at her deare requeſt;
Curbe luſtfull *Haman*; him, that would diſgrace,
Nay, raviſh thy faire Queene before thy face:
And as proud *Haman* was himſelfe enſnar'd
On that ſelfe Gibbet, that himſelfe prepar'd,
So nayle my luſt, both Puniſhment, and Guilt
On that deare Croſſe that mine owne Luſts have built.

S. AVGVST.

S. AVGVST. in Ep.

O holy Spirit, alwayes inspire me with holy works; constraine me, that I may doe: Counsell me that I may love thee; Confirme me, that I may hold thee; Conserve me that I may not lose thee.

S. AVGVST. sup. Ioan.

The Spirit rusts where the flesh rests: For as the flesh is nourished with sweet things, the Spirit is refreshed with sowre.

Ibid.

Wouldst thou that thy flesh obey thy Spirit? Then let thy Spirit obey thy God: Thou must be govern'd, that thou mayst governe.

EPIG. 6.

Of Merc'and Iustice is thy Kingdome built;
This plagues my Sin; and that removes my guilt:
When ere I sue, *Assuerus* like decline
Thy Scepter; Lord, say, Halfe my kingdome's thine.

VII.

Come my beloved, let vs goe forth into ſ fields, let vs remaine in ſ Villages. Cant: 7. ij.

W. Simpson. Sculp:

VII.

CANT. VII. XI.

Come my beloved, let us goe forth into the fields, and let us remaine in the villages.

Christ. *Soule.*

1

Chr. COme, come, my deare, and let us both retire
And whiffe the dainties of the fragrant fields:
Where warbling *Philomel* and the shrill-mouth'd Quire
Chaunt forth their raptures; where the Turtle builds
Her lonely nest; and where the new-borne Bryer
Breaths forth the sweetnesse that her Aprill yeelds:
Come, come, my lovely faire, and let us try
These rurall delicates; where thou and I
May melt in private flames, and feare no slander by.

2

Sou. My hearts eternall Ioy, in lieu of whom
The earth's a blast, and all the world, a Buble;
Our Citie-mansion is the fairer Home,
But Country-sweets are tang'd with lesser Trouble;
Let's try them both, and choose the better; Come;
A change in pleasure makes the pleasure double:
On thy Commands depends my Goe, or Tarie;
Ile stirre with *Martha*; or Ile stay with *Marie*:
Our hearts are firmly fixt, although our pleasures varie.

Chr. Our

3

Chr. Our Countrey-Manſion (ſituate on high)
With various Objects, ſtill renewes delight;
Her arched Roofe's of unſtain'd Ivory;
Her wals of fiery-ſparkling Chryſolite;
Her pavement is of hardeſt Porphery;
Her ſpacious windowes are all glaz'd with bright
And flaming Carbuncles; no need require
Titans faint rayes, or *Vulcans* feebler fire;
And ev'ry Gate's a Pearle; and ev'ry Pearle, entire.

4

Sou. Foole, that I was! how were my thoughts deceiv'd!
How falſly was my fond conceit poſſeſt!
I tooke it for an Hermitage, but pav'd
And daub'd with neighbring dirt, and thatch'd at beſt;
Alas, I nev'r expected more; nor crav'd;
A Turtle hop'd but for a Turtles neſt:
Come, come, my deare, and let no idle ſtay
Neglect th'advantage of the head-ſtrong day;
How pleaſure grates, that feeles the Curb of dull delay!

5

Chr. Come, then my Ioy; let our divided paces
Conduct us to our faireſt Territory;
O there wee'l twine our ſoules in ſweet embraces;
Sou. And in thine Armes Ile tell my paſſion ſtory:
Chr. O there Ile crowne thy head with all my Graces;
Sou. And all thoſe Graces ſhall reflect thy Glory;
Chr. O there, Ile feed thee with celeſtiall *Manna*;
Ile be thy *Elkanah Soul.* And I, thy *Hanna*.
Chr. Ile ſound my Trump of Ioy. *So.* And Ile reſound *Hoſanna*

S. BERN.

S. Bern.

O blessed Contemplation! The death of vices, and the life of virtues! Thee the Law and Prophets admire: Who ever attain'd perfection, if not by Thee! O blessed Solitude, the Magazen of celestiall Treasure! by thee things earthly, and transitory, are chang'd into heavenly, and eternall.

S. Bern. in Ep.

Happy is that house, and blessed is that Congregation, where Martha *still complaines of* Mary.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Epig. 7.

Mechanick soule; thou must not onely doe
With *Martha*; but, with *Mary*, ponder too:
Happy's that house, where these faire sisters vary;
But most, when *Martha's* reconcil'd to *Mary*.

VIII.

Draw me; we will run after thee. because of the sauour of thy good oyntments.

Cant: 1. 4. *Will: Simpson. sculp:*

VIII.

CANT. I. III.

Draw me; we will follow after thee by the savour of thy Oyntments.

THus, like a lump of the corrupted Masse,
I lie secure; long lost, before I was:
And like a Block, beneath whose burthen lies
That undiscover'd Worme that never dies,
I have no will to rouze; I have no pow'r to rise.

Can stinking *Lazarus* compound, or strive
With deaths entangling Fetters, and revive?
Or can the water-buried *Axe* implore
A hand to raise it? or, it selfe, restore
And, from her sandy deepes, approach the dry-foot shore?

So hard's the task for sinfull Flesh and Blood
To lend the smallest step to what is Good;
My God, I cannot move, the least degree;
Ah! If but onely those that active be
None should thy glory see, none should thy Glory see.

But if the Potter please t'informe the Clay;
Or some strong hand remove the Block away;
Their lowly fortunes soone are mounted higher,
That proves a vessell, which, before, was myre;
And this, being hewne, may serve for better use than fire.

And if that life-reſtoring voice command
Dead *Laz'rus* forth; or that great *Prophets* hand
Should charme the ſullen waters, and begin
To beckon, or to dart a Stick but in,
Dead *Laz'rus* muſt revive, and th' *Axe* muſt float agin.

Lord, as I am, I have no pow'r at all
To heare thy voice, or Eccho to thy call;
The gloomy Clouds of mine owne Guilt benight me;
Thy glorious beames, nor dainty ſweets invite me;
They neither can direct; nor theſe at all delight me.

See how my Sin-bemangled body lies,
Nor having pow'r, to will; nor will, to riſe!
Shine home upon thy Creature, and inſpire
My liveleſſe will with thy regen'rate fire;
The firſt degree to do, is onely to deſire.

Give me the pow'r to will; the will, to doe;
O raiſe me up, and I will ſtrive to go:
Draw me, O draw me with thy treble twiſt,
That have no pow'r but meerly to reſiſt;
O lend me ſtrength to do; and then command thy Liſt.

My Soule's a Clock, whoſe wheeles (for want of uſe
And winding up, being ſubject to th'abuſe
Of eating Ruſt) wants vigour to fulfill
Her twelve houres task, and ſhow her makers skill;
But idly ſleepes unmoov'd, and ſtandeth vainly ſtill.

Great God, it is thy work: and therefore, Good;
If thou be pleas'd to cleanſe it with thy Blood;
And winde it up with thy ſoule-mooving kayes,
Her buſie wheeles ſhall ſerve thee all her dayes;
Her Hand ſhall point thy pow'r; her Hammer ſtrike thy praiſe

S. BERN

S. BERN. Serm. 21 in Cant.

Let us run: let us run, but in the ſavour of thy Oyntments, nor in the confidence of our merits, nor in the greatneſſe of our ſtrength: we truſt to run, but in the multitude of thy mercies, for though we run and are willing, it is not in him that wils, nor in him that runs, but in God that ſheweth mercy: O let thy mercy returne, and we will run: Thou, like a Gyant, run'ſt by thy own power; We, unleſſe thy oyntment breath upon us, cannot run.

BRITISH MUSEUM

EPIG. 8.

Looke not, my Watch, being once repair'd, to ſtand
Expecting motion from thy Makers hand.
H'as wound thee up, and cleans'd thy Coggs with blood;
If now thy wheeles ſtand ſtill; thou art not good.

IX.

O that thow wert as my Brother, that Sucked the Brests of my Mother. Cant: 8.

W. marshall fecit

IX.

CANT. VIII. I.

O that thou wert as my brother, that ſucked the breſts of my mother, I would find thee without, and I would kiſſe thee.

1

COme, come my bleſſed Infant, and immure thee
Within the Temple of my ſacred Armes;
Secure mine Armes; mine Armes ſhall, then, ſecure thee
From *Herods* fury, or the High Prieſts Harmes;
Or if thy danger'd life ſuſtaine a loſſe, — —
My folded Armes ſhall turne thy dying Croſſe.

2

But, ah, what ſavage Tyrant can behold
The beauty of ſo ſweet a face as this is,
And not himſelfe, be, by himſelfe, controld,
And change his fury to a thouſand kiſſes?
One ſmile of thine is worth more mines of treaſure
Than there be *Myriads* in the dayes of *Cæſar*.

3

O, had the *Tetrarch*, as he knew thy birth,
So knowne thy Stock; he had not ſought to paddle
In thy deare Blood; but, proſtrate on the earth,
Had vayld his Crowne before thy royall Cradle,
And laid the Scepter of his Glory downe,
And beg'd a heav'nly for an earthly Crowne.

4

Illuſtrious Babe! How is thy Handmaid grac'd
With a rich Armefull! How doeſt thou decline
Thy Majeſty, that wert, ſo late, embrac'd
In thy great Fathers Armes, and now, in mine!
How humbly gracious art thou, to refreſh
Me with thy Spirit, and aſſume my fleſh.

5

But muſt the Treaſon of a Traitors *Haile*
Abuſe the ſweetneſſe of theſe rubie lips?
Shall marble-hearted Cruelty aſſaile
Theſe Alablaſter ſides with knotted whips?
And muſt theſe ſmiling Roſes entertaine
The Blowes of ſcorne, and Flurts of baſe diſdaine?

6

Ah! muſt theſe dainty little ſprigs that twine
So faſt about my neck, be pierc'd and torne
With ragged nailes? And muſt theſe Browes reſigne
Their Crowne of Glory for a Crowne of thorne?
Ah, muſt this bleſſed Infant taſt the paine
Of deaths injurious pangs? nay worſe; be ſlaine?

7

Sweet Babe! At what deare rates do wretched I
Commit a ſin! Lord, ev'ry ſin's a dart;
And ev'ry treſpaſſe lets a javelin fly;
And ev'ry javelin wounds thy bleeding heart:
Pardon, ſweet Babe, what I have done amiſſe,
And ſeale that granted pardon with a kiſſe.

BONAVENT. Soliloq. Cap. 1.

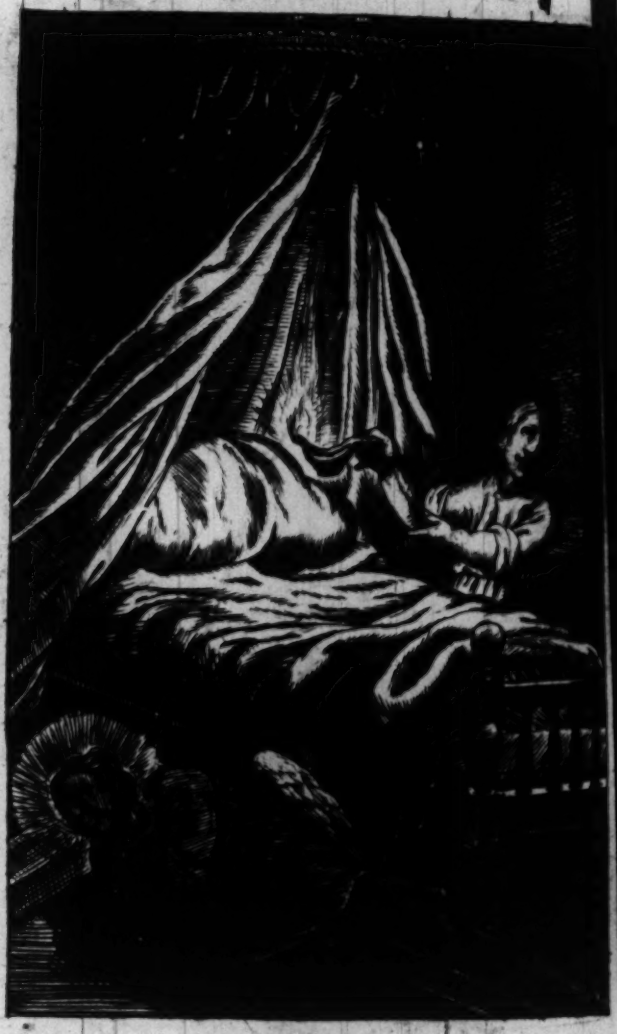
O sweet Iesu, I knew not that thy kisses were so sweet, nor thy society so delectable, nor thy Attraction so vertuous: For when I love thee, I am cleane; when I touch thee, I am chast; when I receive thee, I am a virgin: O most sweet Iesu, thy embraces defile not, but cleanse; thy attraction pollutes not, but sanctifies: O Iesu, the fountaine of universall sweetnesse, pardon me, that I believed so late, that so much sweetnesse is in thy embraces.

BRITISH MUSEUM

EPIG. 9.

My burthen's greateſt: Let not *Atlas* boſt:
Impartiall Reader, judge, which beares the moſt:
He beares but Heav'n; My folded Armes ſuſtaine
Heav'ns Maker; whom heav'ns heav'n cannot containe.

X.



By night on my bed I sought him whom my soule loueth; I sought him, but I found him not.
Cant: 3.1. *Will: Simpson. sculpsit.*

X.

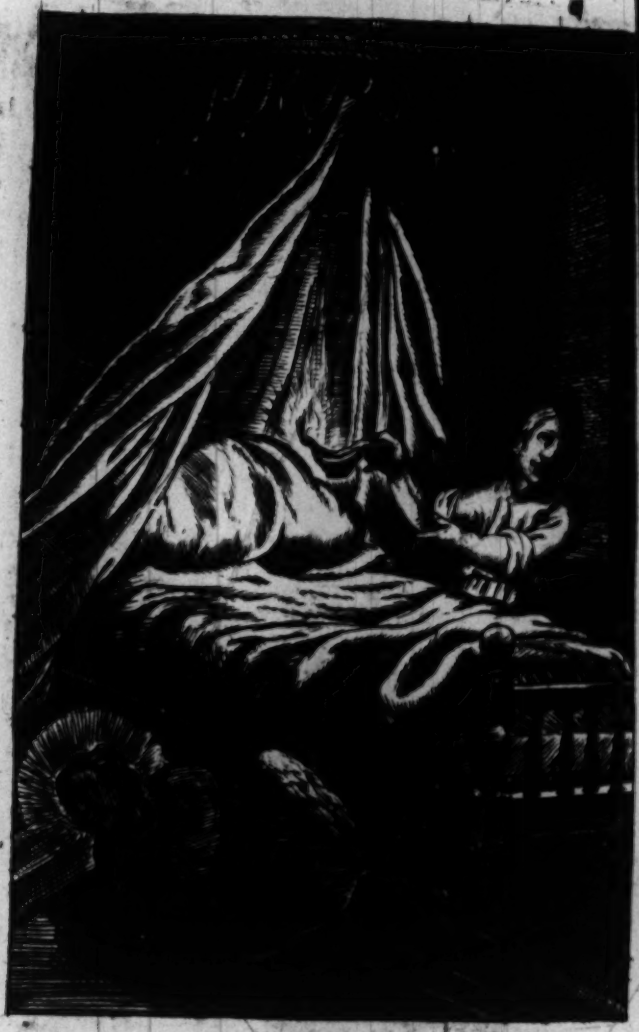
CANT. III. I.

In my bed, by night, I ſought him, that my ſoule loved; I ſought him, but I found him not.

THe learned Cynick, having loſt the way
To honeſt men, did, in the height of day,
By Taper-light, divide his ſteps about
The peopled Streets, to find this dainty out;
But fail'd. The Cynick ſearch'd not where he ought;
The thing he ſought for was not where he ſought:
The Wiſemens taske ſeem'd harder to be done,
The Wiſemen did, by Starre-light ſeeke the Son,
And found; the Wiſemen ſearch'd it where they ought;
The thing they hop'd to find, was where they ſought:
One ſeeks his wiſhes where he ſhould; but then
Perchance he ſeeks not as he ſhould, nor when:
Another ſearches when he ſhould, but there
He failes; not ſeeking as he ſhould, nor where:
Whoſe ſoule deſires the good it wants; and would
Obtaine, muſt ſeek Where, As, and When he ſhould:
How often have my wilde Affections led
My waſted ſoule to this my widdow'd Bed,
To ſeek my Lover, whom my ſoule deſires!
(I ſpeak not, *Cupid*, of thy wanton fyres;

Thy

X.



By night on my bed I sought him whom my soule loueth; I sought him, but I found him not
Cant: 3.1. *Will: Simpson. sculpsit.*

X.

CANT. III. I.

In my bed, by night, I ſought him, that my ſoule loved; I ſought him, but I found him not.

THe learned Cynick, having loſt the way
To honeſt men, did, in the height of day,
By Taper-light, divide his ſteps about
The peopled Streets, to find this dainty out; — —
But fail'd. The Cynick ſearch'd not where he ought;
The thing he ſought for was not where he ſought:
The Wiſemens taske ſeem'd harder to be done,
The Wiſemen did, by Starre-light ſeeke the Son,
And found; the Wiſemen ſearch'd it where they ought;
The thing they hop'd to find, was where they ſought:
One ſeeks his wiſhes where he ſhould; but then
Perchance he ſeeks not as he ſhould, nor when:
Another ſearches when he ſhould, but there
He failes; not ſeeking as he ſhould, nor where:
Whoſe ſoule deſires the good it wants; and would
Obtaine, muſt ſeek Where, As, and When he ſhould:
How often have my wilde Affections led
My waſted ſoule to this my widdow'd Bed,
To ſeek my Lover, whom my ſoule deſires!
(I ſpeak not, *Cupid*, of thy wanton fyres;

Thy

Thy fires are all but dying ſparks to mine ;
My flames are full of heav'n, and all divine)
How often have I ſought this Bed, by night,
To find that greater, by this leſſer light !
How oft has my unwitneſt groanes lamented
Thy deareſt abſence ! Ah, how often vented
The bitter Tempeſts of deſpairing breath,
And toſt my ſoule upon the waves of death !
How often has my melting heart made choice
Of ſilent teares, (teares lowder than a voice)
To plead my griefe, and woo thy abſent eare !
And yet thou wilt not come ; thou wilt not heare :
O is thy wonted love become ſo cold ?
Or do mine eyes not ſeek thee where they ſhould ?
Why do I ſeek thee, if thou art not here ?
Or find thee not, if thou art ev'ry where ?
I ſee my error ; 'Tis not ſtrange I could not
Find out my love ; I ſought him where I ſhould not :
Thou art not found in downy Beds of eaſe ;
Alas, thy muſick ſtrikes on harder keyes :
Nor art thou found by that falſe, feeble light
Of Natures Candle ; Our Ægyptian night
Is more than common darkneſſe ; nor can we
Expect a morning, but what breaks from Thee.
Well may my empty Bed bewaile thy loſſe,
When thou art lodg'd upon thy ſhamefull Croſſe :
If thou refuſe to ſhare a Bed with me ;
Wee'l never part, Ile ſhare a Croſſe with Thee.

ANSELM.

ANSELM. in Protolog. Cap. 1.

Lord, if thou art not preſent, where ſhall I ſeeke thee abſent? If every where, why do I not ſee the preſent? Thou dwelleſt in light inacceſſible; and where is that inacceſſible light? Or how ſhall I have acceſſe to light inacceſſible? I beſeech thee, Lord, teach me to ſeeke thee, and ſhow thy ſelfe to the ſeeker, becauſe I can neither ſeeke thee, unleſſe thou teach me, nor find thee, unleſſe thou ſhow thy ſelfe to me: Let me ſeeke thee, in d ſiring thee, and deſire thee in ſeeking thee; Let me find thee in loving thee, and love thee in finding thee.

BRITISH MUSEUM

EPIG. 10.

Where ſhouldſt thou ſeek for reſt, but in thy Bed?
But now thy Reſt is gone; thy Reſt is fled:
'Tis vaine to ſeeke him there; My ſoule, be wiſe;
Go ask thy ſinnes; They'l tell thee where he lies.

XI.

I will rise now & goe about the citie in the Streetes & in the broad wayes I will seeke him whom my Soule loveth I sought him but I found him not Cant: 3. 2. Will: Simp Son

XI.

CANT. III. II.

I will riſe, and go about in the City, and will ſeeke him that my ſoule loveth: I ſought him, but I found him not.

1

O How my diſappointed ſoule's perplext!
How reſtleſſe thoughts ſwarme in my troubled breſt!
How vainely pleas'd with hopes; then, croſſely vext
With feares! And how, betwixt them both, diſtreſt!
What place is left unranſack'd? Oh! Where, next,
Shall I go ſeek the Author of my Reſt?
Of what bleſt Angell ſhall my lips enquire
The undiſcover'd way to that entire
And everlaſting ſolace of my hearts deſire!

2

Look how the ſtricken Hart, that wounded, flies
Ov'r hils and dales, and ſeeks the lower grounds
For running ſtreames; the whil'ſt his weeping eyes
Beg ſilent mercy from the following Hounds,
At length, emboſt, he droopes, drops downe, and lies
Beneath the burthen of his bleeding wounds:
Ev'n ſo my gaſping ſoule, diſſolv'd in teares,
Doth ſearch for thee, my God, whoſe deafned eares
Leave me th'unranſom'd Priſner to my panick feares.

Where

Thy fires are all but dying ſparks to mine ;
My flames are full of heav'n, and all divine)
How often have I ſought this Bed, by night,
To find that greater, by this leſſer light !
How oft has my unwitneſt groanes lamented
Thy deareſt abſence ! Ah, how often vented
The bitter Tempeſts of deſpairing breath,
And toſt my ſoule upon the waves of death !
How often has my melting heart made choice
Of ſilent teares, (teares lowder than a voice)
To plead my griefe, and woo thy abſent eare !
And yet thou wilt not come ; thou wilt not heare :
O is thy wonted love become ſo cold ?
Or do mine eyes not ſeek thee where they ſhould ?
Why do I ſeek thee, if thou art not here ?
Or find thee not, if thou art ev'ry where ?
I ſee my error ; 'Tis not ſtrange I could not
Find out my love ; I ſought him where I ſhould not :
Thou art not found in downy Beds of eaſe ;
Alas, thy muſick ſtrikes on harder keyes :
Nor art thou found by that falſe, feeble light
Of Natures Candle ; Our Ægyptian night
Is more than common darkneſſe ; nor can we
Expect a morning, but what breaks from Thee.
Well may my empty Bed bewaile thy loſſe,
When thou art lodg'd upon thy ſhamefull Croſſe :
If thou refuſe to ſhare a Bed with me ;
Wee'l never part, Ile ſhare a Croſſe with Thee.

ANSELM.

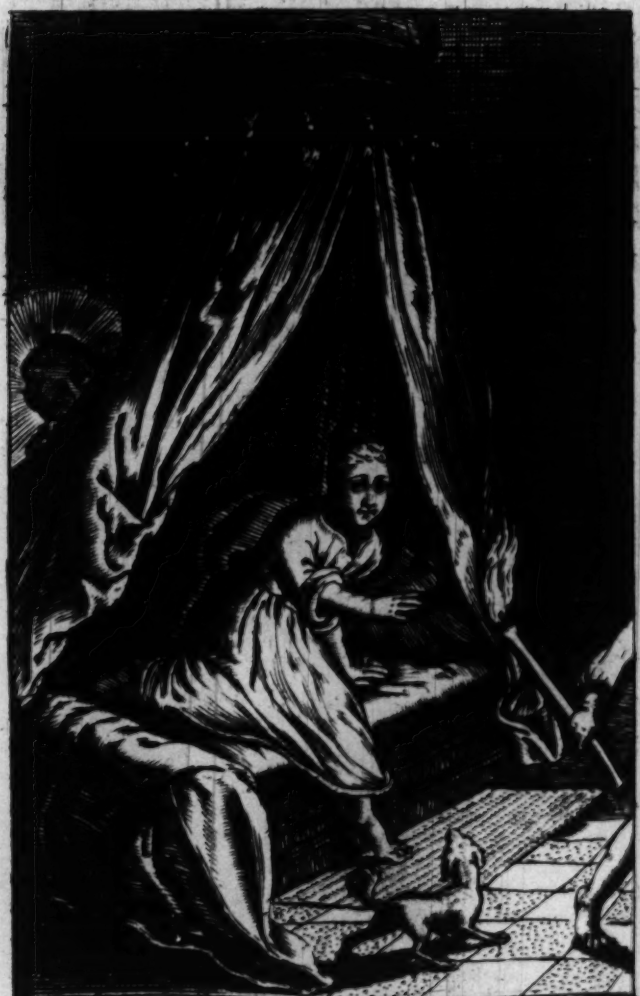
ANSELM. in Protolog. Cap. 1.

Lord, if thou art not present, where shall I seeke thee absent? If every where, why do I not see the present? Thou dwellest in light inaccessible; and where is that inaccessible light? Or how shall I have accesse to light inaccessible? I beseech thee, Lord, teach me to seeke thee, and show thy selfe to the seeker, because I can neither seeke thee, unlesse thou teach me, nor find thee, unlesse thou show thy selfe to me: Let me seeke thee, in desiring thee, and desire thee in seeking thee; Let me find thee in loving thee, and love thee in finding thee.

EPIG. 10.

Where shouldst thou seek for rest, but in thy Bed?
But now thy Rest is gone; thy Rest is fled:
'Tis vaine to seeke him there; My soule, be wise;
Go ask thy sinnes; They'l tell thee where he lies.

XI.



I will rise now & goe about the citie in the Streetes & in the broad wayes I will seeke him whom my Soule loveth I sought him but I found him not Cant: 3. 2. Will. Simp. Son

XI.

CANT. III. II.

I will riſe, and go about in the City, and will ſeeke him that my ſoule loveth: I ſought him, but I found him not.

1

O How my diſappointed ſoule's perplext!
How reſtleſſe thoughts ſwarme in my troubled breſt!
How vainely pleas'd with hopes; then, croſſely vext
With feares! And how, betwixt them both, diſtreſt!
What place is left unranſack'd? Oh! Where, next,
Shall I go ſeek the Author of my Reſt?
Of what bleſt Angell ſhall my lips enquire
The undiſcover'd way to that entire
And everlaſting ſolace of my hearts deſire!

2

Look how the ſtricken Hart, that wounded, flies
Ov'r hils and dales, and ſeeks the lower grounds
For running ſtreames; the whil'ſt his weeping eyes
Beg ſilent mercy from the following Hounds,
At length, emboſt, he droopes, drops downe, and lies
Beneath the burthen of his bleeding wounds:
Ev'n ſo my gaſping ſoule, diſſolv'd in teares,
Doth ſearch for thee, my God, whoſe deafned eares
Leave me th'unranſom'd Priſner to my panick feares.

Where

3

Where have my buſie eyes not pry'd? O where,
Of whom hath not my thred-bare tongue demanded?
I ſearch'd this glorious City; Hee's not here;
I ſought the Countrey; She ſtands empty-handed:
I ſearch'd the Court; He is a ſtranger there:
I ask'd the land; Hee's ſhipp'd: the ſea; hee's landed:
I climb'd the ayre, my thoughts began t'aſpire;
But, ah! the wings of my too bold deſire,
Soaring too neare the Sun, were ſing'd with ſacred fire.

4

I moov'd the Merchants eare; alas, but he
Knew neither what I ſaid, nor what to ſay:
I ask'd the Lawyer; He demands a Fee,
And then demurres me with a vaine delay:
I ask'd the Schoole-man; His adviſe was free,
But ſcor'd me out too intricate a way;
I ask'd the Watch-man (beſt of all the foure)
Whoſe gentle anſwer could reſolve no more;
But that he lately left him at the Temple doore.

5

Thus having ſought, and made my great Inqueſt
In ev'ry place, and ſearch'd in ev'ry eare,
I threw me on my Bed; but ah! my reſt
Was poyſon'd with th'extreames of griefe and feare,
Where, looking downe into my troubled breſt,
The Magazen of wounds, I found him there;
Let others hunt, and ſhow their ſportfull Art;
I wiſh to catch the Hare before ſhe ſtart,
As Potchers uſe to do; Heav'ns Form's a troubled heart.

S. AMBROS.

S. AMBROS. Lib. 3 de Virg.

Christ is not in the market; not in the streets: For Christ is peace; in the market are strifes: Christ is Iustice; in the market is iniquity: Christ is a Labourer; in the market is idlenesse: Christ is Charity; in the market is slander: Christ is Faith; in the market is fraud: Let us not therefore seeke Christ, where we cannot find Christ.

S. HIEROM. Ep. 22 Eustoch.

Iesus is jealous: He will not have thy face seene: Let foolish virgins ramble abroad; seeke thou thy Love at home.

BRITISH MUSEUM

EPIG. 11.

What lost thy Love? Will neither Bed nor Board
Receive him? Not by teares to be implor'd?
It is the Ship that mooves, and not the Coast;
I feare, I feare, my soule, 'tis thou art lost.

XII.

Saw yee him whom my Soule loveth? It was but a little that I passed from them, but I found Him whom my Soule loveth, I held Him and would not let him goe. Cant: 3.4. will-sim: sculp

XII.

CANT. III. III.

Have you ſeene him whom my ſoule loveth? When I had paſt a little frō them, then I found him, I took hold on him, and left him not.

1

WHat ſecret corner? What unwonted way
Has ſcap'd the ranſack of my rambling thoughts?
The Fox by night, nor the dull Owle, by day,
Have never ſearch'd thoſe places I have ſought,
Whilſt thy lamented abſence taught my breſt
The ready Road to Griefe, without requeſt;
My day had neither comfort, nor my night had reſt:

2

How has my unregarded language vented
The ſad Tautologies of laviſh paſſion?
How often have I languiſh'd, unlamented!
How oft have I complain'd without compaſſion!
I ask the Citie-Watch; but ſome deny'd me
The common ſtreit, whilſt others would miſguide me;
Some would debarre me; ſome, divert me; ſome, deride me.

3

Mark, how the widow'd Turtle, having loſt
The faithfull partner of her loyall Heart,
Stretches her feeble wings from Coaſt to Coaſt,
Haunts ev'ry path, thinks ev'ry ſhade does part

Her abſent Love, and her; At length, unſped,
She re-betakes her to her lonely Bed,
And there bewailes her everlaſting widow-head;

4

So when my ſoule had progreſt ev'ry place,
That love and deare affection could contrive;
I threw me on my Couch, reſolv'd t'embrace
A death for him, in whom I ceas'd to live:
But there injurious Hymen did preſent
His Lanskip joyes; my pickled eyes did vent
Full ſtreames of briny teares; teares never to be ſpent.

5

Whilſt thus my ſorrow-waſting ſoule was feeding
Vpon the rad'call Humour of her thought,
Ev'n whilſt mine eyes were blind, and heart was bleeding,
He that was ſought, unfound, was found, unſought;
As if the Sun ſhould dart his Orbe of light
Into the ſecrets of the black-brow'd night,
Ev'n ſo appear'd my Love, my ſole, my ſoules delight.

6

O how mine eyes, now raviſh'd at the ſight
Of my bright Sun, ſhot flames of equall fire!
Ah! how my ſoule, diſſolv'd with ov'r-delight,
To re-enjoy the Crowne of chaſt deſire!
How ſov'raigne joy depos'd and diſpoſſeſt
Rebellious griefe! And how my raviſht breſt ---
But who can preſſe thoſe heights, that cannot be expreſt?

7

O how theſe Armes, theſe greedy Armes did twine,
And ſtrongly twiſt about his yeelding waſt!
The ſappy branches of the Theſpian vine
Nev'r cling'd their leſſe beloved Elme ſo faſt;
Boaſt not thy flames, blind boy, nor feather'd ſhot;
Let Himens eaſie ſnarles be quite forgot:
Time cannot quench our fires, nor death diſſolve our knot.

ORIG. Hom. 10 in diverſ.

O moſt holy Lord, and ſweeteſt Maſter, how good art thou to thoſe that are of upright heart, and humble ſpirit! O how bleſſed are they that ſeek thee with a ſimple heart! How happy that truſt in thee! It is a moſt certaine truth, that thou loveſt all that love thee, and never forſakeſt thoſe that truſt in thee: For behold thy Love ſimply ſought thee, and undoubtedly found thee: She truſted in thee, and is not forſaken of thee, but hath obtained more by thee, than ſhe expected from thee.

BEDE in Cap. 3. Cant.

The longer I was in finding whom I ſought, the more earneſtly I held him being found.

FPIG. 12.

What? found him out? Let ſtrong embraces bind him;
Hee'l fly perchance, where teares can never find him:
New Sins will loſe what old Repentance gaines:
Wiſdome not onely gets, but got, retaines.

XII I.

It is good for me to draw neare to if Lord
I haue put my trust in if Lord God.
Ps: 73. 28. *Will Simpson Sculpsit*

XIII.

PSAL. LXXII. XXVIII.

It is good for me to draw neare to God; I have put my trust in the Lord God.

WHere is that Good, which wise men please to call
The Chiefest? Does there any such befall
Within mans reach? Or is there such a Good at all?

If such there be: it neither must expire,
Nor change; than which, there can be nothing higher;
Such Good must be the utter point of mans desire:

It is the Mark, to which all hearts must tend,
Can be desired for no other end,
Then for it selfe; on which, all other Goods depend:

What may this Exc'lence be? does it subsist
A royall Essence, clouded in the mist
Of curions Art, or cleare to ev'ry eye that list?

Or is't a tart Idea, to procure
An Edge, and keep the practick soule in ure,
Like that deare Chymick dust, or puzzling Quadrature?

Where shall I seek this Good? Where shall I find
This Cath'licke pleasure, whose extreames may bind
My thoughts, and fill the gulph of my insatiate mind?

Lies it in Treaſure? In full heaps untold?
Does gowty *Mammons* griping hand infold
This ſecret Saint in ſacred Shrines of ſov'raigne Gold?

No, no; ſhe lies not there; Wealth often ſowrs
In keeping; makes us hers, in ſeeming ours;
She ſlides from heav'n indeed, but not in *Danaes* ſhowrs.

Lives ſhe in Honour? No. The royall Crowne
Builds up a Creature, and then batters downe:
Kings raiſe thee with a ſmile, and raze thee with a frowne.

In pleaſure? No, Pleaſure begins in rage;
Acts the fooles part on earths uncertaine Stage,
Begins the Play in Youth; and Epilogues in Age.

Theſe, theſe are baſtard-goods; the beſt of theſe
Torment the ſoule with pleaſing it, and pleaſe,
Like water gulp'd in Fevers, with deceitfull eaſe.

Earths flattring dainties are but ſweet diſtreſſes:
Mole-hils performe the mountaines ſhe profeſſes;
Alas, can earth confer more good than earth poſſeſſes?

Mount, mount my ſoule; and let thy thoughts caſheire
Earths vaine delights, and make their full careire
At heav'ns eternall joyes, ſtop, ſtop thy Courſer there.

There ſhall thy ſoule poſſeſſe uncarefull Treaſure;
There ſhalt thou ſwim in never-fading pleaſure;
And blaze in Honour farre above the frownes of *Cæſar*.

Lord, if my hope dare let her Anchor fall
On thee, the chiefeſt Good, no need to call
For earths inferiour traſh; Thou, thou art All in All.

S. AVGVST.

S. AVGVST. Soliloq. Cap. 13.

I follow this thing, I pursue that; but am fill'd with nothing. But when I found thee, who art that immutable, individed, and onely good, in myselfe, what I obtained, I wanted not; for what I obtained not, I grieved not; with what I was possest, my whole desire was satisfied.

S. BERN. Ser. 9 sup. beati qui habent, &c.

Let others pretend merit: let him brag of the burthen of the day; let him boast of his Sabbath fasts, and let him glory that he is not as other men: but for me, it is good to cleave unto the Lord, and to put my trust in my Lord God.

BRITISH MUSEUM

EPIG. 13.

Let *Boreas* blasts, and *Neptunes* waves be joyn'd,
Thy *Eolus* commands the waves, the wind:
Feare not the Rocks or worlds imperious waves:
Thou climbst a Rock (my soule) a Rock that saves.

XIV.

I sat vnder the shadoue of him whom I haue desired. Cane: 2 Will Simson sculp:

XIV.

CANT. II. III.

I sate under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste.

1

LOok how the sheep, whose rambling steps doe stray
From the safe blessing of her Shepheards eyes
Effsoone, becomes the unprotected Prey
To the wing'd Squadron of beleagring flies;
Where, sweltred with the scorching beames of day,
She frisks from Bush to Brake; and wildly flies
From her own selfe, ev'n of her selfe affraid;
She shrowds her troubled browes in ev'ry Glade,
And craves the mercy of the soft removing shade.

2

Ev'n so my wandring Soule, that has digrest
From her great Shepheard, is the hourely prey
Of all my Sinnes, These vultures in my Brest
Gripe my Promethian heart both night and day;
I hunt from place to place, but find no rest;
I know not where to go, nor where to stay:
The eye of vengeance burnes; her flames invade
My swestring Soule: My soule has oft assaid
But she can find no shrowd, but she can feele no Shade.

3

I ſought the Shades of Mirth, to weare away
My ſlow-pac'd houres of ſoule-conſuming griefe;
I ſearch'd the Shades of Sleepe, to eaſe my day
Of griping ſorrowes with a nights repriefe;
I ſought the Shades of Death; thought, there, t'allay
My finall torments with a full reliefe;
But Mirth, nor Sleepe, nor Death can hide my howres
In the falſe Shades of their deceitfull Bowres;
The firſt diſtracts, the next diſturbes, the laſt devoures.

4

Where ſhall I turne? To whom ſhall I apply me?
Are there no Streames where a faint ſoule may wade?
Thy Godhead, IESVS, are the flames that fry me;
Has thy All-glorious Deity nev'r a Shade,
Where I may ſit, and vengeance never eye me,
Where I might ſit refreſht, or unaffraid?
Is there no Comfort? Is there no Refection?
Is there no Covert that will give Protection
T'a fainting ſoule, the ſubject of thy wraths reflexion?

5

Looke up, my ſoule; advance the lowly ſtature
Of thy ſad Thoughts; advance thy humble eye:
See, here's a Shadow found; The humane nature
Is made th'Vmbrella to the Deity,
To catch the Sun-beames of thy juſt Creator;
Beneath this Covert thou maiſt ſafely lie:
Permit thine eyes to climbe this fruitfull Tree,
As quick *Zacheus* did, and thou ſhalt ſee
A Cloud of dying fleſh betwixt thoſe Beames and thee.

GVILL.

GVILL. in Cap. 2 Cant.

Who can endure the fierce rayes of the Sun of Iustice? Who shall not be consumed by his beames? Therefore the Sun of Iustice tooke flesh, that through the conjunction of that Sun and this humane body, a shadow may be made.

S. AVGVST. Med. Cap. 37.

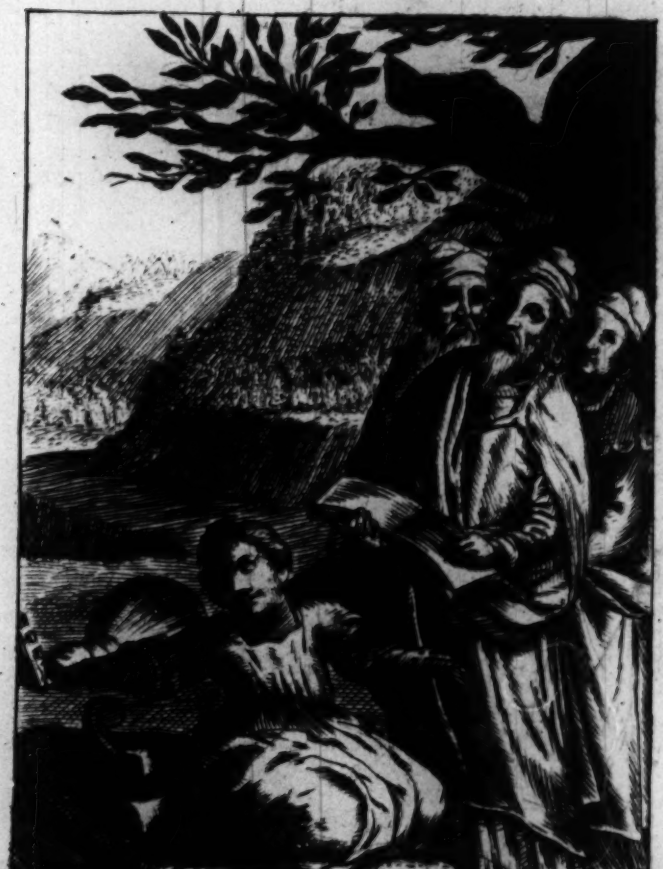
Lord, let my soule flee from the scorching thoughts of the world under the Covert of thy wings, that being refreshed by the moderation of thy shadow, she may sing merrily, In peace will I lay me downe and rest.

BRITISH MUSEUM

EPIG. 14.

Ah, trech'rous soule, would not thy Pleasures give
That Lord which made thee living, leave to live?
See, what thy sinnes have done: Thy sinnes have made
The Sun of Glory now become thy Shade.

XV.



How shall we sing the song of the Lord in a strang Land Ps. 137.

XV.

PSAL. CXXXVII. IV.

How shall we sing a song of the Lord in a strange land?

VRge me no more: This Ayry mirth belongs
To better times: These times are not for songs:
The sprightly Twang of the melodious Lute
Agrees not with my voice: and both unsuit
My untun'd fortunes: The affected measure
Of straines that are constrain'd, affoord no pleasure;
Musick's the Child of mirth: where griefs assaile
The troubled soule, both voice and fingers faile;
Let such as ravill out their lavish dayes
In honourable Ryot, that can raise
Dejected hearts, and conjure up a Sprite
Of madnesse by the Magick of delight;
Let those of *Cupids* Hospitall that lie
Impatient Patients to a smiling eye,
That cannot rest, untill vaine hope beguile
Their flatter'd Torments with a wanton smile;
Let such redeeme their peace, and salve the wrongs
Of froward Fortune with their frolick Songs:
My grief, my griefe's too great for smiling eyes
To cure, or Counter-charmes to exercise;
The Ravens dismall Croakes; the midnight howles
Of empty Wolves, mixt with the screech of Owles;

The

The nine ſad knowls of a dull Paſſing Bell,
With the loud language of a nighty knell,
And horrid out-cries of revenged Crimes,
Ioyn'd in a Medley's Muſick for theſe Times;
Theſe are no Times to touch the merry ſtring
Of *Orpheus*; No, theſe are no times to ſing:
Can hide-bound Priſners, that have ſpent their ſoules
And famiſh'd Bodies in the noyſome holes
Of hell-black dungeons, apt their rougher throats,
Growne hoarſe with begging Almes, to warble notes?
Can the ſad Pilgrim, that has loſt his way
In the vaſt deſart; there, condemn'd a Prey
To the wild Subject, or his Salvage King,
Rouze up his palſey-ſmitten ſpir'ts, and ſing?
Can I a Pilgrim, and a Priſner too,
(Alas) where I am neither knowne, nor know
Ought but my Torments, an unranſom'd ſtranger
In this ſtrange Climat, in a land of danger,
O, can my voice be pleaſant, or my hand,
Thus made a Priſner to a forreigne land?
How can my muſick reliſh in your eares,
That cannot ſpeake for ſobs, nor ſing for teares?
Ah, if my voice could, *Orpheus*-like, unſpell
My poore *Euridicé*, my ſoule, from hell
Of earths miſconſtru'd Heav'n, O then my breſt
Should warble Ayres, whoſe Rapſodies ſhould feaſt
The eares of Seraphims, and entertaine
Heav'ns higheſt Deity with their lofty ſtraine,
A ſtraine well drencht in the true Theſpian Well:
Till then; earths Semiquaver, mirth, farewell.

S. AVGVST

S. AVGVST. Med. Cap. 33.

O infinitely happy are those heavenly virtues which are able to praise thee in holinesse and purity, with excessive sweetnesse and unutterable exultation! From thence they praise thee, from whence they rejoyce, because they continually see for what they rejoyce, or what they praise thee: But wee prest downe with this burthen of flesh, farre remov'd from thy countenance in this pilgrimage, and blowne up with worldly vanities, cannot worthily praise thee: We praise thee by faith; not face to face: but those Angelicall Spirits praise thee face to face, and not by faith.

EPIG. 15.

Did I refuse to sing? Said I these times
Were not for Songs? nor musick for these Climes?
It was my Errour: Are not Groanes and teares
Harmonious Raptures in th'Almighties eares?

I.

I charge yow, o yee Daughters of Ieruſalem if yee finde my beloved that yow tell him that I am ſicke of loue. Can: 5. 8 vv: *ſimpſon. ſculpſit*

THE FIFT BOOK.

I.

CANT. V. VIII.

I charge you, O daughters of Ierusalem, if you find my beloved, that you tell him that I am sick of love.

1

You holy Virgins, that so oft surround
The Cities Saphyre Wals, whose snowy feet
Measure the pearly Paths of sacred ground,
And trace the new Ierus'lems Iasper street;
Ah, you whose care-forsaken hearts are crown'd
With your best wishes; that enjoy the sweet
Of all your Hopes; If ere you chance to spie
My absent Love, O tell him that I lie
Deep wounded with the flames, that furnac'd from his eye.

2

I charge you, Virgins, as you hope to heare
The heav'nly Musick of your Lovers voice;
I charge you by the solemne faith ye beare
To plighted vowes, and to the loyall choice
Of your Affections; or, if ought more deare

I.

I charge yow, o yee Daughters of Ieruſalem if yee finde my beloved that yow tell him that I am ſicke of louc. Can: 5. 8 W. Simpſon. ſculpſit

THE FIFT BOOK.

I.

CANT. V. VIII.

I charge you, O daughters of Ierusalem, if you find my beloved, that you tell him that I am sick of love.

1

YOu holy Virgins, that so oft surround
The Cities Saphyre Wals, whose snowy feet
Measure the pearly Paths of sacred ground,
And trace the new Ierus'lems Iasper street;
Ah, you whose care-forsaken hearts are crown'd
With your best wishes; that enjoy the sweet
Of all your Hopes; If ere you chance to spie
My absent Love, O tell him that I lie
Deep wounded with the flames, that furnac'd from his eye.

2

I charge you, Virgins, as you hope to heare
The heav'nly Musick of your Lovers voice;
I charge you by the solemne faith ye beare
To plighted vowes, and to the loyall choice
Of your Affections; or, if ought more deare

You hold; by Hymen; by your marriage joyes,
I charge you, tell him, that a flaming dart,
Shot from his Eye, hath pierc'd my bleeding heart;
And I am sick of love, and languish in my smart.

3

Tell him, O tell him, how my panting breſt
Is scorch'd with flames, and how my soule is pin'd;
Tell him, O tell him, how I lie oppreſt
With the full torments of a troubled mind;
O tell him, tell him, that he loves in jeſt,
But I, in earneſt; Tell him, hee's unkind:
But if a diſcontented frowne appeares
Vpon his angry Brow, accoaſt his eares
With ſoft and fewer words, and act the reſt in teares.

4

O tell him, that his cruelties deprive
My ſoule, of peace, while peace, in vaine, ſhe ſeeks;
Tell him, thoſe Damask roſes, that did ſtrive,
With white, both fade upon my ſallow cheeks;
Tell him, no token does proclaime I live,
But teares, and ſighs, and ſobs, and ſudden ſhreeks;
Thus if your piercing words ſhould chance to bore
His harkning eare, and move a ſigh, give ore
To ſpeak; and tell him -- Tell him, that I could no more

5

If your elegious breath ſhould hap to rouze
A happy teare, cloſe harb'ring in his eye,
Then urge his plighted faith, the ſacred vowes,
Which neither I can break, nor He deny;
Bewaile the Torments of his loyall Spouſe,
That for his ſake, would make a ſport to die:
O bleſſed Virgins, how my paſſion tires
Beneath the burthen of her vaine deſires!
Heav'n never ſhot ſuch flames, Earth never felt ſuch fires.

S. AVGVST

S. AVGVST. Med. Cap. 40.

What ſhall I ſay? What ſhall I doe? Whether ſhall I goe? Where ſhall I ſeek him? Or when ſhall I find him? Whom ſhall I aſk? Who will tell my beloved that I am ſick of love?

GVLIEL. in Cap. 5. Cant.

I live; But not I: It is my beloved that lives in me: I love myſelfe, not with my owne love, but with the love of my beloved, that loves me: I love not my ſelfe in my ſelfe, but my ſelfe in him, and him in me.

EPIG. 1.

Grieve not (my ſouſe) nor let thy love waxe faint,
Weepſt thou to loſe the cauſe of thy Complaint?
Hee'l come; Love nev'r was bound to Times nor Lawes:
Till then, thy tearcs complaine without a Cauſe.

II.

Stay me with Flowers; Comfort me with Apples, for I am sick of loue. Cant: 2.5.

Will: Marshall. sculpsit.

II.

CANT. II. V.

Stay me with Flowers, and comfort me with Apples, for I am ſicke with love.

1

O Tyrant love! how does thy ſov'raigne pow'r
Subject poore ſoules to thy imperious thrall!
They ſay, thy Cup's compos'd of ſweet and ſowre;
They ſay, thy diet's Honey, mixt with Gall;
How comes it then to paſſe, theſe lips of our
Still trade in bitter; taſte no ſweet at all?
O tyrant love! Shall our perpetuall toyle
Nev'r find a Sabbath, to refreſh, a while,
Our drooping ſoules? Art thou all frowns, and nev'r a ſmile?

2

You bleſſed Maids of Honour, that frequent
The royall Courts of our renown'd IEHOVE,
With Flow'rs reſtore my ſpirits faint, and ſpent;
O fetch me Apples from Loves fruitfull Grove,
To coole my palat, and renew my ſent,
For I am ſick, for I am ſick of Love:
Theſe, will revive my dry, my waſted pow'rs,
And they, will ſweeten my unſav'ry houres;
Refreſh me then with Fruit, and comfort me with Flow'rs.

3

O bring me Apples to aſſwage that fire,
Which, Ætna-like, inflames my flaming breſt;
Nor is it ev'ry Apple I deſire,
Nor that which pleaſes ev'ry Palat beſt:
'Tis not the laſting-Deuzan I require,
Nor yet the red-cheek'd Queening I requeſt;
Nor that which, firſt, beſhrewd the name of wife,
Nor that whoſe beauty caus'd the golden ſtrife;
No, no, bring me an Apple from the Tree of life.

4

Virgins, tuck up your ſilken laps, and fill ye
With the faire wealth of *Floras* Magazine;
The purple Vy'let, and the pale-fac'd Lilly;
The Pauncy and the Organ Colombine;
The flowring Thyme, the gilt-boule Daffadilly;
The lowly Pinck, the lofty Eglentine:
The bluſhing Roſe, the Queene of Flow'rs, and beſt
Of *Floras* beauty; but, above the reſt,
Let *Ieſſes* ſov'raigne Flow'r perfume my qualming breſt.

5

Haſte, Virgins, haſte; for I lie weake and faint,
Beneath the pangs of love; why ſtand ye mute;
As if your ſilence neither car'd to grant,
Nor yet your language to deny my ſuit?
No key can lock the doore of my complaint,
Vntill I ſmell this Flow'r, or taſte that Fruit;
Go, Virgins, ſeek this Tree, and ſearch that Bow'r;
O, how my ſoule ſhall bleſſe that happy houre,
That brings to me ſuch fruit, that brings me ſuch a Flow'r!

GISTEN.

GISTEN. in Cap. 2 Cant. Expos. 3.

O happy sickneſſe! where the infirmity is not to death, but to life, that God may be glorified by it: O happy fever, that proceeds not from a conſuming, but a calcining fire! O happy diſtemper, wherein the ſoule reliſhes no earthly things, but onely ſavours divine nourishment!

S. BERN. Serm. 51 in Cant.

By flowers underſtand faith; by fruit, good works: As the flower or bloſſome is before the fruit, ſo is faith before good works: So neither is the fruit without the flower, nor good works without faith;

EPIG. 2.

Why Apples, O my ſoule? Can they remove
The Pangs of Griefe, or eaſe the flames of love?
It was that Fruit which gave the firſt offence;
That ſent him hither; that remov'd him hence.

III.

My Beloued is mine and I am his, Hee feedeth among the Lillies. Cant: 2.16.

Will: simpson. sculp:

III.

CANT. II. XVI.

My beloved is mine, and I am his; He feedeth among the Lillies.

1

EV'n like two little bank-dividing brookes,
That wash the pebles with their wanton streames,
And having rang'd and search'd a thousand nookes,
Meet both at length, in silver-bretted *Thames*;
Where, in a greater Current they conjoyne:
So I my Best-Beloveds am; so He is mine.

2

Ev'n so we met; and after long pursuit,
Ev'n so we joyn'd; we both became entire;
No need for either to renew a Suit,
For I was Flax, and he was Flames of fire:
Our firm united soules did more than twine;
So I my Best-Beloveds am; so He is mine.

3

If all those glittring Monarchs that command
The servile Quarters of this earthly Ball,
Should tender, in Exchange, their shares of land,
I would not change my Fortunes for them all:
Their wealth is but a Counter to my Coyne;
The world's but theirs; but my Beloved's mine.

Nay

III.

My Beloued is mine and I am his, Hee feedeth among the Lillies. Cant: 2.16.

Will: simpson. sculp:

III.

CANT. II. XVI.

My beloved is mine, and I am his; He feedeth among the Lillies.

1

EV'n like two little bank-dividing brookes,
That wash the pebles with their wanton streames,
And having rang'd and search'd a thousand nookes,
Meet both at length, in silver-brested *Thames*;
Where, in a greater Current they conjoyne:
So I my Best-Beloveds am; so He is mine.

2

Ev'n so we met; and after long pursuit,
Ev'n so we joyn'd; we both became entire;
No need for either to renew a Suit,
For I was Flax, and he was Flames of fire:
Our firm united soules did more than twine;
So I my Best-Beloveds am; so He is mine.

3

If all those glittring Monarchs that command
The servile Quarters of this earthly Ball,
Should tender, in Exchange, their shares of land,
I would not change my Fortunes for them all:
Their wealth is but a Counter to my Coyne;
The world's but theirs; but my Beloved's mine.

Nay

4

Nay, more; If the faire Thespian Ladies, all
Should heap together their diviner treasure:
That Treasure should be deem'd a price too small
To buy a minuts Lease of halfe my Pleasure;
'Tis not the sacred wealth of all the Nine
Can buy my heart from Him; or His, from being mine.

5

Nor Time, nor Place, nor Chance, nor Death can bow
My least desires unto the least remove;
Hee's firmely mine by Oath; I, His, by Vow;
Hee's mine by Faith; and I am His by Love;
Hee's mine by Water; I am His, by Wine;
Thus I my Best-Beloveds am; Thus He is mine.

6

He is my Altar; I, his Holy Place;
I am his Guest; and he, my living Food;
I'm his, by Pœnitence; He, mine by Grace;
I'm his, by Purchace; He is mine, by Blood;
Hee's my supporting Elme; and I, his Vine:
Thus I my Best-Beloveds am. Thus He is mine.

7

He gives me wealth: I give him all my Vowes:
I give Him songs; He gives me length of dayes;
With wreathes of Grace he crownes my conq'ring browes:
And I, his Temples, with a Crowne of Praise,
Which he accepts as an everlasting signe,
That I my Best-Beloveds am; that He is mine.

S. Avgvst.

S. AVGVST. Manu. Cap. 24.

O my soule stampt with the Image of thy God; love him, of whom thou art so much beloved: Bend to him that bowes to thee, seeke him that seeks thee: Love thy lover, by whose love thou art prevented, being the cause of thy love: Be carefull with those that are carefull, want with those that want; Be cleane with the cleane, and holy with the holy: Choose this friend above all friends, who, when all are taken away, remaines onely faithfull to thee: In the day of thy buriall, when all leave thee, he will not deceive thee, but defend thee from the roaring Lions, prepared for their prey.

BRITISH MUSEUM

EPIG. 3.

Sing Hymen to my soule: What? lost and found,
Welcom'd, espous'd, enjoy'd so soone, and crown'd!
He did but climbe the Crosse; and then came downe
To th'Gates of Hell; triumph'd, and fetch'd a Crowne.

IV.

I am my beloveds, & his Desire is towards mee. Cant: 7. 10. W: Simpson fc:

IV.

CANT. VII. X.

I am my Beloveds, and his desire is towards me.

1

Like to the Artick needle, that does guide
The wandring shade by his Magnetick powr,
And leaves his silken Gnomon to decide
The question of the controverted houre,
First franticks up and downe, from side to side,
And restlesse beats his christall'd Iv'ry case
With vaine impatience; jets from place to place,
And seeks the bosome of his frozen Bride,
At length he slacks his motion, and does rest
His trembling point at his bright Poles beloved Brest,

2

Ev'n so my soule, being hurried here and there,
By ev'ry object that presents delight,
Faine would be setled, but she knowes not where;
She likes at morning what she loathes at night:
She bowes to Honour; then, she lends an eare
To that sweet Swan-like voice of dying Pleasure,
Then tumbles in the scatter'd heaps of Treasure;
Now flatter'd with false hope; now, foyl'd with Feare:
Thus finding all the worlds delights to be
But empty toyes, good GOD, she point's alone to Thee.

But

3

But has the virtu'd Steele a pow'r to move?
Or can the untouch'd Needle point aright?
Or can my wandring Thoughts forbeare to rove,
Vnguided by the vertue of thy Spirit?
O has my leaden Soule the Art t'improve
Her wasted Talent; and unrais'd, aspire
In this sad moulting time of her desire?
Not first belov'd have I the pow'r to love?
I cannot stirre, but as thou please to move me,
Nor can my heart returne thee love, vntill thou love me.

4

The still Commandresse of the silent night
Borrowes her beames from her bright brothers Eye;
His faire Aspect fils her sharpe hornes with light,
If he withdraw, her flames are quench'd and die;
Ev'n so the beames of thy enlightning Sp'rite
Infus'd and shot into my dark desire,
Inflame my thoughts, and fill my soule with fire,
That I am ravisht with a new delight;
But if thou shrowd thy face, my glory fades,
And I remaine a *Nothing*, all compos'd of shades.

5

Eternall God, O thou that onely art
The sacred Fountaine of eternall light,
And blessed Loadstone of my better part,
O thou my hearts desire, my soules delight,
Reflect upon my soule; and touch my heart,
And then my heart shall prize no good above thee;
And then my soule shall know thee; knowing, love thee
And then my trembling thoughts shall never start
From thy commands, or syverve the least degree,
Or once presume to move, but as they move in thee.

S. Avgvs

S. AVGVST. Med. Cap. 25.

If man can love man with so entire affection, that the one can scarce brooke the others absence; If a Bride can be joyned to her Bride-groome with so great an ardency of mind, that for the extremity of love she can enjoy no rest, not suffring his absence without great anxiety: with what affection, with what fervency ought the soule whom thou hast espoused by faith and compassion, to love thee her true God and glorious Bridegroome?

EPIG. 4.

My soule; thy love is deare; 'Twas thought a good
And easie pen'worth of thy Saviours Blood:
But be not proud; All matters rightly scan'd,
'Twas over-bought: 'Twas sold at second hand.

V.

My Soule melted, when my beloved spake. Cant: 5. 6.

Will: Simpson Scul:

V.

CANT. V. VI.

My Soule melted whilst my Beloved spake.

LOrd, has the feeble voice of flesh and blood
The pow'r to work thine eares into a flood
Of melted Mercy? or the strength, t'unlock
The gates of Heav'n, and to dissolve a Rock
Of marble Clouds into a morning show'r?
Or has the breath of whining dust the pow'r
To stop, or snatch a falling Thunderbolt
From thy fierce hand, and make thy hand revolt
From resolute Confusion, and instead
Of Vyals, poure full Blessings on our head?
Or shall the wants of famisht Ravens cry,
And move thy mercy to a quick supply?
Or shall the silent suits of drooping flowr's
Woo thee for drops, and be refresh'd with showr's?
Alas, what marvell then, great GOD, what wonder
If thy Hell-rouzing voice, that splits in sunder
The brazen Portals of eternall death;
What wonder if that life-restoring breath
Which drag'd me from th'infernall shades of night,
Should melt my ravisht soule with ore-delight?
O can my frozen gutters choose but run,
That feel the warmth of such a glorious Sun?

Me thinks his language, like a flaming Arrow,
Doth pierce my bones, and melts their wounded marrow;
Thy flames O *Cupid* (though the joyfull heart
Feeles neither tang of griefe, nor feares the smart
Of jealous doubts, but drunk with full desires)
Are torments weigh'd with these celestiall fires;
Pleasures that ravish in so high a measure,
That O I languish in excesse of pleasure:
What ravisht heart, that feeles these melting Ioyes,
Would not despise and loathe the trech'rous Toyes
Of dunghill earth! what soule would not be proud
Of wry-mouth'd scornes, the worst that flesh and bloud
Had rancor to devise? Who would not beare
The worlds derision with a thankfull eare?
What palat would refuse full bowles of spight,
To gaine a minuts tast of such delight?
Great spring of light, in whom there is no shade
But what my interposed sinnes have made,
Whose marrow-melting Fires admit no screene
But what my owne rebellions put betweene
Their precious flames, and my obdurate eare;
Disperse these plague-distilling Clouds, and cleare
My mungy Soule into a glorious day;
Transplant this screene, remoove this Barre away;
Then, then my fluent soule shall feele the fires
Of thy sweet voice, and my dissolv'd desires
Shall turne a sov'raigne Balsome, to make whole
Those wounds my sinnes inflicted on thy soule.

S. Avgvst.

S. AVGVST. Soliloq. Cap. 34.

What fire is this that ſo warmes my heart? What light is this that ſo enlightens my ſoule! O fire, that alwayes burneſt, and never goeſt out, kindle me: O light, which ever ſhineſt, and art never darkned, illuminate me: O that I had my heat from thee, moſt holy fire! How ſweetly doeſt thou burne! How ſecretly doſt thou ſhine! How deſiderably doeſt thou inflame me!

BONAVENT. Stim. amoris Cap. 8.

It makes God man; and man, God; things temporall, eternall; mortall, immortall; it makes an enemy a friend; a ſervant, a Son: vile things, glorious; cold hearts fiery, and hard things liquid.

FIG. 5.

My ſoule; Thy gold is true; but full of droſſe;
Thy SAVIOVRS breath refines thee with ſome loſſe;
His gentle Fornace makes thee pure as true;
Thou muſt be melted, ere th'art caſt anew.

VI.

Whom haue I in heaven but thee? & what desire I on earth in respect of thee. Ps: 73. 25

W. S. Sc:

VI.

PSAL. LXXIII. XXV.

Whom have I in heav'n but Thee? and what desire I on earth in respect of Thee?

1

I Love (and have some cause to love) the earth;
She is my Makers Creature; therefore Good:
She is my Mother; for she gave me birth;
She is my tender Nurse; she gives me food:
But what's a Creature, Lord, compar'd with Thee?
Or what's my mother, or my nurse to me?

2

I love the Ayre; her dainty sweets refresh
My drooping soule, and to new sweets invite me;
Her shrill-mouth'd Quire sustaine me with their flesh,
And with their Polyphonian notes delight me:
But what's the Ayre, or all the sweets that she
Can blesse my soule withall, compar'd to Thee?

3

I love the Sea; She is my fellow-Creature;
My carefull Purveyor; She provides me store;
She wals me round; She makes my diet greater;
She wafts my treasure from a forreigne shore;
But Lord of Oceans, when compar'd with thee,
What is the Ocean, or her wealth, to me?

4

To heav'ns high City I direct my Iourney,
Whose spangled Suburbs entertaine mine eye;
Mine Eye, by Contemplations great Atturney,
Transcends the Christall pavement of the sky;
But what is heav'n, great GOD, compar'd to Thee?
Without Thy presence Heav'n's no Heav'n to me.

5

Without Thy presence Earth gives no Refection;
Without Thy presence, Sea affords no treasure;
Without Thy presence Ayre's a rank Infection;
Without Thy presence Heav'n it selfe's no pleasure;
If not possest, if not enjoy'd in Thee,
What's Earth, or Sea, or Ayre, or Heav'n to me?

6

The highest Honours that the world can boast
Are subjects farre too low for my desire;
The brightest beames of glory are (at most)
But dying sparkles of thy living fire:
The proudest flames that earth can kindle, be
But nightly Glow-wormes, if compar'd to Thee.

7

Without Thy presence, wealth are Bags of Cares;
Wisdome, but Folly; Ioy, disquiet sadnesse;
Friendship is Treason, and Delights are snares;
Pleasures but paine; and mirth, but pleasing Madnesse;
Without Thee, Lord, things be not what they be,
Nor have they being, when compar'd with Thee.

8

In having all things, and not Thee, what have I?
Not having Thee, what have my labours got?
Let me enjoy but Thee, what farther crave I?
And having Thee alon what have I not?
I wish nor Sea, nor Land; nor would I be
Possest of Heav'n, Heav'n unpossest of Thee.

BONAVENT. Cap. 1. Soliloq.

Alas my God, now I understand (but blush to confesse) that the beauty of thy Creatures have deceived mine eyes; and I have not observed that thou art more amiable than all thy creatures; to which thou hast communicated but one drop of thy inestimable beauty; For who hath adorned the heavens with Starres? Who hath stored the ayre with fowle? the waters, with fish? the earth, with plants and flowers? But what are all these, but a small spark of divine beauty.

S. CHRYS. Hom. 5 in Ep. ad Rom.

In having nothing I have all things, because I have Christ; Having therefore all things in Him, I seek no other reward, for he is the universall Reward.

EPIG. 6.

Who would not throw his better thoughts about him,
And scorne this drosse within him; that, without him?
Cast up (my soule) thy clearer eye; Behold.
If thou be fully melted: There's the Mold.

VII.

Woe is me that I am constrained to dwell with Mesech: & to haue my habitation among the tents of Cedar: Psal: 120. 4. Will: Simpson. Sculpsit.

VII.

PSAL. CXX. V.

Woe is to me! that I remaine in Meſhech, and dwell in the Tents of Kedar.

IS Natures courſe diſſolv'd? Does Times glaſſe ſtand?
Or has ſome frolick heart ſet back the hand
Of Fates perpetuall Clock? Wil't never ſtrike?
Is crazy Time growne lazy, faint, or ſick
With very Age? Or has that great Purroyall
Of Adamantine ſiſters late made tryall
Of ſome new Trade? Shall mortall hearts grow old
In ſorrow? Shall my weary Armes infold
And underprop my panting ſides for ever?
Is there no charitable hand will ſever
My well-ſpun Thred, that my impriſon'd ſoule
May be deliver'd from this dull dark hole
Of dungeon fleſh? O ſhall I, ſhall I never
Be ranſom'd, but remaine a ſlave for ever?
It is the Lot of man but once to die,
But ere that death, how many deaths have I?
What humane madneſſe makes the world affraid
To entertaine heav'ns joy? becauſe conveigh'd
By th'hand of death? Will nakedneſſe refuſe
Rich change of robes, becauſe the man's not ſpruiſe
That brought them? Or will Poverty ſend back
Full bags of gold, becauſe the bringer's black?

Life is a Bubble, blowne with whining breaths,
Fil'd with the torments of a thouſand deaths;
Which, being prickt by death (while death deprives
One life) preſents the ſoule a thouſand lives:
O frantick mortall; how has earth bewitch'd
Thy Bedlam ſoule, which has ſo fondly pitch'd
Vpon her falſe delights! Delights, that ceaſe
Before enjoyment finds a time to pleaſe;
Her fickle joyes breed doubtfull feares; her feares
Bring hopefull Griefes; her griefes weep fearfull teares,
Teares coyne deceitfull hopes; hopes, carefull doubt,
And ſurly paſſion juſtles paſſion out:
To day, we pamper with a full repaſt
Of laviſh mirth; at night, we weepe as faſt:
To night we ſwim in wealth, and lend; To morrow,
We ſink in want, and find no friend to borrow:
In what a Climat does my ſoule reſide!
Where pale-fac'd Murther, the firſt-borne of pride,
Sets up her kingdome in the very ſmiles,
And plighted faiths of men-like Crocadiles;
A land, where each embroydred Sattin word
Is lin'd with Fraud; where *Mars* his lawleſſe ſword
Exiles *Aſtræas* Balance; where that hand
Now ſlayes his brother, that new-ſow'd his land:
O that my dayes of bondage would expire
In this lewd Soyle! Lord, how my Soule's on fire
To be diſſolv'd! that I might once obtaine
Theſe long'd for joyes, long'd for, ſo oft, in vaine!
If *Moſes*-like, I may not live poſſeſt
Of this faire land; LORD, let me ſee't, at leaſt.

S. AVGVST.

S. AVGVST. Soliloq. Cap. 2.

My life is a fraile life; a corruptible life; A life, which the more increa es, the more decreases: The farther it goes, the nearer it comes to death: A deceitfull life, and like a shadow; full of the snares of death: Now I rejoyce; now I languish, now I flourish; now infirme; now I live, and straight I die; now I seeme happy, alwayes miserable, now I laugh, now I weepe: Thus all things are subject to mutability, that nothing continues an houre in one state: O Joy above Joy, exceeding all Joy, without which there is no Joy, when shall I enter into thee, that I may see my God that dwels in thee?

EPIG. 7.

Art thou so weake? O canst thou not digest
An houre of travell for a night of Rest?
Cheare up, my soule; call home thy spir'ts, and beare
One bad Good-Friday; Full-mouth'd Easter's neare.

VIII.

O wretched Man that I am; who shall deliver me from the body of this Death!

Rom: 7. 24. *Will: Simpson sculp:*

VIII.

ROM. VII. XXIV.

O wretched man that I am! who ſhall deliver me from the body of this death?

BEhold thy darling, which thy luſtfull care
Pampers; for which thy reſtleſſe thoughts prepare
Such early Cates; For whom thy bubbling brow
So often ſweats, and bankrupt eyes do owe
Such midnight ſcores to Nature, for whoſe ſake
Baſe earth is Sainted, the Infernall Lake
Vnfear'd; the Crowne of Glory poorely rated,
Thy GOD neglected, and thy brother hated:
Behold thy darling, whom thy ſoule affects
So dearely; whom thy fond Indulgence decks
And puppets up in ſoft, in ſilken weeds:
Behold thy darling, whom thy fondneſſe feeds
With farre-fetch'd delicates, the deare-bought gaines
Of ill-ſpent Time, the price of halfe thy paines:
Behold thy darling, who, when clad by Thee,
Derides thy nakedneſſe; and, when moſt free,
Proclaimes her lover, ſlave; and, being fed
Moſt full, then ſtrikes th'indulgent Feeder dead:
What meanſt thou thus, my poore deluded ſoule,
To love ſo fondly? Can the burning Cole
Of thy Affection laſt without the fuell
Of counter-love? Is thy Compere ſo cruell,

And

And thou ſo kind, to love unlov'd againe ?
Canſt thou ſow favours, and thus reape diſdaine ?
Remember, O remember thou art borne
Of royall blood ; remember, thou art ſworne
A Maid of Honour in the Court of Heav'n ;
Remember what a coſtly price was giv'n
To ranſome thee from ſlav'ry thou wert in ;
And wilt thou now, my ſoule, turne ſlave agin ?
The Son and Heire to Heav'ns triune IEHOVE
Would faine become a Suitor for thy Love,
And offers for thy dow'r, his Fathers Throne,
To ſit, for Seraphims to gaze upon ;
Hee'l give thee Honour, Pleaſure, Wealth, and Things
Tranſcending farre the Majeſty of Kings:
And wilt thou proſtrate to the odious charmes
Of this baſe Scullion ? Shall his hollow Armes
Hugg thy ſoft ſides ? Shall theſe courſe hands untie
The ſacred Zone of thy Virginitie ?
For ſhame, degen'rous ſoule, let thy deſire
Be quickned up with more heroick fire ;
Be wiſely proud ; let thy ambitious eye
Read nobler objects ; let thy thoughts defie
Such am'rous baſeneſſe; Let thy ſoule diſdaine
Th'ignoble profers of ſo baſe a Swaine ;
Or if thy vowes be paſt, and Himens bands
Have ceremonyed your unequall hands,
Annull, at leaſt avoid thy lawleſſe Act
With inſufficience, or a Præcontract :
Or if the Act be good, yet maiſt thou pleade
A ſecond Freedome ; for the fleſh is dead.

NAZIANZ.

NAZIANZ. Orat. 16.

How I am joyned to this body, I know not; which when it is healthfull, provokes me to warre, and being damaged by warre, affects me with griefe; which I both love as a fellow-servant, and hate as an utter enemy; It is a pleasant Foe, and a perfidious friend: O strange Conjunction and Alienation! What I feare I embrace, and what I love I am affraid of; Before I make warre, I am reconcil'd; Before I enjoy peace, I am at variance.

EPIG. 8.

What need that House be daub'd with flesh and blood?
Hang'd round with silks and gold; repair'd with food?
Cost idly spent! That cost does but prolong
Thy thraldome; Foole, thou mak'st thy Iayle too strong.

IX.

I am in a Streight betwixt two haueing a Desire to Depart & to be wth Christ.
Phil: j. 23. *Will: Simpson. Sculpsit.*

IX.

PHIL. I. XXIII.

I am in a ſtreight betweene two, having a deſire to be diſſolv'd, and to be with Chriſt.

1

WHat meant our carefull parents ſo to weare,
And laviſh out their ill expended houres,
To purchaſe for us large poſſeſſions, here,
Which (though unpurchas'd) are too truly ours?
What meant they, ah what meant they to indure
Such loads of needleſſe labour, to procure,
And make that thing our own, which was our own too ſure.

2

What meane theſe liv'ries and poſſeſſive kayes?
What meane theſe bargaines, and theſe needleſſe ſales?
What need theſe jealous, theſe ſuſpitious wayes
Of law-devis'd, and law-diſſolv'd entailes?
No need to ſweat for gold; wherewith, to buy
Eſtates of high-priz'd land; no need to tie
Earth to their heires, were they but clog'd with earth as I.

3

O were their ſoules but clog'd with earth, as I,
They would not purchaſe with ſo ſalt an Itch;
They would not take, of Almes, what now they buy;
Nor call him happy, whom the world counts rich:

They would not take ſuch paines, project and prog,
To charge their ſhoulders with ſo great a log;
Who has the greater lands, has but the greater clog.

4

I cannot do an act which earth diſdaines not;
I cannot think a thought which earth corrupts not;
I cannot ſpeake a word which earth prophanes not;
I cannot make a vow earth interrupts not;
If I but offer up an early groane,
Or ſpread my wings to heav'ns long long'd for Throne
She darkens my complaints, and drags my Offring downe.

5

Ev'n like the Hawlk, (whoſe keepers wary hands
Have made a priſner to her wethring ſtock)
Forgetting quite the pow'r of her faſt bands,
Makes a rank Bate from her forſaken Block,
But her too faithfull Leaſh does ſoone reſtraine
Her broken flight, attempted oft in vaine;
It gives her loynes a twitch, and tugs her back againe.

6

So, when my ſoule directs her better eye
To heav'ns bright Pallace (where my treaſure lies)
I ſpread my willing wings, but cannot flie,
Earth hales me downe, I cannot, cannot riſe;
When I but ſtrive to mount the leaſt degree,
Earth gives a jerk, and foiles me on my knee;
LORD, how my ſoule is rackt, betwixt the world and The

7

Great GOD, I ſpread my feeble wings, in vaine;
In vaine I offer my extended hands;
I cannot mount till thou unlink my chaine;
I cannot come till thou releaſe my Bands:
Which if thou pleaſe to break, and then ſupply
My wings with ſpirit, th'Eagle ſhall not flie
A pitch that's half ſo faire, nor half ſo ſwift as I.

BONAVENT. Cap. 1. Soliloq.

Ah ſweet Ieſus, pierce the marrow of my ſoule with the healthfull ſhafts of thy love, that it may truly burne, and melt, and languiſh with the onely deſire of thee; that it may deſire to be diſſolv'd, and to be with thee: Let it it hunger alone for the bread of life; let it thirſt after thee, the ſpring and fountaine of eternall light, the ſtreame of true pleaſure: let it alwayes deſire thee, ſeek thee, and find thee, and ſweetly reſt in thee.

EPIG. 9.

What? will thy ſhackles neither looſe, nor breake?
Are they too ſtrong? or is thy Arme too weake?
Art will prevaile where knotty ſtrength denies;
My ſoule; there's *Aqua fortis* in thine eyes.

X.

Bring my ſoule out of Priſon that I may praiſe thy Name: Ps: 142. 7. Will: Simpſon. Sculpſit

X.

PSAL. CXLII. VII.

Bring my ſoule out of priſon, that I may praiſe thy Name.

MY Soule is like a Bird; my Fleſh, the Cage;
Wherein, ſhe weares her weary Pilgrimage
Of houres as few as evill, daily fed
With ſacred Wine, and Sacramentall Bread;
The keyes that locks her in, and lets her out,
Are Birth, and Death; 'twixt both, ſhe hopps about
From perch to perch; from Senſe to Reaſon; then,
From higher Reaſon, downe to Senſe agen:
From Senſe ſhe climbes to Faith; where, for a ſeaſon,
She ſits and ſings; then, down againe to Reaſon;
From Reaſon, back to Faith; and ſtraight, from thence
She rudely flutters to the Perch of Senſe;
From Senſe, to Hope; then hopps from Hope to Doubt;
From Doubt, to dull Deſpaire; there, ſeeks about
For deſp'rate Freedome; and at ev'ry Grate,
She wildly thruſts, and begs th'untimely date
Of unexpired thraldome, to releaſe
Th'afflicted Captive, that can find no peace:
Thus am I coop'd within this fleſhly Cage,
I weare my youth, and waſt my weary Age,
Spending that breath which was ordain'd to chaunt
Heav'ns praiſes forth, in ſighs and ſad complaint:

Whilſt happier birds can ſpread their nimble wing
From Shrubs to Cedars, and there chirp and ſing,
In choice of raptures, the harmonious ſtory
Of mans Redemption and his Makers Glory:
You glorious Martyrs; you illuſtrious Troopes,
That once were cloyſter'd in your fleſhly Coopes,
As faſt as I, what Reth'rick had your tongues?
What dextrous Art had your Elegiak Songs?
What *Paul*-like pow'r had your admir'd devotion?
What ſhackle-breaking Faith infus'd ſuch motion
To your ſtrong Pray'rs, that could obtaine the boone
To be inlarg'd, to be uncag'd ſo ſoone?
When I (poore I) can ſing my daily teares,
Growne old in Bondage, and can find no eares:
You great partakers of eternall Glory,
That with your heav'n-prevailing Oratory,
Releas'd your ſoules from your terreſtriall Cage,
Permit the paſſion of my holy Rage
To recommend my ſorrowes (dearely knowne
To you, in dayes of old; and, once, your owne)
To your beſt thoughts, (but oh 't does not beſit ye
To moove our pray'rs; you love and joy; not pitie:
Great LORD of ſoules, to whom ſhould priſners flie,
But Thee? Thou hadſt thy Cage, as well as I:
And, for my ſake, thy pleaſure was to know
The ſorrowes that it brought, and feltſt them too;
O ſet me free, and I will ſpend thoſe dayes,
Which now I waſt in begging, in Thy praiſe.

ANSELM.

ANSELM. in Protolog. Cap. 1.

O miſerable condition of mankind, that has loſt that for which he was created! Alas! What has hee left? And what has hee found? He has loſt happineſſe for which he was made, and found miſery for which he was not made: What is gone? and what is left? That thing is gone, without which hee is unhappy; that thing is left, by which he is miſerable: O wretched men! From whence are we expell'd? To what are we impell'd? Whence are we throwne? And whether are we hurried? From our home into baniſhment; from the ſight of God into our own blindneſſe; from the pleaſure of immortality to the bitterneſſe of death: Miſerable change? From how great a good, to how great an evill? Ah me; What have I enterpriz'd? What have I done? Whither did I goe? Whither am I come?

BRITISH MUSEUM

EPIG. 10.

Pauls Midnight voice prevail'd; his muſicks thunder
Vnhing'd the priſon doores; ſplit bolts in ſunder:
And ſitſt thou here? and hang'ſt the feeble wing?
And whin'ſt to be enlarg'd? Soule, learne to ſing.

XI.

As the Hart panteth after the waterbrooks
so panteth my soule after thee o Lord.

Will: Simpson. Sculpsit

XI.

PSAL. XLII. I.

As the Hart panteth after the water-brooks, ſo panteth my ſoule after thee O God.

1

HOw ſhall my tongue expreſſe that hallow'd fire
Which heav'n has kindled in my raviſht heart!
What Muſe ſhall I invoke, that will inſpire
My lowly Quill to act a lofty part!
What Art ſhall I deviſe t'expreſſe deſire,
Too intricate to be expreſt by Art!
Let all the nine be ſilent; I refuſe
Their aid in this high task, for they abuſe
The flames of Love too much: Aſſiſt me *Davids* Muſe.

2

Not as the thirſty ſoyle deſires ſoft ſhowres,
To quicken and refreſh her Embrion graine;
Nor as the drooping Creſts of fading flowres
Requeſt the bounty of a morning Raine,
Do I deſire my GOD: Theſe, in few houres,
Re-wiſh, what late their wiſhes did obtaine,
But as the ſwift-foot Hart does, wounded, flie
To th' much deſired ſtreames, ev'n ſo do I
Pant after Thee, my GOD, whom I muſt find, or die.

Before

3

Before a Pack of deep-mouth'd Lusts I flee;
O, they have singled out my panting heart,
And wanton *Cupid*, sitting in a Tree,
Hath pierc'd my bosome with a flaming dart;
My soule being spent, for refuge, seeks to Thee,
But cannot find where Thou my refuge art:
Like as the swift-foot Hart does, wounded, flie
To the desired streames, ev'n so do I
Pant after Thee, my GOD, whom I must find, or die.

4

At length, by flight, I over-went the Pack;
Thou drew'st the wanton dart from out my wound;
The blood, that follow'd, left a purple track,
Which brought a Serpent, but in shape, a Hound;
We strove; He bit me; but thou brak'st his back,
I left him grov'ling on th'envenom'd ground;
But as the Serpent-bitten Hart does flie
To the long-long'd for streames, ev'n so did I
Pant after Thee, my GOD, whom I must find or die.

5

If lust should chase my soule, made swift by fright,
Thou art the streames whereto my soule is bound:
Or if a Iav'lin wound my sides, in flight,
Thou art the Balsom that must cure my wound:
If poyson chance t'infest my soule, in sight,
Thou art the Treacle that must make me sound;
Ev'n as the wounded Hart, embost, does flie
To th' streames extremely long'd for, so do I
Pant after Thee, my GOD, whom I must find, or die.

CYRI

CYRIL. lib. 5 in Ioh. Cap. 10. 287

O precious water, which quenches the noysome thirst of this world, that scoures all the staines of sinners; that waters the earth of our soules with heavenly showers, and brings backe the thirsty heart of man to his onely God!

S. AVGVST. Soliloq. 35.

O fount aine of life, and veine of living waters, when shall I leave this forsaken, impassible, and dry earth, and tast the waters of thy sweetnesse, that I may behold thy vertue, and thy glory, and slake my thirst with the streames of thy mercy? Lord, I thirst: Thou art the spring of life, satisfie me; I thirst, Lord, I thirst after thee the living God.

EPIG. II.

The Arrow-smitten Hart, deep wounded, flies
To th' Springs with water in his weeping eyes:
Heav'n is thy Spring: If Sathans fiery dart
Pierce thy faint sides; do so, my wounded Hart.

XII.

When shall I come and appeare before the Lord Ps: 42. 2. W. M. sculp:

XII.

PSAL. XLII. II.

When ſhall I come and appeare before God?

VVHat is my ſoule the better to be tinde
With holy fire? What boots it to be coynd
With heav'ns own ſtamp? What vantage can there be
To ſoules of heav'n-deſcended Pedegree,
More than to Beaſts, that grovell? Are not they
Fed by th'Almighties hand? and, ev'ry day,
Fill'd with His Bleſſing too? Do they not ſee
GOD in His creatures, as direct as we?
Do they not taſt Thee? heare Thee? nay, what Senſe
Is not partaker of Thine Exceſſence?
What more do we? Alas, what ſerves our reaſon,
But, like dark lanthornes, to accompliſh Treaſon
With greater cloſeneſſe? It affords no light,
Brings Thee no nearer to our purblind ſight;
No pleaſure riſes up the leaſt degree,
Great GOD, but in the clearer view of Thee:
What priv'ledge more than Senſe, has Reaſon than?
What vantage is it to be borne a man?
How often has my patience built, (deare LORD)
Vaine Tow'rs of Hope upon Thy gracious Word!
How often has Thy Hope-reviving Grace
Woo'd my ſuſpitious eyes to ſeek Thy face!

How

How often has thy hope-reviving Grace
Woo'd my ſuſpitious eyes to ſeek Thy face!
How often have I ſought Thee? Oh how long
Hath expectation taught my perfect tongue
Repeated pray'rs, yet pray'rs could nev'r obtaine;
In vaine I ſeek Thee, and I beg in vaine:
If it be high preſumption to behold
Thy face, why didſt Thou make mine eyes ſo bold
To ſeek it? If that object be too bright
For mans Aſpect, why did thy lips invite
Mine eye t'expect it? If it might be ſeene,
Why is this envious curtaine drawne betweene
My darkned eye and it? O tell me, why
Thou doſt command the thing Thou doſt deny?
Why doſt thou give me ſo unpriz'd a treaſure,
And then deny'ſt my greedy ſoule the pleaſure
To view thy gift? Alas, that gift is void,
And is no gift, that may not be enjoy'd:
If thoſe refulgent Beames of heav'ns great light
Guild not the day, what is the day, but night?
The drouzie Shepheard ſleeps; flowres droop and fade;
The Birds are ſullen, and the Beaſt is ſad;
But if bright *Titan* dart his golden Ray,
And, with his riches, glorifie the day,
The jolly Shepheard pipes; Flowres freſhly ſpring;
The beaſt growes gameſome, and the birds they ſing:
Thou art my Sun, great GOD, O when ſhall I
View the full beames of thy Meridian eye?
Draw, draw this fleſhly curtaine, that denies
The gracious preſence of thy glorious eyes;
Or give me Faith; and, by the eye of Grace,
I ſhall behold Thee, though not face to face.

S. AVGVST.

S. AVGVST. in Pſal. 39.

Who created all things is better than all things; who beautified all things is more beautifull than all things: who made ſtrength is ſtronger than all things: who made great things is greater than all things: Whatſoever thou loveſt he is that to thee: Learne to love the workman in his worke; the Creator in his creature: Let not that which was made by Him poſſeſſe thee, leſt thou loſe Him by whom thy ſelfe was made.

S. AVGVST. Med. Cap. 37.

O thou moſt ſweet, moſt gracious, moſt amiable, moſt faire, when ſhall I ſee Thee? when ſhall I be ſatisfied with Thy beauty? When wilt thou lead me from this darke dungeon, that I may confeſſe thy name?

BRITISH MUSEUM

EPIG. 12.

How art thou ſhaded in this vale of night,
Behind thy Curtaine fleſh? Thou ſeeſt no light,
But what thy Pride does challenge as her owne;
Thy Fleſh is high: Soule, take this Curtaine downe

XIII.

Oh & if I had the wings of a Doue for then I would fly away; & be at rest. Ps: 55. 6

W. Simpson. fe:

XIII.

PSAL. LV. VI.

O that I had the wings of a Dove, for then I would flee away and be at rest.

1

AND am I sworne a dunghill slave for ever
To earths base drudg'ry? Shall I never find
A night of Rest? Shall my Indentures never
Be cancel'd? Did injurious nature bind
My soule earths Prentice, with no Clause, to leave her?
No day of freedome? Must I ever grinde?
O that I had the pineons of a Dove
That I might quit my Bands, and sore above,
And powre my just Complaints before the great IEHOVAH!

2

How happy are the Doves, that have the pow'r,
When ere they please, to spread their ayry wings!
Or cloud-dividing Eagles, that can tow'r
Above the Sent of these inferiour things!
How happy is the Lark, that ev'ry howre,
Leaves earth, and then for joy, mounts up and sings!
Had my dull soule but wings as well as they,
How I would spring from earth, and clip away,
As wise *Astrea* did, and scorne this ball of Clay!

3

O how my ſoule would ſpurne this Ball of Clay,
And loath the dainties of earths painfull pleaſure!
O how I'de laugh to ſee men night and day,
Turmoyle, to gaine that Traſh they call their treaſure!
O how I'de ſmile to ſee what plots they lay
To catch a blaſt, or owne a ſmile from *Cæſar!*
Had I the pineons of a mounting Dove,
How I would ſore and ſing, and hate the Love
Of tranſitory Toyes, and feed on Ioyes above!

4

There ſhould I find that everlaſting Pleaſure,
Which Change removes not, & which Chance prevents not;
There ſhould I find that everlaſting Treaſure,
Which force deprives not, fortune diſ-augments not;
There ſhould I find that everlaſting *Cæſar*,
Whoſe hand recals not, and whoſe heart repents not:
Had I the pineons of a clipping Dove,
How I would climbe the skies, and hate the Love
Of tranſitory Toyes, and joy in Things above!

5

No rank-mouth'd ſlander, there, ſhall give offence,
Or blaſt our blooming names, as here they doe;
No liver-ſcalding Luſt ſhall, there, incenſe
Our boyling veines: There is no *Cupids* Bow:
LORD, give my ſoule the milk-white Innocence
Of Doves, and I ſhall have their pineons too:
Had I the pineons of a ſprightly Dove,
How I would quit this earth, and ſore above,
And heav'ns bleſt kingdome find, with heav'ns bleſt King Iesvs.

S. AVGVS

S. AVGVST. in Pſal. 138.

What wings ſhould I deſire but the two precepts of love, on which the Law and the Prophets depend? O if I could obtaine theſe wings, I could fly from thy face to thy face, from the face of thy Iuſtice to the face of thy Mercy: Let us find thoſe wings by love which we have loſt by luſt.

S. AVGVST. in Pſal. 76.

Let us caſt off whatſoever binders, entangles or burthens our flight untill we attaine that which ſatisfies; beyond which nothing is, beneath which, all things are; of which, all things are.

EPIG. 13.

Tell me, my wiſhing ſoule, didſt ever trie
How faſt the wings of Red-croſt Faith can flie?
Why beg'ſt thou then the pineons of a Dove?
Faiths wings are ſwifter, but the ſwifteſt, Love.

XIV.

How amiable are thy Tabernacles O Lord of Hosts, my Soule longeth, yea euen fainteth for the courts of the Lord.
Ps. 84. 1

Will: Marshall. Sculp.

XIV.

PSAL. LXXXIV. I.

How amiable are thy Tabernacles OGod of Hosts.

ANcient of dayes, to whom all times are Now,
Before whose Glory, Seraphims do bow
Their blushing Cheeks, and vale their blemisht faces;
That, uncontaind, at once, dost fill all places,
How glorious, O how farre beyond the height
Of puzzled Quils, or the obtuse conceit
Of flesh and Blood, or the too flat reports
Of mortall tongues, are thy expresselesse Courts!
Whose glory to paint forth with greater Art,
Ravish my Fancy, and inspire my heart,
Excuse my bold attempt, and pardon me
For shewing Sense, what Faith alone should see.
Ten thousand Millions, and ten thousand more
Of Angell-measur'd leagues from th'Easterne shore
Of dungeon earth this glorious Palace stands,
Before whose pearly gates, ten thousand Bands
Of armed Angels wait, to entertaine
Those purged soules, for whom the Lamb was slaine,
Whose guiltlesse death, and voluntary yeelding
Of whose giv'n life gave this brave Court her building;
The lukewarme Blood of this deare Lamb being spilt,
To Rubies turn'd, whereof her posts were built;

And what dropt downe in cold and gelid gore,
Did turne rich Saphyrs, and impav'd her floore:
The brighter flames, that from his eye-balls ray'd,
Grew Chryſolites, whereof her wals were made:
The milder glaunces ſparkled on the Ground,
And grunſild ev'ry doore with Diamond:
But, dying, darted upwards, and did fixe
A Battlement of pureſt Sardonix:
Her ſtreets with burniſht Gold are paved round;
Starres lie like pebbles ſcattred on the ground:
Pearle, mixt with Onyx, and the Iaſper ſtone,
Made gravil'd Cauſwayes to be trampled on:
There ſhines no Sun by day; no Moone, by night;
The Pallace glory is the Pallace light:
There is no time to meaſure motion by,
There, time is ſwallow'd with Eternity;
Wry-mouth'd disdaine, and corner-haunting luſt,
And twy-fac'd Fraud; and beetle-brow'd Diſtruſt;
Soule-boyling Rage; and trouble-ſtate ſedition;
And giddy doubt; and goggle-ey'd ſuſpition;
And lumpiſh ſorrow, and degen'rous feare
Are baniſht thence, and death's a ſtranger there:
But ſimple love, and ſempiternall joyes,
Whoſe ſweetneſſe neither gluts, nor fulneſſe cloyes;
Where face to face, our raviſht eye ſhall ſee
Great ELOHIM, that glorious One in Three,
And Three in One; and, ſeeing Him, ſhall bleſſe Him,
And bleſſing, love Him; and, in love, poſſeſſe Him:
Here ſtay, my ſoule, and raviſh in relation:
Thy words being ſpent; ſpend now, in Contemplation.

S. Greg.

S. Greg. in Pſal. 7 pœnitent.

Sweet Ieſus, the Word of the Father, the brightneſſe of paternall glory, whom Angels delight to view, teach me to do thy will; that, led by thy good Spirit, I may come to that bleſſed City, where day is eternall, where there is certaine ſecurity, and ſecure eternity, and eternall peace, and peacefull happineſſe, and happy ſweetneſſe, and ſweet pleaſure; where thou O God with the Father and the holy Spirit liveſt and raigneſt world without end.

Ibid.

There is light without darkneſſe; Ioy without griefe; deſire without puniſhment; love without ſadneſſe; ſatiety without loathing; ſafety without feare; health without diſeaſe; and life without death.

Epig. 14.

My ſoule, pry not too nearely, The Complexion
Of *Sols* bright face is ſeen, but by Reflexion:
But wouldſt thou know what's heav'n? Ile tell thee what;
Think what thou canſt not think, and Heav'n is that.

XV.

Make hast my Beloved, and be Thow like to a Roe, or to a yong Hart vpon the Mountaines of Spices. Cant: 8. 14. will: sin: se

XV.

CANT. VIII. XIV.

Make haste my Beloved, and be like the Roe or the young Hart upon the Mountaines of Spices.

GO, gentle Tyrant, goe; thy flames do pierce
My ſoule too deep; thy flames are too too fierce:
My marrow melts; my fainting Spirits fry
Ith' torrid Zone of thy Meridian Eye;
Away, away: Thy ſweets are too perfuming;
Turne, turne thy face; Thy fires are too conſuming:
Haſt hence; and let thy winged ſteps out-goe
The frighted Roe-buck, and his flying Roe:
But wilt thou leave me then? O thou that art
Life of my Soule, Soule of my dying heart,
Without the ſweet Aſpect of whoſe faire Eyes,
My ſoule does languiſh, and her ſolace dies;
Art thou ſo eaſly woo'd? So apt to heare
The frantick language of my fooliſh feare?
Leave, leave me not; nor turne thy beauty from me,
Looke, looke upon me, though thine eyes ov'rcome me,
O how they wound! But, how my wounds content me!
How ſweetly theſe delightfull paines torment me!
How I am tortur'd in exceſſive meaſure
Of pleaſing cruelties too cruell pleaſure!

Turne,

XV.

Make haſt my Beloved, and be Thow like to a Roe, or to a yong Hart upon the Mountaines of Spices. Cant: 8. 14. will: sim: sc

XV.

CANT. VIII. XIV.

Make haſte my Beloved, and be like the Roe or the young Hart upon the Mountaines of Spices.

GO, gentle Tyrant, goe; thy flames do pierce
My ſoule too deep; thy flames are too too fierce:
My marrow melts, my fainting Spirits fry
Ith' torrid Zone of thy Meridian Eye;
Away, away: Thy ſweets are too perfuming;
Turne, turne thy face; Thy fires are too conſuming:
Haſt hence; and let thy winged ſteps out-goe
The frighted Roe-buck, and his flying Roe:
But wilt thou leave me then? O thou that art
Life of my Soule, Soule of my dying heart,
Without the ſweet Aſpect of whoſe faire Eyes,
My ſoule does languiſh, and her ſolace dies;
Art thou ſo eaſly woo'd? So apt to heare
The frantick language of my fooliſh feare?
Leave, leave me not; nor turne thy beauty from me,
Looke, looke upon me, though thine eyes ov'rcome me,
O how they wound! But, how my wounds content me!
How ſweetly theſe delightfull paines torment me!
How I am tortur'd in exceſſive meaſure
Of pleaſing cruelties too cruell pleaſure!

Turne,

Turne, turne away; remove thy ſcorching beames;
I languiſh with theſe bitter-ſweet extreames:
Haſt then, and let thy winged ſteps out-goe
The flying Roe-buck, and his frighted Roe.
Turne back, my deare; O let my raviſht eye
Once more behold thy face before thou flie;
What? ſhall we part without a mutuall kiſſe?
O who can leave ſo ſweet a face as this?
Looke full upon me; for my ſoule deſires
To turne a holy Martyr in thoſe fires:
O leave me not, nor turne thy beauty from me;
Looke, looke upon me, though thy flames ov'rcome me.
If thou becloud the Sun-ſhine of thine eye,
I freeze to death; and if it ſhine, I frie;
Which like a Fever, that my ſoule has got,
Makes me to burne too cold, or freeze too hot:
Alas, I cannot beare ſo ſweet a ſmart,
Nor canſt thou be leſſe glorious than thou art:
Haſt then, and let thy winged ſteps out-goe
The frighted Roe-buck, and his flying Roe.
But goe not farre beyond the reach of breath;
Too large a diſtance makes another death:
My youth is in her Spring; Autumnall vowes
Will make me riper for ſo ſweet a Spouſe,
When after-times have burniſh'd my deſire,
Ile ſhoot thee flames for flames, and fire for fire.
O leave me not, nor turne thy beauty from me;
Looke, looke upon me, though thy flames ov'rcome me.

Author

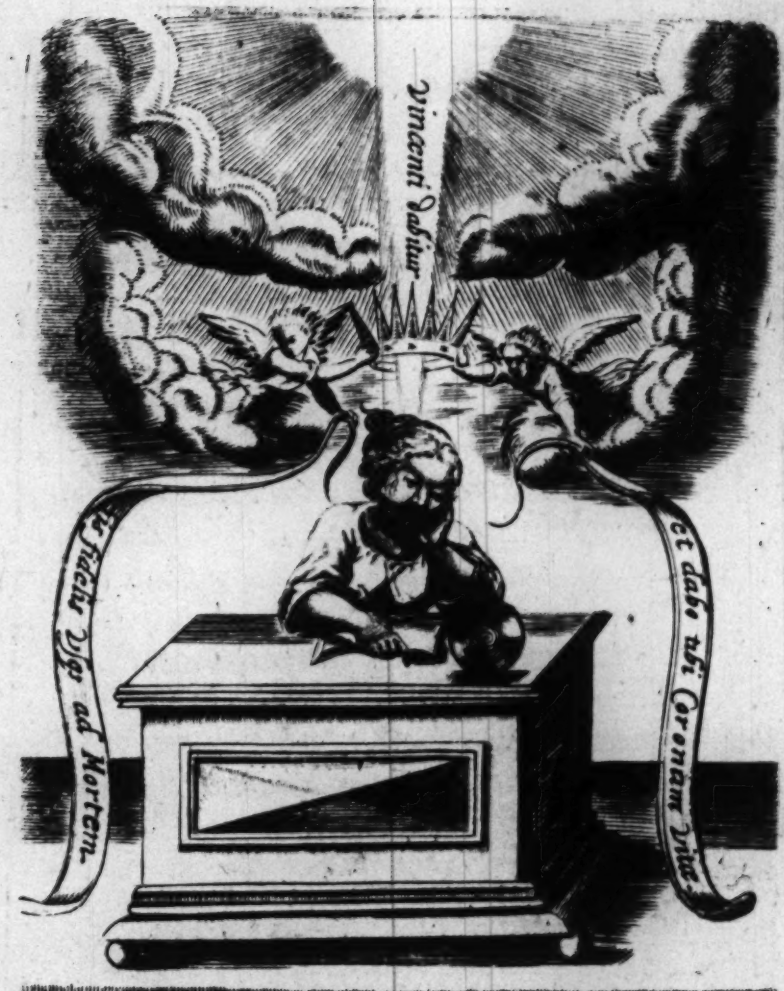
Author ſcalæ Paradiſi. Tom. 9. Aug. Cap. 8.

Feare not O Bride, nor deſpaire; Thinke not thy ſelfe contemn'd, if thy Bridegroome withdraw his face a while: All things co-operate for the beſt: Both from his abſence, and his preſence thou gaineſt light: He comes to thee, and he goes from thee; He comes, to make thee conſolate; He goes, to make thee cautious, leſt thy abundant conſolation puffe thee up: He comes, that thy languiſhing ſoule may be comforted; He goes; leſt his familiarity ſhould be contemned; and, being abſent, to be more deſired; and being deſired, to be more earneſtly ſought; and being long ſought, to be more acceptably found.

BRITISH MUSEUM

FIG. 15.

My ſoule, ſinnes monſter, whom, with greater eaſe
Ten thouſand fold, thy GOD could make than pleaſe:
What wouldſt thou have? Nor pleas'd with Sun, nor ſhade?
Heav'n knowes not what to make of what He made.



-vv Fidesq; Coronat ad aras.

will: marshall. sculp:

THE FAREWELL.

REVEL. II. X.

Be thou faithfull unto death, and I will give thee the crowne of life.

1

BE faithfull? LORD, what's that?
Believe: 'Tis eaſie to Believe; But what?
That He whom thy hard heart has wounded,
And whom thy ſcorne has ſpit upon,
Has paid thy Fine, and has compounded
For thoſe foule deeds thy hands have done.
Believe, that He whoſe gentle palmes
Thy needle-pointed Sinnes have na'l'd,
Hath borne thy ſlaviſh load (of Almes)
And made it eaſie where thou haſt fail'd:
Did ever mis'ry find ſo ſtrange Reliefe?
It is a Love too ſtrong for mans Beliefe.

2

Believe that He whoſe ſide
Thy crimes have pierc'd with their rebellions, di'd,
To ſave thy guilty ſoule from dying
Ten thouſand horrid deaths, from whence
There was no ſcape, there was no flying,
But through his deareſt bloods expence:
Believe, this dying Friend requires
No other thanks for all his paine;

But ev'n the truth of weake desires,
And for his love, but love againe;
Did ever mis'ry find so true a Friend?
It is a love too vast to comprehend.

3

With Floods of teares baptize
And drench these dry, these unregen'rate eyes;
LORD, whet my dull, my blunt beliefe,
And break this fleshly rock in sunder,
That from this heart, this hell of griefe
May spring a Heav'n of love and wonder:
O, if thy mercies will remove
And melt this lead from my beliefe,
My griefe will then refine my love,
My love will then refresh my griefe:
Then weepe mine eyes as He has bled; vouchsafe
To drop for ev'ry drop an Epitaph.

4

But is the Crowne of Glory
The wages of a lamentable Story?
Or can so great a purchase rise
From a salt Humour? Can mine eye
Run fast enough t'obtaine this Prize?
If so; LORD, who's so mad to die?
Thy Teares are Trifles; Thou must doe:
Alas, I cannot; Then endeavour:
I will: But will a tugg or two
Suffice the turne? Thou must persever:
Ile strive till death; And shall my feeble strife
Be crown'd? Ile crowne it with a Crowne of life.

5

But is there such a dearth,
That thou must buy what is thy due by birth?

He whom Thy hands did forme of duſt,
And gave him breath upon Condition,
To love his great Creator, muſt
He now be thine, by Compoſition?
Art thou a gracious GOD, and mild,
Or head-ſtrong man rebellious rather?
O, man's a baſe rebellious Child,
And thou a very gracious Father:
The Gift is Thine; we ſtrive; Thou crown'ſt our ſtrife;
Thou giv'ſt us Faith; and Faith, a Crowne of Life.

THE END.

LUSUS POËTICVS

POËTIS.

LONDINI,
Excudebat *G. M.* 1634.

41.
4. 27.
214.

AD
MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ REGEM.

Anagramma quadruplex.

[1] *Est Ortu Charus, Largus, Via, Norma, Columna,*
[2] *Tuta Salus, Vires, Cor* (Anglis;) [3] *Sic sua cautè*
Regna MARO *pius, ac Mavortius ornat* ACHILLES.

1. CAROLUS STEVVARTIUS ANGLORUM MONARCHA. 2. CAROLUS STEUARTIUS. 3. CAROLUS primus STEVVARTIUS Angliæ ac Scotiæ Monarcha. 4. CAROLUS STEUARDUS.

CAROLE, sepositi [4] *Sol charus & arduus* Orbis,
Splendida *Brittannûm* Gloria, *Pacis* Honos,
Deliciæ *Imperij*, Decus *Ævi*, Gemma *Regentûm*,
Laus *Vatum*, *Charitum* Gratia, Cura DEI,
Cujus ab unius *Requies* stat nostra Quiete,
Lucra, Lucro; Vitâ, *Vita*; Salute, *Salus*;
QUARLESIAS merito dignare Favore *Camœnas*,
Hoc *Regem* tantum, quantus es *Ipse*, decet;
Eripe (quid TIBI non facile est?) scrobe *Semen* egenâ,
Da pingui infigi nobile *Semen* humo;
Rem, Regem, Regimen, Regionem, Relligionem,
Exornat, celebrat, laudat, honorat, amat:

Inſcre Eum *Sulco* aurato, & *Seges* aurea ſurget
Ingenij; Applauſus ſancta *Theatra* dabunt:
Hæc mea ſunt, ſed non mea tantùm *Vota*, nec Vnus
Hoc petit, unanimis *Turba* ſat ampla ſumus;
Credimus; eveniat, nec Spe lactemur inani;
Macte *Britannigenûm* Maxime, *clarus* Avis,
Clarior Imperio, Muſis *clariſſimus*, ito;
Olim & idem ſpatium *Laudis*, ut *Orbis*, erit:
Annum, non Annos *Tibi*, REX, optamus; at *Annus*
Hic (ſi noſtra valent Vota) *Platonis* erit:
Vive, præi meritis *Auguſtum*; *Neſtora*, Sêclis;
Nervam, Laude; *Numam*, Pace; Favore, *Titum*;
Et longùm fœlix ſis *Præſule*, *Plebe*, *Senatu*,
Iure, *Magiſtratu*, *Milite*, *Claſſe*, *Scholis*:
Sic *Hyberna Chelys*, ſic *Lilia* terna, *Leones*
Sic quatuor ſemper, REX, tria *Regna*, beent:
Sic Sêclis maneat *Nomen*, ſic terminet Æquor
Imperium; Terras, *Laus*; *Animuſq*; Polos.

Sit Tibi pro Scenâ, *Mundus*; pro Lampade, *Phœbus*;
Pro Solio, *Cœlum*: Sit Diadema DEUS.

Sic humillimus

precatur

EDOVARDUS BENLOVVES.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Nunc, viuens age quod cupias in morte secutum.

QVARLËIS.

Postico appendo Corollam.

PRæli *iterum prodis pictus* Fuligine? *Quidni*
MOME? *placere* Mihi *est displicuisse* Tibi,
Sin ita QVARLVS *ait, nunquam mihi turpiter hirtis*
Pòst vitiata *Metris* Virgo Papyrus *erit.*

Tàm Pietati, quàm Personæ.

SEmper *Spectator* tantùm? Nunquam *Actor*? *Ocellis*
Satq; superq; datum est, jam cape *Lingua* vices.
Prodeo. QVARLE, sacræ decus immortale *Thaliæ*,
Dum perago *Terum* plura, sed apta, vaca.
Districha, *Amice*, petens, tantùm septena tulisti,
Ne pete, *multa* feres; Ne lege, & *ultus* eris:
Sin autem hæc placeant, lege cuncta placentia lætè.
Sin minùs, Ecquis *Te* cogit, ut *illa* legas?
Sit transire *Tibi*, *Mihi* scribere plurima, nonne
Curta Poësis erit, si modò *nulla* legas?
Quid legeres? Nam *Te* laudabo, *Librumq;*, sat etsi
Et *Liber* hic Laudis sit *Tibi*, *Tuq;* Liber.
¶ *Quisquis* resistis videns, faveas: Infantia *Musæ* est
Floris egens, carens *Schemate*, nuda *Tropis*.
At meliora *velim*; fient meliora *volendo*,
Et mihi *posse* dabit, Qui mihi *velle* dedit.

Quisquis *vult* fieri, quod serò sit, Ille *volendo*
Incipit, &, qui sic perstitit, Ille facit.
Scribimus hæc *Animis*, non *Auribus*; est pia *Messis*,
Vult pius esse pij *Messis* Amoris Amor.
Has *Tibi* Primitias *Me* reddere jussit *Amoris*,
Qui *Mihi Te* junxit, *Me Tibi* jungit, *Amor*.
¶ *Castalis* ergo licèt mihi penè exaruit *Humor*,
Nostra nec *Aonijs* Labra rigantur *Aquis*:
Attamen irrumpo, & *Scatebras* perscrutor, ut undans
Pegasis Alveolo divite *Vena* meet.
Ah utinam effluerem *Venæ* prædivitis undis,
Fons inconsumptis ceu fluit uber aquis!
Ah *Helicon* rapido nostrum riget *Amne* Labellum!
Imò *Helicon* totus *Musa* sit, esse cupit:
Imò *Helicone* vel exhausto currentia pleno
Carmina diffundam *Gurgite*. *Navis* eat:
Vela, meus *Genius*; Tu, Sydera; *Carmina*, Remi;
Nauta, *Poëta*; Salum, *Vena*; *Poëma*, Ratis
Quæ timet Oceani *Monstrum* irritábile, *Linguam*:
Sæpè *Rates* parvas hæc *Echeneïs* habet.
Qui sed *Apes*, *Undasq́*, timet, Spinasq́; *Roseti*,
Non *Mel*, non *Pisces*, non ferèt Ille *Rosas*.
Ergo modò audendum, *Aönidum* sulcabimus *Æquor*;
Æquor *Amor*, tua *Laus* unda sit, aura *Favor*,
Sit pro Nave *Manus* chartacea per Freta currens,
Pennaq́ in hoc Laudum Flumine Remus adest.
¶ *Naumachiam* indico *Mare Atramentale* pererrans,
Ista rudis *Musæ* Lis, & *Amoris* erit.
Sit mea *Musa* Pugil, Pugio, *Stylus*; Ensis, *Acumen*;
Arcus, *Spes*; sit *Amor* Dextra, Sagitta, *Fides*.
Metrica collatis ineamus *Prælia* Mutis,
Victrix *Laurigerùm* Musa triumphet *Equis*.
Carmine quid *Tecum* certem? certemus *Amore*;
In charo *charum* Pectore *Pectus* eris.
Fons, *Metra*; *Religio*, Nexus; DEVS, *Author* Amoris;
Sanctius hoc *sancto Fœdere* Fœdus erit?
En *Duo*, non Duo sunt, *Unus* non Unus, at *Unus*
Est duo, dum *Duo* sunt unus, & *Alter* idem.
Quàm mihi dulce *mori* Tecum, quàm *vivere* dulce,
Dulce mihi Tecum *vivere*, dulce *mori*.
Quid *Tu Me* ergò paras; *Ego* quid *Te* vincere? Si *Tu*
Sis *Ego*, simq́; *Ego Tu*, Victor *Uterq́* simus.
Ipse tuam Palmam *Tibi* prætipis, optime Vatum,
Pennaq́; *Pugna* Tibi, Pugnaq́; *Palma* Tibi.

¶ Tq

¶ Te *Jovis*, & *Paphies*, & *Apollinis* ambiat arbor;
Rem det *Honor*, Nomen *Gloria*, *Fama* Tubam.
Sisq́; coronatus *Lauroq́*, *Auroq́*; POETIS
Virtute empta est Laus Laudis, Honoris Honos.
Romæ olim Nemo *Templum* penetravit *Honoris*,
Cui non *Virtutis Ianua* pulsa foret.
Si *Virtus*, si Dia *Fides*, *Pietasq́* coronent,
Quis *Virtute*, *Fide*, Quis *Pietate* prior?
Clari Alios *decorant* Tituli, quos Ipse *decoras*;
Virtuti ut cedit Stemma, ita Stemma *Tibi*.
Vestra *Parens* Virtus, Fortuna *Noverca*; tuiq́;
Pars melior, *pejor*, Mens, *Status*, undat, *eget*.
Cur *Pedes* Ipse, & *Eques* Frater? Fortuna *Poëtæ*
Cur lusca invidit? Dura negavit opes?
QVARLE cita Sortem; *Sors*, præmia; *Præmia*, mentem;
Mens, musam; *Musæ*, Carmina; *Carmen*, Opes.
Pauper an esse potes, cui TANTÙM *Patria* debet?
Hæc referet Meritis *Dona* sat ampla tuis:
(Proh! Quid reddetur? DEVS (*Hunc* si dixero solum,
Omnia dicta putes, *Æs*, *Honor*, *Imperium*.)
¶ Magna fuit quondam sacri *Reverentia* Vatis,
Præmia Quisq́ suis Versibus æqua tulit.
Quondam! Fors sub Rege *Numâ*, sub Consule *Bruto*,
Ex quo *Carminibus* rarus habetur *Honos*.
Fausta sub *Augusto* QVARLVM *Lucina* dedisset?
Dotibus Ingenij, jure dedisset *Opes*.
Nostra autem non *descendit*, — sed *decidit* Ætas,
Laudem ferre parant, *Æra* referre negant.
¶ Quid? * *Diva* ELSABETHA *Thaleia Deabus*, amica *Anag.*
His *Matrona* fuit, larga *Patrona* fuit:
Cui nec opus *Statuâ*, satis est statuisse stupenda
Virtutis passim tot *Monumenta* suæ.
Quid? Fuit *Odarum Fautorq́*, *Authorq́* IACOBVS,
Quàm *Psalmista* dedit *Davidicale Melos*!
CAROLE succedis, VATUM *Britenumq́* PATRONVS, Ag: Ebor: &
Et *Lumen*, *Columen*, *Culmen* Honoris ades: Lancastrien.
Regna IACOBVS, * *Agros* HENRICVS, CAROLVS *Oras* *Chronogram:*
Iungitis; exultent *Fœdere*, *Pace*, *Fide*. Is Dat ROSIS VNIONEM. Anno
TE *Lyra* mulcet, amatq́; *Leo*, servantq́; *Leones*, Dom. 1485
Lilia utrisq́; *Rosis* Te recreare student. Regn 23.
Multa *Corona* cadit *Pedibus*, Tibi ridet *Olympus*,
Quaq́; viam carpis *Lacteus Orbis* ovat;
Quot *Loca* Tu visis Tibi tot facis aurea *Regna*,
Tam *spatiosa* Locis, quam *speciosa* Thronis.

CAROLE, Tu *Magno Major*, Tu *Maximus*. O cui
Quàm MAGNVM, Decus eſt grandius eſſe PIVM.
Dum *Cælogenitis* placet aſpirare *Prophetis*,
Spargis & Officijs *Præmia* juſta pijs.
¶ Nonne *Metra* hæc *Ætas* videt, audit, & æſtimat? Ecce
Quod ceciniſſe, *Labor*; quod tacuiſſe, *Pudor*;
Scilicet *Adriacâ* prudens cum *Plebe Senatus*
* *Aureolus apud Venet.* *Zechinos *VATI bis modò mille dedit.
Effert Quæ medio Caput *Æquore*, vidimus *Urbem*,
* *Sannazar.* Noſtra quod hanc Verſu *Muſa* ſalutet, habet.
¶ *Martia Roma* jacet, *Veneta Urbs* dum *Marcia* ſurgit:
Marcus enim major *Marte Patronus* adeſt.
Pondere ſtat, natat *Arte*, *Alis* volat Vna per Orbem,
Pro Solido Huic *Liquidum*, pro Solioq; *Salum*,
Portus, Porta; Ager, *Æquor*; Equus, *Ratis*; Arx, *Petra*; *Claſſis*,
Mænia; *Patricij*, Corpora; Corda, *Duces*:
Cui Galea eſt *Laurus*; Mars, *Palma*; Galæa, *Triumphus*:
Roma quod eſt, *fueras*; quæ modo *ſtas*, quod erat.
TV! Tibi vel *Reges*, Cives facis; Vna *Regentium*
Rectrix, Quæ *Terrij*, Quæ dominaris *Aquis*.
Adria Cui *Cælum* eſt, *Mentes* Venetiq; *moventes*,
Quæq; Domus fixa eſt *Stella*, *Planeta* Ratis:
Quiſq; Senator in hoc *Deus* eſt venerandus *Olympo*,
Iupiter, & Dux es maxime, Iuno *Thetis*.
Ingenij atq; *Animi* non eſt Vigor acrior uſquam:
O ſi METROPOLIS noſtra teneret idem
Ingenium, *gratumq;* *Animum* MAIORA CANENTI;
Vix caperent *Laudes* mille *Theatra* tuas.
¶ NYMPHA, *Cor* & triplicis REGNI florentis *Ocella*,
Clara, antiqua, nitens, dives, amœna, potens;
Dudum *Europæas* inter celeberrima *Nymphas*
VIRGO, ſed, enixo PRINCIPE, læta PARENS;
Imperij regale *Decus*, *Microcoſmos* Honorum,
Seu dare vis Terræ, ſeu dare *Iura* Mari:
Quod *Tagus*, aut *Hermus*, fert *Pactoluve*; ſer Vndas
Plenè congeſtum novimus ire tuas.
Sectile deliciis Ebur *India* præbet, & Aurum,
(*India* ditando laſſa Miniſtra *Tago*)
Ægyptus Calamos, *Babylon* Aulæa, *Sabæus*
Thura, *Paleſtinus* Baſſama, *Thraces* Equos,
Æra *Corinthus*, *Arabs* Styracem, *Perſica* Gemmas,
Ida Metalla, Satum *Gargara*, *Creta* Merum;
Sit *Verona* ferax, operoſa *Lutetia*, *Roma*
Martigena, *Vrbs Venetûm* Gemma, *Vienna* potens,

Splendida

Splendida ſolertes ditet *Florentia* Cives:
Quorum inſunt ALIIS ſingula, juncta TIBI;
Legibus æqua, beata Fide, concordibus Armis
Blanda, Peregrinis hoſpita, larga Pijs,
Florida Pace, Situ vetus, ebria Mercibus, undans
Quæſtubus, exultans Principe, Cive potens,
Clara Viris, ſpatioſa Vijs, argentea Lymphis,
Aureola Emporijs, Gemmea Delicijs,
Vrbium Apex, Procerumq; Altrix, Decorumq; Creatrix,
Inſulæ Amor, Thamiſis Splendor, Opumq; Tumor,
Regia Conſilio, Oceani Regina, Cathedra
Imperij, ſplendens Faſcibus, Orbis Honos,
Omnibus illuſtris, Famæ Stupor, unica Phœnix,
Apta Salo, Cœlo grata, benigna Solo.
Si Terrarum Orbis, quaquà patet, Annulus eſſet,
Europa illius Gemma Decusq; foret;
Annulus *Europæ* ſpatioſa *Britannia*, Sedem
Londinum inq; Palâ ter ſpecioſa tenet.
Thamiſis, & *Thamo* generatus, & *Iſide* (Serpens
Aula ubi regalis quælibet una Domus)
Dum TE, Regnator Fluviûm, miratur Alumnâ,
Sæpè retardatis lene refluxit Aquis.
Iucunda omnigenum ſubrides Munere Divûm,
Hîc, mea quo ſpatio Muſa triumphet, habet:
Sit *Jove Creta* potens, ſint clari ab *Apolline Delphi*,
Et *Veneta* Vrbs, *Veneris* Nomine nota, micet;
Hîc, pia Iura *Themis*, variaſq; *Minerva* dat Artes,
Herbida Prata, *Drias*; Cærula *Nais*, Aquas;
Mercibus omnigenis, & Bellis apta gerendis,
Filia *Mercurij*, *Palladæ* digna Soror;
Quæq; Puella *Charis*, *Martis* Civis, *Iupiter* Ipſe
Rex meus, & *Iuno* Regia Nupta, nitet.
Mole novâ exultas, traheris majoribus Aſtris,
In toto nullis Orbe ſecunda manes.
Multa volens tranſmitto; nec ultra quære, nec Vrbem,
Verum Orbem in tantâ Mole videre puta.
Heus Peregrine, Tibi patet Vrbs, intrato, quid hæres?
Vrbs hæc? Orbis adeſt. Orbis? an Orbis Hera?
Neſcio Quam dicam, minor eſt Vox omnis, at Ipſa
Se benè LONDINVM dicere ſola poteſt:
Ad ſummum: doctis favet Artibus inclita, nec non
QVARLE, modo eſt Meritis grata futura tuis.
Sed, memor unde abij, redeo. Eh in Honore POETÆ.
Tempus eras: Tibi dans Præmia; Tempus erit.

¶ Made

¶ Macte Vir elapsi commendatissime Sêcli
Nostri ESSEXIACI lecte Pyrope SOLI!
(*Terra* referta Bonis ovat omnibus, effluit inde
Quicquid habet Tellus, quicquid & Æquor habet.)
Scande triumphales, meritissime QVARLE, Quadrigas;
Cœlica sublimem dat tibi Musa locum.
Ingenium Superis, Tibi mens contermina Cœlis,
Anglica ita *Angelicum* Pagina spirat opus.
PRINCIPE TV solus dignus præstante, nec ullus
QVARLÆO PRINCEPS dignior ore cani.
Cui totus se *Helicon*, totusq; recludit *Apollo*,
Quem sibi *Pierides* Spemq; Metumq; putant;
Martial: Quem non *Bilbilicus* Vates Epigrammate vincit,
Carminis Heroi nec gravitate *Maro*,
Quiq; *Anacreontæus* ludis facundior Odis,
Flaccus Pindaricos dividis aure Melos,
Dignaq; *Peligno* qui Carmina *Vate* profundis,
Cuncta Vnus Cunctos qui super Vnus ades.
Omnes pone simul, quid vis, simul omnibus adde,
Adde etiam post hæc addita, cuncta potes.
Flumineus *Nasones*, numerosus *Horatius*, altus
Virgilius, lepidus *Bilbilitanus* Olor.
Tam meat in facili genialis Gratia Versu,
Tam nitido suavis Carmine Vena fluit,
Tam sacra divinæ stellescit Gloria Linguæ;
Huic nihil invictum, quod modo vellet, erat.
Odi Ego difficiles salebras, inamabile Carmen,
Aönio tinctum Nectare Carmen amo,
Hîc, nihil hirsutum, nihil hæc mediocre *Minervæ*
Sed quod amet, stupeat Lector *Apollo*, dabit.
Ecquis in adversâm Vates descendet Arenam?
Quisquis es, ô *Phœbus* sis licèt, Ipse veni.
Omnia Musarum fausto pede Regna subîsti:
Quis sperare sibi tanta Trophæa queat?
¶ Mitto Tibi auratum Calamum, namq; aurea scribis,
Infectum; quò sit Cuspis, *Acumen* habes.
Quid data lux Phœbo? Ponto, undæ? robora, Sylvæ?
Littori, arena? Polo, syderа? gramen, Humo?
Quid vel *Aristæo* Mel missum? Vina, *Lyæo*?
Triptolemo, Fruges? Penna, Metrumq; *Tibi*?
¶ *Jo* triumphe sacris redimitus Tempora Plumis;
Gloria Te meritò magna, nec una manet.
Quotidiè accrescet. *Juvenis Pellæus*, opinor,
Si plùs vixisset, viveret Ille minùs.

Maxime

Maxime major eris MAGNO; Huic Ne Fama periret
Vita perit. Nonne hoc *Ne moriare mori?*
Tu FRANCISCVS eris seros celebrandus in Annos,
Dum fluet à sacro *Pègasis* unda Iugo,
Dumq; erit, Orbis honos, Aqua, Tellus, Ignis, & Aura,
Cumq; *Euro Zephyrus*, cumq; *Aquilone Notus*,
Dumq; erit, Æthris honos, Sol, Luna, Planeta, Bootes,
Cumq; *Eöo Æthon*, cum *Pyroënte Phlegon*,
Et dum Magniloquum cantabit *Roma Maronem*,
Nunquam *Brittannis* excidet Ille suis.
Ingenium & Carmen FRANCISCI. vivet honorum, *Carmen retrog.*
Vivet dum mundo Carmen, & Ingenium:
Non moritur, poterit ve mori, cui *Fama* perorat,
Laus loquitur, redolet Fructus, abundat Honor.
Hic Musam, Hunc celebrem Illa facit, totumq per Orbem,
Non habet Illa sibi, non habet Ille parem.
¶ Docta triumphantes circundent Tempora Laurus,
Rhedaq; inauratis Te vehat alba Rotis.
DIVA Tibi omnipotens, cusa, effigiata, rotunda
Serviat, & Cornu divite fundat opes.
Quidni? Sacrificem, liceat, Tibi, simq; *Sacerdos*,
Victima sint Versus, *Ara*, Cor; *Ignis*, Amor.
Pone *Aras*, accende *Focos*, cade *Victima*, Musæ
Quarlesiæ Versu, Corde, & Amore litem.
Adjuro Te, FAMA, Nepotibus omnia narres,
Notior ut toto nullus in orbe foret.
¶ In Libro quæ *prima* tuo? laudemvè *secunda?*
Singula *Prima* Libro, nulla *Secunda* tuo.
Sic ornas, sic texis Opus, Res, Verba, Decorem,
Haud scio, quid priùs, aut pòst, mediumvè canam.
Quò ferar angusto Musarum limite pressus?
En *Labyrinthus* adest, & *Laborintus* inest.
Sculptilibus Documenta, Metrisq; Soluta maritas,
Ore Lepos, Animo est Gratia, Corde Fides;
Sic Animam CHRISTO affigis, sacra *Biblia* sacris
Patribus, & Lyricis das *Epigramma* tuis.
Enucleata patent, *Te Extispice*, Biblia: Textûs
Non Consensus adest, si modò Sensus abest.
Quid *Sensu* ratione carens? *Ratio* fidei expers?
Quid sine amore *Fides?* aut *Amor* absq; DEO?
Ah DEVS! aut nullo flagret mihi Pectus Amore,
Aut solo flagret Pectus Amore tui!
¶ Sciq; DEVM, notumq; doces, doctumq; vereris;
Praxis alit Cultum, quod canis, Author agis.

Digna

Digna legi ſcribis, facis & digniſſima ſcribi,
Pagina nec minùs eſt, quàm Tibi *Vita* proba.
Mirarer Verſus potiùs, Vitamvè, vel Ambo,
Dum facienda notas, dumq; notanda facis?
Quiſquis agit ſuadendo, aut ſuadet agendo, beatus
Ille: beatior es *Tu*, quòd utrumq; *Tibi*;
Tu meditanda facis, meditaris agenda, ſimulq;
Quæ *facienda* doces, hæc *faciendo* doces:
Dum ſcribis facienda, doceſq; probanda, *Poëtam*
Scripta probant doctum Te tua, Facta probum.
¶ *Rhetore* non *Rhetor*, meliorvè Poëta *Poëtâ*,
Qui non culta magis, quàm pia Corda facis.
Eſt Tibi Vita, DEVS; Pietas, *Lex*; Gloria, CHRISTVS;
Ius colis, Affectus ſupprimis, Acta regis.
En penè inſculpta eſt mediæ Prudentia Fronti
Si tanta eſt Frontis, quanta ea Mentis erit?
Virtutem Genio, *Genium* Virtutibus ornas;
Te colit ipſe DEVS, dum colis *Ipſe* DEVM;
Quiq; DEVM verum vero cumulârit Honore,
Hunc vero cumulat verus Honore DEVS.
Dignum Re Carmen, Res carmine digna probatur,
Optima Materies, optimæ & Artis opus.
Nemo Metrum potiore Metro, Numeroſvè præivit
Nemo Materiâ nobiliore tuos.
Materies ô Ingenio digniſſima tanto!
O dignum tantâ Materie Ingenium!
¶ Dulcia, *Lector*, amas? Nihil hîc, niſi dulcia; *Lector*
Dulcia poſtponens, Vtile quæris? adeſt:
Si vel utrumq; velis; Liber hic tibi præſtat utrumq;
Dulcia quæris? habes; Vtile quæris? habes.
Dulcia ſic miſcent auſtero Sacchara *Bacchio*,
Suadent illa vetus ſuaviùs ire Merum.
Guſtus. ¶ Vis ergo omnigeno Carcheſia plena Lyæo?
Vtq; tuis ſpument ſingula Vina Cadis?
Maſſica, *Cæcuba*, *Cretica*, *Rhetica*, *Chia*, *Falerna*?
An tua, *Rhene*, placent? *Mæne*, an amœna tua?
Cœligenum pleno bibere hîc licet Ore *Lyæum*.
Quare agedùm; caleat Vena repleta Mero:
Falle *Diem*, ſtrue *Serta*. *Scyphum* cape, tingere *Nardo*,
Si Tibi Cura MEI, ſit Tibi Cura MERI.
Quid? Sed opus *Mentis* fiet hoc, non *Ventris*. Abundè
Copia *Lactis* adeſt, copia *Mellis* ineſt.
Navus enim *Vatum* per amœna Roſeta, *Patrumq;*
Hic, illic libans, mellea Dona legas.

Sic

Sic per odoriferos errans *Apis* undiq; Campos
Convehit in proprios florea Mella *Favos*.
Tale Mel ipsa suis nunquam dedit *Hybla* Colonis,
Tale nec *Enna* suis, tale nec *Etna* suis.
Vincitur ipsa favi *Formatrix* dædala: *Labra*
Illic, hîc sacro *Viscera* melle fluunt.
Non ibi Mel sine Cerâ, hîc, hîc sincera Voluptas,
Mellea Musa merum Melq; merumq; Merum.
¶ *Nectare* Crateras spumantes, LECTOR, anhelas?
Hujus in Eloquio *Nectaris* unda salit;
Fundit Is ætheriâ plenas Dulcedine Guttas,
Gratiùs omnigeno *Nectare*, *Melle*, *Mero*.
Emoriar, si non hîc Dulcor inebriet Artus;
Ebria nectareo Gaudia Fonte scatent.
¶ Cura salutiferum est ad *Vitæ* accedere Fontem?
Hîc Fons est, à quo *Vita*, Salusq; fluunt.
Ista Scaturigo placeat præ mille Scatebris,
Ex quâ *Bethesdæ* prosilit Humor Aquæ.
Dulcè fluens Liquor iste Fibris infunditor ipsis,
Vt Tibi viva sacræ Vena resultet Aquæ:
Vnda hæc exiliens Potabile spumat in Aurum,
Vndè replere Sitim, non satiare potes.
Quod *Tagus* aurifluâ dat Aquâ minorescit ademptum:
HIC mihi quo plùs dat, plùs scatet inde Sibi.
¶ Ambitiosa Gula est? Cordi Tibi *Phasius Ales*,
Ostrea, *Salmo*, *Lupus*, *Sturio*, *Mullus*, *Elops*?
Pro Mensâ, hîc *Liber* est; pro Mappâ, hîc *alba Papyrus*;
Condimenta, *Sales*; Carmina sacra, *Dapes*;
Pro Patinis, *Picturæ*, & sunt pro Carne, *Camœnæ*,
Et Quadris quadrant hîc *Numeri innumeri*.
Hîc *Manna*, *Ambrosia* hîc cœlestibus illita sucis,
Omnis in hac Escâ est *Esca*, Sapore *Sapor*.
Hîc Mihi Se totum dat CHRISTVS, & omnia *Secum*;
Quæ Mare, quæ Tellus, quæ vel Olympus habet:
Quorum etsi solitis non pauca absumimus horis,
Non fugit ulla Fames, non fugit ulla Sitis.
O quando hæc nostram saturabit Copia Mentem!
Quando dabit plenas hæc mihi Mensa Dapes!
¶ Quisquis ades *Lector*, fias *Spectator*, amœnum *Visui*
Hoc Opus Affectus provocet ergo tuos.
Hactenus humanò Sapientia pangitur Ore,
Nunc verò humanâ pingitur illa Manu:
Vt dubites, docto an magè demirere recisa
Æra Stylo, an doctâ Scripta notata Manu.

Pingendo

Pingendo docet hic Scriptor, pingitq; docendo,
Atq; Animum geminâ fascinat Arte tuum,
Vt si non poterit Virtus nisi visa placere,
Plùs oculis poterit picta placere tuis.
(Picta & scripta foret tua Laus, si Pictor *Apelles*,
Et simul Ille tuus Scriptor *Apollo* foret.)
Vivida *Christisonis* varias Emblemata *Rythmis*
Cedat Apellæo picta colore *Venus*.
O quàm multa docet paucis *Emblema*! retusum
Aspectu informant Signa polita Caput.
¶ Vis Hominumq; Dei q; Oculis speciosus haberi?
Temet ad hoc *Speculum* respice, finge, lava.
Cœlestes oculos Speculum cœleste requirit;
Et videt incassùm, qui sine Mente videt.
Consulto nunquam saturentur Lumina visu,
Vsq; frequens Oculos pascat Imago tuos.
Quò magis atq; magis Memet juvat usq; tueri,
Hòc minùs & vanus fio, minùsq; levis.
¶ Quisquis ades, tacitâ quæ venit ab *Icone* vocem
Hauri; etiam Surdis possit *Imago* loqui.
O quàm *Te* semper memorem, FRANCISCE! Figuras
Mutas facundas qui facis arte tuâ!
¶ Marmora det maculola *Chios*, liventia *Lesbos*,
Alba *Paros*, nigra *Lybs*, versicolora *Thasos*,
Picturata *Paphos*, guttataq; *Thebais* auro,
Angue & *Ophites*, ac Vngue notatus *Onyx*:
Marmora *Apostolicis* præbes excisa *Fodinis*,
Illustrata mihi *Palladis* arte tuæ,
¶ Picta triumphalem *Sol* nubila lunet in Arcum,
Proferat illustres *Pavo* superbus opes:
Si Color, & variâ Lux Iride Lumina pascant,
Lux hæc est melior Luce, Colore *Color*.
Hîc mare *Sapphiri* viridans, hic purpura & ignis,
Sive *Amethystæ* tuus, sive *Pyrope* tuus.
Scintillans proprio stellat *Carbunculus* Igne,
Adq; superna sacrum Sydera monstrat iter;
Fulgor hic *Argenti* radios perstringit, & *Auri*;
Quantùm luceseis, Lux mea, Luce Libri!
Quippe Liber Sol est, sunt Sydera Metra: perennè
Lux, precor, in nostro luceat ista polo.
Exultate novum Mundo lucescere *Solem*,
Cujus Luce *Dies* ingeminata stupet:
Qui *Iubar* accendit, cujus per devia claro
Lumine Virtutis semita recta patet.

Per

Per duodena meat *Sol* æthere Signa; sed hîc *Sol*
Per quindena (Icon signa sit) Astra meat.
Phœbe, quid igni fluos, Fons Luminis, occulis Axes?
Splendet an hæc nova lux clarior Igne tuo?
Imò quidèm splendet Lux hæc præclarior; *Ipse*
Vmbras Corporibus, Mentibus *Iste* fugat.
Sole cadente nigrum fuscat nox lurida Mundum,
At Radios *hic Sol* post sua Fata dabit;
Qui si dignetur Radijs lustrare Favoris,
Nesciet Eclipsin *Cynthia* nostra pati.
¶ An *Lituos*, *Cytharas*, *Psalteria*, *Cymbala*, *Conchas*, *Auditus*.
Organa, *Nabla*, *Lyras*, *Tympana*, *Sistra*, *Tubas*,
Mixtaq; cum *Fidibus*, *Testudinibusq;* sonoris
Cornua, *Sambucas*, *Barbita*, *Plectra*, *Cheles*?
Lector, an *ætherios* instillari auribus *Hymnos*,
Angelicumq; DEO concinuisse *Melos*?
(Assiduè quorum alta sonant *Tentoria* plausu)
Istanè, an *Illa* velis? En Tibi malle tuum.
Bis Puer, & Fungis Fungus magìs omnibus, *Orbis*
Cymbala, præ *Cantu Cœlite*, si quis amas.
¶ Seu numeris celebrem sublimibus aptat IOBVM,
Commodat ângliacis seu SALOMONA Lyris,
Seu sacra IIRMIIÆ deflet Lamenta Prophetæ,
Seu magè COETICOLÆ gesta referre velit,
Seria seu *pangit* pia, vermiculata Lepore,
Sive Emblematicum, Vir pie, *pingis* opus,
Seu blando faciles demulces pollice Chordas,
Seu sine felle *Iocos*, non sine melle *Sales*,
Seu sit *Epos* melicum, seu sit mellitus *Iambus*,
Sive *Elegeia* sagax, sive *Epigramma* sequax,
Seu Numeros, numeris seu verba soluta profundis,
Tu, quod utramq; Autem mulceat, *Author* habes.
¶ Cum rudibus ferveret aquis, Mare mulcet ARION,
Huic *Psaltæ* Delphin Vector amicus erat:
Hic mare sit *Mundus*, *Cœlum* Tibi portus, & aura
CHRISTVS, quiq; vehat, *Mors* Tibi Delphis erit.
Te sequar, ô sacræ *Fidicen* numerose Camœnæ,
Cordis, ut auscultent *Te*, freta pulsa silent.
Te veniente tumet, Te decedente recedit
Castalis: Arbitrio stataq; fluitq; tuo.
ORPHEA, Fama refert, *Pisces*, *Volucresq;*, *Feraq;*,
Infernumq; Canem conciliâsse Lyrâ.
TV potes *exanimes Voces* animare Lepore,
Languidáq; altisonis tollere *Verba* modis.

Voce,

Voce, Chely, Modulis, *Sirenes*, *Orphea*, *Phœbum*
Vicisti, atq; *Trium* quod fuit, *Unus* habes.
Bruta *Orpheum*, Saxa *Amphion*, Delphinas *Arion*
Ducat. Sint *Illi* singula, juncta *Tibi*.
Saxa, Feras, Pisces moveant *Tres*, dum regis *Unus*
Dira, cruenta, feros, Tartara, Monstra, Viros.
Dulcisonis plenus Numeris *fera* Pectora lenis,
Dirum Animum placas, Corda *cruenta* regis:
Languentes relevas, *Relevatos* erigis, Ipsos
Erectos Idem perficis, *Hosq;* beas.
¶ Cantat, & ascendit, Vox sydera mulcet *Alaudæ*;
Tv super Astra ferens *Laude*, es *Alauda*, DEVM.
En Nemus exurdant *Philomela*, & *Acanthis* ovantes
Gutture, mulcentes Aëra Blanditijs:
Dant sine Mente Sonos, licèt ore suavia fundant;
Carmen at *Astraum* suaviùs *Ipse* canis.
Quas non *Delicias*, cœlestibus ebrie guttis,
Quas non *Lætitias*, Tv, LYRA VIVA, creas!
Dulcifluo quoties numerosæ Pectine Linguæ
Corda loquens, toties obstupefacta quatis.
Deliquium Passus mihi languens Spiritus; hoc hoc
Deliciumq; Animæ, *Deliquiumq;* meæ.
Ah rapis his mihi Cor *Concentibus*, his mihi raptum
Reddis & *Harmonijs*: sic simul ire placet,
Sic simul *Aonijs Afflatibus* opto redire;
Exitus ah fœlix Me, *Reditusq;* juvat!
Hic, illic; Absens, *Præsens*; *Vivusq;*, Iacensq;,
Ferre, *referre* Gradus; *esse*, nec esse; beor.
¶ Te *Chelys* ergo canat, recinat *Lyra*, *Buccina* clangat,
Te sonet aurată blanda THALIA *Fide*,
Barbiton & Pulsis resonet Te ad Carmina Nervis,
VRANIA herdam percutiente *Chelyn*.
Et strepitum duplici referat *Nemus* omnia Voce,
Tuq; *Echo* lætis associandă Choris.
Sic *Cœlum*, atq; *Solum*, atq; *Salum* quatiantur, ovanti
Laude *Solum*, *Cœlum* Voce, Canore *Salum*.
Æternùm sileat qui nunc silet *Improbus*, ipsa
Cùm *Maria*, & *Terræ*, & *Sydera* visa loqui.
Odoratus. ¶ *Succina*, *Thura*, *Cedros*, *Opobalsama* Naribus opeas?
Styracem, *Ladanum*, *Bdellia*, *Nardq*, *Crocum*?
Myrrham, & odoratis *Aloës* sudantia Lignia,
Mixtaq; *Muscată Cinnama* grata *Nuce*?
Quicquid *Arabi*, *Sereſq;* ferunt, & odorifer *Indus*,
Quæq; *Hispana* novo Puppis ab Orbe tulit?

Spicil

Spica Cilissa pius Calamus, sit *Aroma* Libellus;
Qualis in hoc tegitur *Cortice Thuris* odor!
Thure Precum redolet mihi Cor, *Myrrhâq;* Dolorum,
Qui pia vota facit, *Thus* dedit Ille DEO.
Thus, Aurum, & *Myrrham* Fidei offert; CHRISTE *Poëtæ*,
Suscipe REX *Aurum*, *Myrrham* HOMO, *Thura* DEVS.
Fundit odorifero pretiosa *Opobalsama* Nimbo,
Elysium sacro fragrat odore Nemus.
Thus cumulat *Casijs*, Croca *Nardis*, Balsama *Myrrhis*,
Ebria odore pibit *Naris*, & haurit opes,
Nil, nisi *Nectareus* pluit istis Nubibus Imber,
Nil, nisi & *Ambrosias* venrilat aura Dapes.
¶ Expetis omnigenis gemmantem Floribus *Hortum*,
Suavis ubi vernas FLORA profundit Opes,
Quandò novo *Zephyro*, genialis, fœta *Marito*
Florum *Reginas* parturit alma *Rosas*,
Reginasq; Rosas, & Florum *Lilia Reges*,
Quæ roseo, ambrosio & Rore, & Odore fragrant?
Ambigeres, quêis datnè *Rosis* AVRORA Ruborem,
An capit, Ardet ita hæc *Purpura*, Veris honos.
Quid *Color* hic, vel *Odor* si infesto Cortice Vinctus
Aërias remex non queat ire Vias?
Quid sibi subridet brevis ista *Diecula* Formæ,
Si spreta auricomæ *Spina* marita *Rosæ*?
Vix *sata* & apta *meti*! Tibi quàm benè convenit *Istud*,
Vno *nata* fui, *viva*, *vieta* Die.
Hîc, ROSA perpetui *Veris*, *Maijq;* perennis,
Author **Dorotheas* efflat ab ore *Rosas*. *Lege Vit. S. Doroth.*
¶ Si varii placeant uno de stemmate *Fructus*,
Albaq; *Narcissi*, flavaq; Texta *Croci*,
Ros maris, & Tyrios imitata *Papavera* Coccos,
Et *Calthæ* aureolæ, Phœbisequæq; Comæ,
Fronde nitens, & *Flore* comans, *Fructuq;* triumphans
En Arbor, *Gemmis* vermiculata, præit
Floribus *Argentum*, *Aurum* Pomis, Fronde *Smaragdos*;
Hîc, quæ *Dodonam* vicerat, Arbor adest,
Quàm mulcent *Auræ*, firmat *Sol*, educat *Imber*:
Fructus fructu, *Flo* flore, colore *Color*
Gratior hic omni. *Paradisi* en *cœlitis* Hortum!
Hesperidum, pereat, quod *Draco* servat Agris,
Quicquid & Hesperio *Chloris* lepidissima Campo,
Quicquid & *Alcinous*, *Flora*, *Pomona* tenent;
Quêis permulsa Domus iucundo ridet Odore:
Quàm melior subito hîc flamine spirat Odor!

I *Croce* cum *Nardo*, *Calthæq;*, ac *Irides*, ite,
Hic mihi *Calatha*, *Crocus*, *Nardus*, & *Iris* erit.
Has mihi posco *Rosas*, hæc *Mala*, hæc *Lilia* posco,
Nescia Mareoris *Lilia*, *Mala*, *Rosas*.
Ver *Flores*, Æstas *Segetes*, Autumnus & *Uvas*
Præbet; es, *Vne*, Animæ *Flos*, *Seges*, *Uva* meæ.
¶ CAMBRIGIA, *alma Parens*, cum *Te* spectâsset in Herbâ
Quos olim *Flores* hæc, ait, *Herba* dabit!
Conspectas *Tyrio Violas* producet in *Ostro*,
Hæc dabit, indutas *Murice*, *Virga* Rosas.
En *Violæ*, ecce *Rosæ*; superâsti *Fructibus* Annos,
Floribus Hebdomadas, *Seminibusq;* Dies.
Proh quis *Odos!* *Lux* qualis! at O! —— quæ *Musica* menti
Balsama, *Gemma*, *Lyræ* sunt preciosa minùs?
Hîc *Oculo*, hîc *Mente* trahor, trahor *Auribus*, hæret
Bella Tabella Oculis, *Ore Mel*, *Aure Melos*.
Elysium Tempe Tibi, LECTOR, & *aurea* Linguæ
Germina in exiguum lecta *Volumen* habes.
Carpe *Puer* Flores, *Virgo* tibi necte Corollas,
Seminat, & spargit quæ sine Fine metas.
¶ FLORA veni, sed casta veni, comitata Camœnis,
Ferte huc, huc *Veris* si quis amœnat Honos.
Flora ferat Violas, Serpylla *Cythêris*, Adonin
Cypria, Narcissum *Chloris*, *Idyia* Rosas.
Huc tincti Moro *Mauri*, Vaccinio *Iberi*,
Et Violâ tinctus *Sarmata*, & *Angla* Rosâ.
Flores *Quisq;* Manu propriis tondeto, & ovantes
Huc simili plenos Flore referto Sinus.
Floriferis lætæ *Charites* risere Canistris,
Pars *Thyma*, Pars *Tulipas*, Pars *Melilothon* habet.
Calliope, *Clio*, *Euterpe*, *Polyhymnia*, *Pallas*,
Terpsicore, *Uranie*, *Suada*, *Thalie*, *Chariu*,
(Mira vides, at vera vides, & *Pallada*, & Ipsas
Vndenis *Nymphas* stare novem Pedibus)
Cinctus & omnigenis huc Tempora Floribus adsis
PHOEBE, omnes *Motu*, *Luce*, *Calore* fovens;
Iunge Hederam *Lauro*, Myrtum subtexe *Ligustro*,
Alba *verecundis* Lilia pinge *Rosis*;
His redimi *Caput* Omni-merentis; adornet AMICI
Lauro, *Hederâ*, *Myrto* texta Corona Comas.
¶ Vos qui Melliflux colitis sacra Numina *Suadæ*,
Hic parvo omnigenas Ære paratis Opes;
Dives hic Astræum *Gemmarum* depluit Imbrem,
An magno hoc *maius* Munere *Munus* erit?

Non

Non habet iſte ſuum Pretium, ſuperatq; Libellos
Bartole ſive tuos, ſive *Galene* tuos;
Et prodeſſe potens, & delectare *Legentem*;
Non ſapio, aut Ætas, ſi ſapit, Ita ſapit.
¶ Non ſubit Errorem; Criticæ mendacia Linguæ
Fortè ſubibit; adeſt *Lividus*, — *Error* abeſt.
Antipodes Pietatis erunt qui *Inſignia* credent
Hæc meruiſſe *tegi*, nèc meruiſſe *legi*;
Triticeam in *Segetem* Quiſquis *Zizania* ſpargit
Ne pereat, *ſapiat*; ni ſapiat, *pereat*;
Invidioſe SENEX, Capite *Æolus*, Ore *Lyæus*,
Remigibus genitus, ſed modò factus *Eques*,
QVARLO aſper, *Bavio* MECÆNAS — ô Pie ſalve
MECÆNAS, *atavis edite Re-mi-gibus*!
Irrita Te luſit *Spes*. Quid ſcabis *OPTIME*? *Crines*
Ne tere, *Græcari* pergito, — ſponte fluent.
Hoc, velut in *Speculo*, TE TOTVM conſpice *Verſu*;
Sic erit hîc aliquid quod placeat; TIBI, TV;
Parce *Oleo*, & *Lychnis*; TEMET ſine *Luce* tuaris.
Hoc ſatis. Ah de TE velle ſilere Sat eſt.
Dic precor at ſodes (& vera fatere Precanti)
Quid *Libro* poſſis carpere *MOMI*? — *Tace*.
¶ *Bibliopola*, Libri QVARLVS ſi proditur *Author*,
Omnis in hoc *VATVM* Nomine *Fama* nitet;
Præferat *Authoris* ſac tantum Pagina *Nomen*,
Mox operis *Lector* Quilibet eſſe volet.
Fœlicem quem Divini pia cura *Libelli*
Tangit, & obſceſſum Nocte Dieq; tenet,
Qui ſcrutans *Præcepta* DEI ſe oblectat in illis,
Et nihil, Hæc extra quod meditetur, habet:
Hunc lege (namq; *Tibi* ſeritur metiturq;) *Iuventus*,
Perlege, Opus quamvis ſit breve, Multa ſapit,
Hunc relege, hunc Animo ſepeli, Pactiſq; Libellum
Exprime. Plùs Librum eſt *degere*, quàm *legere*.
Fundere Aquas, legere eſt; De Flumine? *Lumine*; Fontes?
Fronte; ita, non aliter vult *Liber* iſte legi.
Mira loqui, ſed *vera* licebit; HIC omnia legit
Qui primo in Libri Limine *POENITVIT*.
¶ Laſſa *Manus*, nec *Tempus* adeſt, ſtant *Præla*; POESIS
Non *ornanda* igitur, ſed *peragenda* Mihi.
Quò Metra cruda petunt *Elego* Pede? Virgo *Papyrus*
Nobiliore manet conſocianda *Stylo*.
Verſibus ah nimijs mea *Septa* recepta; fruantur
Metra metro, *Finis* fine, *Modus*q; modo.

Tandem QVINTVS adest ACTVS: *Veniam* date; nullum
Cum *Scelus* est, nimiùm præter *amâsse*, meum.
Scribere *Relligio* hæc *Pietasq́* vel ethica *cogit*,
(Si modo quis *cogi*, quod cupit Ipse, potest.)
Non Laudem, *Veniam*; *Mentem*, non Carmina iacto.
Tam mihi *velle* sat est, quàm bona *posse* dare.
Symbolon, *Arrha*, *Typus* METRA, *Moris*, *Amoris*, *Honoris*,
Consecro LECTORI *Hæc*, *Cor* TIBI, *Meq́* TVIS.
¶ QVARLE vale, vigeas: Sis TE *Fœlicior* IPSO.
Funus, non *Finis*, sed *Tibi Fœnus* erit:
Fac Ea, quæ moriens, vis *facta* fuisse: sed AVTHOR
Non *Monitoris* egens, Hæc *agit*, *egit*, *aget*.
(Quid prosit totum *lucrari* posse vel *Orbem*,
Iactura est *Animæ* si facienda suæ?)
Fœlix qui DOMINO, dum detur *vivere*, *vivis*;
Et DOMINO *moreris*, cum venit Hora *mori*.
Cygnorum niviæ Tibi sint ad Tempora Plumæ:
Sed maneat medijs *Os roseum* Nivibus.
Verq́ Hyeme in mediâ, Sit *Maius* Mense Decembri,
Sitq; *tripes* Ætas, Sis tamen IPSE *Bipes*.
CVI sine Nocte *Diem*, *Vitam* sine Morte, *Quietem*
Det sine Fine DIES, VITA, QVIESq́; *DEVS*.
Non ut ME redames, sed TE patiaris amari,
Hanc nostri *Metam* Summa *Laboris* habet.
¶ Plura quidem *vellem*, sed detur *velle* fatenti,
Pondereq́; oppresso, posse *silendo* loqui.
Hæc *satis* atq; *super*. DILECTO Nil *super* optem;
Nil superest, *faciam*; quod superest, *Taceam*.
Dum stupeo, *taceo*. Satis HVNC *dixisse* putandum,
SE Quicunq́; satis *dicere posse*, negat.

Epilog. MVSA *Pede* ægra *iacet*, *Recubatq́* POEMA *Podagrâ*:
Constabunt, si iam LECTOR, ut AVTHOR, adest

Cresting-Temple,
1634.

Anagr. BENEVOLUS.

Imprimantur hæc Carmina unà cum *Emblematibus Quarlesijs*. GULIEL. HAYWOOD.

1. Divine Poems by F. Quarles. 1634
c.t.p. 2. Emblemes - by Do 1635. (First Ed.)
c.t.p. 3. Quarleis - by E Benlowes. 1634.

1. This is not the more complete, I believe, than several preceding edns. In those which followed nothing was added. The plates seem to be inserted from some other edition - (yes: 1674)

2. This first edn of Quarles' Emblems is far preferable to all which came after on acct of the merit of the plates - & no additions were ever made. However the first ed. of the Hieroglyphics (1638) ought to be added.

3. This is the only copy I ever saw tho' from the colophon, its author seems to have intended it as a companion to his friend Quarles' Emblems & the Pinkerton letters coincide. The frontispiece by Marshall is very beautiful. From the date of this little poem, one wd be led to suppose Quarles must have printed his Emblems in 1634 - & yet I never heard of any earlier than 1635 - Benlowes' complimentary verses at the beginning of the Emblems are

also dated 1634

Edns of 2.s Devine Poems

1621 4.to
1624 4.to
1630 4.to 8.vo

1632.

†1634
†1642 8.vo
1669 8.vo

†1674 8.vo

1680 -

BRITISH MUSEUM